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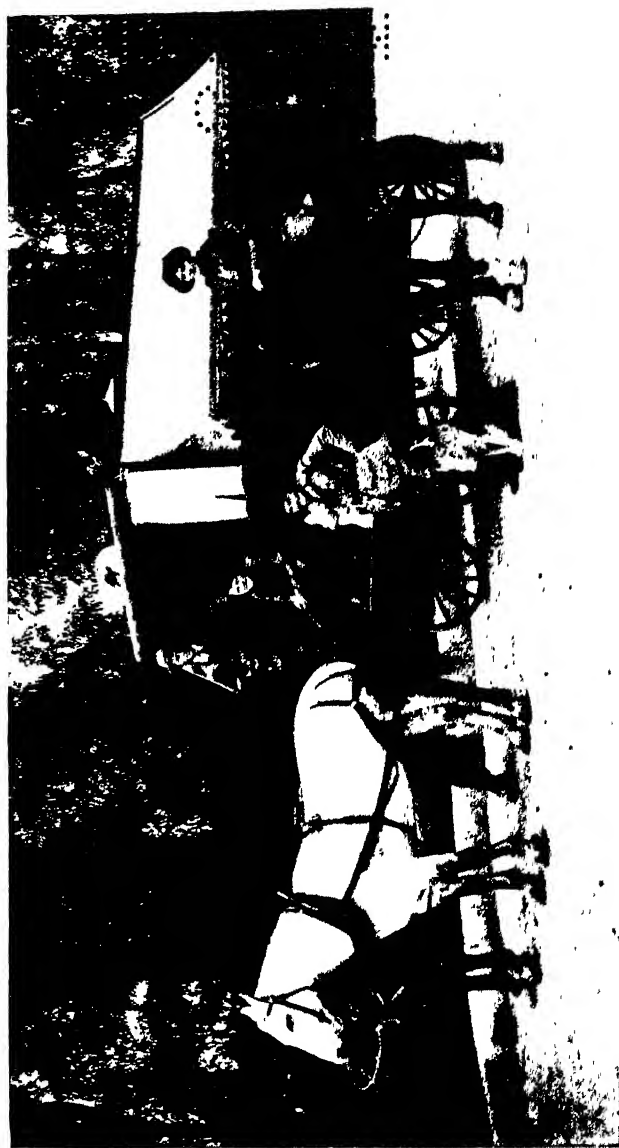


English Caravanners in the  
Wild West









The Start.

# English Caravanners in the Wild West

## The Old Pioneers' Trail

BY

GERTRUDE E. METCALFE-SHAW

WITH SKETCHES BY

UNA SHAW LANG

*AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS*

William Blackwood & Sons Ltd.  
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## FOREWORD.

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CIRCUMSTANCES compelled the author of the following work, my sister, Mrs G. E. Metcalfe-Shaw, to delegate the arrangement for publication and matters connected with it to me for decision.

The work in its original form was considerably longer as regards the text and fuller as to illustrations, threatening to make the cost of the volume prohibitive.

By the exclusion of textual matter that might have had a strong sectional interest, but would have marred or diminished the interest of the book for the larger body of general readers, and by the omission of a number of the less important illustrations, the publication of the work at a reasonable figure has been rendered possible, and its attraction for a wider public ensured, while nothing essential has been omitted. The map at the end of the volume is based upon that published by the National Old Trails Road Association, and has been altered and adapted to the purposes of the book.

By these means it is hoped that the publishers



have assured success to the record of a bold and unique undertaking—a success which the example of such a venture rightly deserves, and more especially in these days of hurry, haste, and ultra-luxurious travel.

The author's travels have been many, long, wide, and varied; they include much of Europe, the Argentine, the U.S.A. The love of a nomadic and adventurous life would appear to be a heritable *longing*, possibly a reversion to something primitive. The author derives it from her father, her son and daughters from her.

The family history is on the side of this suggestion.

The author's great-grandfather distinguished himself at the siege of Belleisle under Keppel; but left the Navy, took to privateering and a stirring life, and acquired sufficient to found what was for many years a prosperous firm.

Her grandfather was tied to the desk till misfortune overtook the firm; later he served the Government in various posts, dying under forty years of age.

Her father, with his widowed mother and three sisters, went to and settled in Canada, where for some time he held from Lord Elgin a commission in the Canadian forces.

He wandered and ventured far in North America. After being "snagged" on a Mississippi steamer, swimming for life, losing all, he tramped the 1000 miles to the Canadian frontier; later he lived a life of adventure among the Red Indians in the backwoods. Of this life many sketches and studies exist.

With six companions (of whom the late Sir Roderick Cameron of Staten Island, N.Y., was one) in a whale-boat, they made the circuit of Lake Superior to prospect for minerals before the date when the first small paddle-steamer ploughed its waters, and when as yet the shores of that great inland sea were mainly unexplored wilderness and forest.

It is also noticeable that what one might term civilised or educated *nomads*—explorers, travellers, mountaineers (when not simply athletes)—are usually temperamentally either authors or limners, or both; Capt. Cook, Geo. Borrow, Livingstone, Ed. Whymper, Forbes, J. D. Hooker, Conway, Fitzgerald, Mummery, are among the well-known names that occur to one, and there are many others.

The author of 'English Caravanners in the Wild West' and her family is another particular case in point emphasised by the element of heredity.

Her father crossed and recrossed the Atlantic, wandering in North America and over a large part of Europe, pencil and brush in hand, never coming to anchor long anywhere. He did find time to study landscape under Reichardt Zimmermann in Munich, and exhibited with success in the R.A.; he was, too, an interesting diarist. His daughter inclines to writing, one of her children to painting.

Of such adventures as those of the author and her family, and father before her (beyond travel by freight train), the writer of these prefatory lines has no experience. The simple Tyrolese life, its scenery, its dialect, often referred to by the author, he is familiar with. He knows the difficulties of

running a "traverse" through unexplored Malayan jungle, with its questions of transport. These afford, perhaps, good data for forming a just estimate of all that the unique undertaking of the Caravanners implies, so graphically described by its leader.

A. WHARTON METCALFE.

DEVIZES, WILTS,  
1925.

# ENGLISH CARAVANNERS IN THE WILD WEST.

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## CHAPTER I.

### CAUSES.

If life seem smooth 'tis only as a lake  
Whereon some hand a pebble lightly tossing  
Instantly ripples, crossing and recrossing,  
Involved designs mysteriously make ;  
One word may crisp the calm of yesterday  
Where now inextricable patterns play.

It was the Skipper's doing, no doubt of that ; the irrepressible Skipper, baby of the family, nearly twenty-one. She started the idea. When her brother-in-law the Sculptor and her sister the Artist made up their minds that California, in spite of its charms, was no place for them ; when simultaneously she and her mother realised that—expectations to the contrary notwithstanding—the Head of the House was anchored for good in the East, giving to that quarter a stronger power of attraction than was being exercised even by " Echo Hill Cottage," the ideal home in the West, why, then, finding a move unavoidable, she began to inquire what was going to become of her beloved horse " Gray," high-schooled, and a perfect saddle-horse. She could not possibly part with him—he must go by rail, and so must the dogs, " Don " and " Minx."

Let it be understood, to begin with, that an inventor's family is, in my experience of it, invariably compelled to calculate costs to a nicety; the proposal of such a prohibitive piece of expenditure, therefore, was naturally received by myself with expostulations, albeit regretful ones, for the thought of parting with the animals was no sweeter to me than to the Skipper herself. Yet there seemed no alternative, none at all; it was useless to discuss the subject, and could lead to nothing profitable, therefore let it be tacitly dismissed, with a stoical bow to the inevitable.

But a day or two later, the family conversation having turned in the direction of the contemplated journey, the Skipper, who had evidently been meditating deeply in the interim, addressed me as follows: "Mother," tentatively, "I have a suggestion to make. Do listen and think it over; it's really quite sensible and feasible. Why shouldn't we make a trek of it and go by road? In that way the animals would get across for nothing—in fact, they would actually *help* us across! After our seven hundred miles through Europe with four vehicles and eight horses and that restless party of sixteen to pilot across the continent, it would be child's play for us four alone to get over three thousand five hundred miles! Think of the experience, think of the education, think of the fun, think (this was an afterthought added as a clinching argument) of the economy!"

Although it took, I must confess, a few minutes to enable me to regain my mental equilibrium after the shock of such a daring proposal, it did not even then, in the first staggering moment of its suggestion, present itself as outside the pale of the possible. We had braved the conventions on other occasions, and, in face of the deep discouragement of many prophesied misfortunes, had successfully accomplished the European trip so aptly referred to by

the Skipper, which fact alone entitled the new idea to a hearing. The thought had arisen naturally, as well out of the habitual frame of mind of the family as out of its past experience, and demanded, not the instant dismissal which my inward quakings urged, but the courtesy of recognition by immediate deliberate discussion, especially when supported and applauded as it was by the other members of that enthusiastic group on this occasion assembled.

The list of arguments so logically put forward by the Skipper was dealt with on the spot, each in its due turn. I quite agreed about the educational advantage—that was patent on the surface; also about the experience to be acquired. Oh yes, certainly, there would be no disappointment as to absorbing experience, that I could guarantee! But I was not sure how the kind of fun would appeal to me at the moment, and I actually entertained serious doubts in regard to the economies presented in so alluring a light. I know something about getting up expeditions, and the way apparently insignificant items of the outfit have of affecting the total, apart from the unavoidable initial outlay on essentials. These considerations, however, were offset by the pleasing reflection that railway companies do not take passengers for nothing—far from it!—and there would be a substantial credit to start with on that score. But the unknowns! Ah, “there’s the rub!” the unknowns. There we walk in the dark: a broken wheel, a smash-up, a horse lamed or injured; oh! any one of a hundred things, and away slip all our painstaking estimates and calculations! Things happen when you launch out on jaunts of this sort, as we have frequently proved, and what those things will be nobody can foretell.

Moreover, there was another point to be reckoned with. Would it be wise for a leader suffering from exhausted nerves and overstrain to face the unknown difficulties of the old pioneers’ trail, even in these

modern days? Would it not be asking too much of "the simple life?"

There must be a strong element of the Bohemian in my composition, otherwise, after ten trekless years and in a period of depression, I should not have found it feasible to coax that part of me to the fore, and view with sweet reasonableness the prospect so startlingly presented to my mental vision. That I did so fills me with a certain pride and satisfaction to which I think I am entitled, and which I trust the family shares with me. I promised to consider the scheme carefully in the light of younger eyes. Freed by imagination in occasional happy moments from the burden of the years, how fully I was able to share the thrill of so great an adventure, the fear of losing so dazzling an opportunity, the harrowing suspense while the decision was being made. It meant a great thing for the young people, and through them for me.

Many were the pangs and misgivings that agitated me during the next few days of computations and calculations, based upon varied previous experience, but with many loopholes for error, owing to altered conditions. The estimates showed that, with good luck, we might come out at the other end having spent on outfit somewhere about the sum that would have been appropriated by the railway company, and in travelling, about the same as the cost of living at home, having enjoyed a six months' tour for nothing except the expenditure of time, besides being to the good by whatever was recovered on the outfit.

This looked encouraging, of course, even to the point of being too good to be true, and the financial aspect was received with acclamation.

Dared I, at this late day, venture again on an undertaking of this nature? I pulled myself together and determined to take the plunge. The

fresh-air cure accomplishes wonders, and as to everything else we all agreed that we must use all possible foresight and then hope for the best. After all, as the family truthfully pointed out, accidents in nine cases out of ten are due to carelessness of some sort, and might have been avoided. We will keep clear of that kind of trouble, thus reducing our risks at one stroke by nine-tenths, and leaving us with nothing to face but the chance of the odd tenth.

.



## CHAPTER II.

## THE CARAVAN.

Give me the gipsy's life ! To jog  
 Carefree, with trusty team and dog,  
 Change, charm, surprises by the way,  
 Swift meeds of each laborious day,  
 Through Nature's kingdom free, free, free to roam,  
 Still, 'mid her wildest scenes, in touch with Home !

IF you are not in a hurry, an English caravan, horse drawn, is a delightful vehicle to travel by. Fitted, like the cabin of a ship, with bunks, lockers, drawers, bed and what not, pretty muslin curtains at the tiny windows, the curl of grey smoke ascending in home-like fashion from the miniature chimney, and suggesting all sorts of pleasant things to come when the dinner-hour has struck, it has a fascination all its own. We knew it well, we who had wandered in such a moving home season after season through sweet-scented English lanes, and in one memorable summer, forsaking the home-land, had skirted picturesque Dutch canals, loitered along the banks of the Rhine, castle-crowned, and meandering on beneath the shady fruit-trees so usefully adorning the highways of Baden and Wurtemberg, through many a quaint town and village, camped at last for months on the banks of a mountain stream in the Bavarian Alps. It was hardly to be wondered at that, having been privileged in such an ideal way to enjoy the beauty and romance of our surroundings, while never at any time lacking the essential comforts of a cosy home, we should

find ourselves vaguely dissatisfied with the substitute we might be required to make the best of in a country where caravanning is not an accepted sport, nor travelling by waggon much in vogue among tourists.

It was something of a puzzle, truly, for the need of comfort certainly seemed greater than of yore, when we were never out of sight of a house, and always within reach of some attractive hostelry as an alternative means for obtaining food and shelter, when, moreover, the leader of the expedition, however spirited she might be credited with being now, was eleven years younger. Yet here, with hundreds of miles of desert to be traversed, and hundreds more of sparsely inhabited regions whose characteristics we had yet to become acquainted with, small, indeed, was our chance of securing anything better than a prairie schooner,<sup>1</sup> unless we could succeed in improvising something for ourselves out of the materials presumably at our command.

Among the various suggestions made, votes were in favour of the Skipper's idea to buy up an old delivery waggon, and fit it up as best we could for a travelling home. Letters flew hither and thither, journeys were made to the second-hand yards in town where some discarded vehicle might perhaps be found to serve our purpose, and many were the characteristic conversations entered into by the Skipper with old-timers to be met with there, delighted to find so interested a listener, and to tell of their own adventures, some in crossing the Continent from the East years ago, some in travelling the West in recent times buying and selling horses. New light was constantly being

<sup>1</sup> The "prairie schooner" is the name given to the large covered wagon (the covering consisting of canvas fitted over wooden hoops) used by emigrants crossing from East to West. It was drawn by teams of from six to eight oxen, mules, or horses. These vehicles are still in occasional use by those who travel the States otherwise than by motor-power.

thrown upon the conditions we must expect, and valuable tips given and hints thrown out, none of which were lost upon the attentive recipient, who stored up everything for future use in the recesses of her own mind, as well as imparting every detail to the family conclave, which was wont to meet for eager discussion upon her return from these not very encouraging van-hunts.

Debate and perturbation were still at their height on this all-absorbing and all-important subject, when suddenly the solution of our perplexities arose, as it were, by magic almost at our very gate. To make my tale clear, I must go back in my narrative to a time about a year previously, when, in jogging in our slow but beloved surrey<sup>1</sup> past a large contractor's yard not many blocks from our home, we happened to perceive, among a group of waggons attractively placed beneath the shade of a spreading pepper-tree, something which caused the Skipper to exclaim, "Stop, stop! that looks like an English caravan; I must go and investigate!" Which she promptly did. The occupant, whose husband was away at work, invited the interested inquirer to inspect her home, which she showed off with great pride. It was a perfect sample of an English caravan, built, she explained, by an Englishman living in California, a very rich man, able to indulge all his fancies, one of which was to build this trailer-home which he could take about with him behind his motor on the excellent Californian roads. He soon tired of it, however, and it stood for a time unused about his premises, until noticed by these people who made an offer for it with the intention of using it as a home. This they had done for the past four years, she said, and nothing would induce them to part with it. We had no manner of use for it at the time, but the love of such things being

<sup>1</sup> A light four-wheeled vehicle for four persons, usually with two seats in a box mounted on side-bars.

in the blood, the Skipper, to be on the safe side, extracted a promise that if ever it was for sale we should be informed; and there the matter rested. We continued to admire the fascinating vehicle every day as we passed, until for some unknown reason it vanished, and had now been absent for months from its accustomed spot, having gone we knew not whither.

Imagine, then, our amazement to behold one day, just at the period when our difficulties appeared most insuperable, beside a little new house springing up in our immediate neighbourhood, and which we passed every time we went out, as though materialised in answer to our urgent thoughts and desires, no less an apparition than our old friend the caravan! Inquiries revealed that on that very day the owners were moving into the adjacent house which they were building, the addition to the family of a second child having rendered the van too small for comfort. They had not thought of selling, but would consider the idea, having heavy expenses to meet in the shape of furniture and appointments for their new home.

Did any one ever hear of such a piece of luck? The incident was almost uncanny, but it was a pleasant sort of uncanniness that gave us the comfortable feeling of the Fates being on our side. We examined the charmed construction inside and out, inspected the roller bearings, took a sample drive, motor-drawn at varying speeds on the adjacent roads, and tested the possibilities of making turns and taking corners. Everything—qualities as a vehicle and attractiveness as a home—came up to expectation or surpassed it. It is difficult to believe that so much can be disposed in a space twelve by eight with such absolute comfort to the dwellers in that restricted yet home-like area.

In construction it differed from the caravans we had known at home, in that less importance had been given to the appearance from outside and

more to the comfort within. Thus the various slopes and curves of the roof, something like those of a Pullman, which certainly add to the look of elegance but curtail the head room, were dispensed with, and the full cubic capacity possible upon a floor twelve feet by eight and a central height of six feet made use of. There was a slight curve only in the roof, from its centre to the sides, allowing room to stand up unimpeded in any part of the waggon, and to sit up in bed also without risk of unexpected bangs and thumps to head, elbows, and other protuberances of the human form divine, which learnt to endure so much in the days of our English and European "treks."

Another difference consisted in the presence of mosquito netting to form the larger portion of the sides from the ceiling to about half-way down, instead of the solid wood of the English van, which was broken here and there by fascinating windows, opening outwards. Three sides of the bed were surrounded in this way, making a perfect sleeping-porch; while the fourth or inner side, open to the room, was provided along the top with little poles and rings, on which hung curtains by means of which the occupants could shut themselves off at desire from the living-room. From the bed (which occupied the end of the van) towards the front four feet of the sides were panels of solid oak, then again mosquito netting at both sides and in front, letting in both light and air, which could be regulated by raising or lowering the outside blinds. We found the device a perfect one for ventilation and comfort, and, of course, vastly more suited to the Californian climate than anything we had seen in Europe. The only drawback about the whole arrangement was the appearance from outside, which at first reminded us of a large rectangular box on wheels. However, it was universally admired, and indeed it had a handsome, eminently, high-class

appearance, the beautiful grain of the solid oak of which the body was built brought out so easily by the application of linseed oil to its varnished surface, the wheels and underworks made of hickory wood, and exhibiting the acme of good workmanship, which has been the admiration of every smith upon our way. The entire construction was carried out with bolts throughout, and showed at this stage little if any signs of the many miles it had already traversed. Strange to say, it does not even now, after usage which surely no one who was responsible for the creation of that long-suffering conveyance ever had in mind! The lesson as to the value of good materials and good workmanship has been silently sinking in the whole way across the Continent.

It did not take the family long to decide upon acquiring, if at all within its means, such a godsend in the shape of a travelling home, and an agreement having been arrived at with its regretful owners, who hated to part with it, yet also in a sense looked upon the episode as providential, the vehicle passed into our possession, remaining for the present on the lot next their house, where it was safe and accessible.

The next point for consideration was its equipment as a horse-drawn vehicle, for the reader will have already gathered that we were all for the old-fashioned leisurely methods of travel which we understood and from long experience loved. Nothing could draw away the Skipper from her allegiance to horses, not even the fact that she is a thorough and reliable chauffeur, and could have safely driven a touring-car. Nor, as far as I myself am concerned, is there anything I know of that could so deflect the direction of my tastes and likings as to enable me to place a spin in a motor in the same category of delight as the delectable drive behind a fast trotter, or the romantic ramble at the deliberate pace of an old pony, content to ponder at the road-

side while his masters pick mushrooms or gather flowers, neither exerting himself nor hurrying them, and distilling about him a soothing sense of peacefulness and leisure.

Having discovered an intelligent smith who might be relied on to make good whatever he undertook, the waggon must be carefully examined with a view to adding the necessary fittings in such a way as to put no excessive strain upon any parts of a construction not intended for such a purpose. Good material and clever workmanship alone could achieve this result in such a way as to ensure in addition to the essential safety an agreeable appearance, and both these our friend Mr Lund certainly achieved, for the footboard in front (not needed when a motor-car carried the passengers, but indispensable to us) looked to the manner born, as also did the tongue and other impediments, so much so that the dignity of our home as a motor-built carriage had to be explained to its many admirers by the way.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE HORSES.

Fine impatience, restrained as he stands, drew that curve  
 Cleaving air, pawing earth ; in that shiver  
 Pure eagerness showed ; Ardour, chafing to serve  
 Set the velvety nostrils aquiver,  
 Arched proudly the crest, bade flashes arise  
 In the clear depths of soft, guileless eyes.

What thought of the Infinite Mind struggles through  
 This magnanimous servitor, thrilling  
 To kindness, yet straining strong sinew and thew  
 For the bully ; staunch, patient, willing ?  
 O well for the work of the world such a force  
 As the great, gallant heart of the horse !

OUR decision, based upon such information as we were able to obtain as to the roads which lay before us (and this, let it be understood, was vague, fragmentary, and contradictory), was for something of medium weight, neither so light as a saddle-horse nor so heavy as a draught-horse, and this for several reasons. The lighter horse is easier to handle out of harness and easier to hold when going : he can trot when the roads allow, a thing that is injurious to the heavy draught-horse ; he can at a pinch be put under saddle, and thus serve a variety of uses. He is, generally speaking, more likely to be hardy, and finally, he is less costly to buy.

In addition to "Gray" the beloved, who occupies already a responsible position in this history, and with whom further acquaintance will be made as we proceed, we considered that our needs would be met by the possession of two more animals in



their physical features such as I have described, and, moreover, sound and healthy, while as to disposition, they must be hard-working and perfectly docile.

I would stake a very large sum upon the statement that no one who has not had a similar experience can even begin to imagine the scarcity of such a phenomenon in the equine family. Prospective "trekkers," give yourselves plenty of time for the finding of your horses, for the task will tax all your patience and all your ingenuity. Your patience, because the search is akin to that for the proverbial needle in a haystack; your ingenuity, because the required combination of desirable features having been apparently produced and offered, it remains for you to detect possible, nay, probable, misrepresentations. As to the bodily matters, if you do not yourself possess the necessary knowledge and experience, a veterinary surgeon will be able to solve most of your doubts. But as to the disposition of your four-footed friends-to-be, beware! Though you can satisfy yourself in a general way on the chief points, there are so many little touches of individuality about every one of those creatures, that a great deal of your information will reach you through intuition—sympathy; if not that way, then through practical experience only. Be assured beyond a doubt as to the main features at least of the character of each, for upon those is going to depend your enjoyment, your peace of mind, and your safety.

We saw plenty of horses: horses too young, too old, too dull, horses too lively, lean scraggy horses, fat podgy ones, but none even remotely suitable. On one occasion two of us motored out some fifteen or twenty miles through the smiling San Fernando valley to a ranch which promised us an extensive choice of fine animals. We were taken in a small run-about hither and thither among the muddy

byways of the hills, where pretty vistas opened up at every turn, and under the exquisite spring sunshine colts and mares and geldings wandered invitingly about the grassy slopes and posed for pictures on the sky-line. Among hundreds we inspected a goodly number supposed to be suitable. Result, *one* that might have served our purpose, priced at 50 per cent above its value, and hideous to look at!

Alas! for the inconveniences of a sense of beauty. To buy an animal devoid of symmetry and lacking the curves and lines which make its movements a constant source of delight to the eye seems beyond the power of any of us caravanners. For myself, though I no longer care for the nervous strain of riding a high-spirited, mettlesome horse, I derive, I am sure, as much enjoyment from watching the beautiful creature prancing and curveting at the instance of one of the younger generation—a beautiful animal is a permanent joy.

No, our purchase must not be ugly. The omission of this point till now, by the recital of our experience, may much facilitate matters for any reader intending to caravan. Strict utilitarianism is to be recommended in many domains of life; in none does it wipe out more complications than in the purchase of horses.

At a stable in town there was offered for sale a very pretty young bay, which the sisters went to inspect, and whose appearance roused them to violent hankering after its possession. Every virtue was claimed for it; the trial insisted on by us proved it useless, and ended in what might have proved a bad accident.

On another occasion the Skipper and I went to view what was said to be a good, useful, all-round nag, exactly suited to our purpose. He certainly had good legs, and looked strong and inoffensive. According to the owner he was a model of utility

and good behaviour, which unfortunately there seemed to be a difficulty in putting to the test, in spite of the good stretch of country made, as it were, to order for such a trial. A trial insisted upon again, in view of the obvious desire to avoid it and a parade of obstacles to having it, resulted as before in an exhibition of fireworks and no purchase. Why do most men think women fools? With profuse thanks we assured the salesman that, valuable as the quadruped undoubtedly was, his idea of working was not exactly ours, and we should be compelled to continue our search for the evidently rare jewel which we had set our hearts upon.

A few weeks before the date fixed for our departure we encountered at last, turned out to grass by a recent arrival in our neighbourhood, a handsome brown mare "Betty," whose ownership, after a satisfactory trial of her working qualities, due examination by our veterinary surgeon, and the usual necessary bargaining, was transferred to us, and who became a valued member of our party. She had the most perfect disposition, and did us excellent service, in spite of the enlarged joints and bowiness of her hind-legs (caused by excessive strains when a colt), disguised by the ornament of a long, full, black tail, so that their unsightliness did not draw attention away from the attractiveness of her showy action and good carriage, and the beautiful outlines of her crested neck. In a country like California, where horses are not so cheap as in many parts of the States, we were lucky to have no worse defect to put up with. "Betty" proved herself invaluable, always ready to throw herself heart and soul (yes, dear reader, that word, I am persuaded, is not out of place) into whatever task we set her, whether as leader when, owing to the steep gradients of the Cajon Pass, the two wheelers needed help even on the excellent Californian boulevard, or as a saddle-horse cantering to and fro on

scouting errands or shopping extras, while the main body pursued its way unhindered; or later as a wheeler when we encountered the impossible tracks of the deserts of the Mohave and Arizona—for any specially difficult pull “Betty” was in requisition, and never failed us. But it proved a difficult task to maintain her condition to our satisfaction, and this for two reasons. First, the consequences that attend the willing horse, and that we unconsciously slipped into before we were aware; secondly, having pulled ourselves up on that score, the impossibility of balancing with any spirit of calm the exuberance of her nervous energy. “Betty” was a curious cross, and one, as we discovered, radically unsuitable for the kind of work we required of her, for though she did it so well, she was unceasingly wearing herself out. A pure-bred Percheron on the side of the dam—giving the weight and bone needed for heavy work—a highly-bred light horse on the other, instilling mettle and fire—how harmonise such incongruous qualities? The full-blooded draught horse plods along quietly, unconcernedly, throwing himself more energetically into the collar if the pull is stiffer, but unexcited thereby and evidently satisfied by steadily “doing his bit” without wasting an ounce of energy in futile and unnecessary fidgeting and straining. Dear “Betty,” on the other hand, was in a constant state of either. When the roads were easy she pranced along in front of the smoothly rolling vehicle, eager to cover the ground, and expending a large proportion of horse-power against the bit, instead of reserving it for the hour of need. When a difficulty arose, in one of the many shapes in which we encountered them, and her strength was called into requisition, the fiery spirit of her paternal race, leaping into instant life, filled her with such a fervour of effort, such a zeal for accomplishment, as to increase who knows how manyfold the vitality absorbed by the

actual physical work. "I must, I must" was written all over her, and no gentleness of treatment or ingenuity of any kind availed to transform that expression into "I will if I can," which would have been far more practical and sensible. She was a fine lovable being, who would have been in her element and at her acme of usefulness as a combination horse, now speeding with a light vehicle in which her spirited carriage made her look so well, while it was no tax on her strength, now under saddle, which, though not trained for, we soon got her used to, and for which she was most suitable. Alas ! for the waste of good material in every degree of earthly life through this same misfortune—the round peg in the square hole.

"Jim" was our final purchase in the equine line. The house was rented on a lease, we had turned out of it, all arrangements completed, and we were camped on the very lot from which we had purchased our caravan, but weeks of vain search had brought us within less than two weeks of the date of departure, which had been fixed for the early days of March (the best season for the desert), without the third animal we needed. It was even suggested that we might venture on the start with the two we had, for whom on Californian roads the waggon was no great load. Here, however, I stood firm ; some strong instinct warned me to insist on the safe side, and I stated in clear terms my determination not to proceed without our third horse. At any cost we must ensure our means of transit.

The Skipper, as usual, was the one to get us out of the difficulty. Her tireless efforts and inquiries in likely and unlikely places resulted in good luck at a blacksmith's shop which she happened to pass in Hollywood, stopping, as her custom is, for a casual horsey chat which leads to the acquisition of much valuable information. A Japanese gardener near-by

had a horse, a "true worker," whom, having purchased a truck, he was disposing of. The Skipper lost no time in following up this information, and found a handsome chestnut, about 1100 lb. in weight, in splendid condition, of intelligence and good temper, as evidenced by his backing into the shafts by himself at the word of command. The animal, sound in every respect, had not been used for saddle, but was perfectly quiet when mounted, and seemed to have not an unfriendly idea about him. The only complication would be the necessity for disposing of the cart and harness, which must be purchased with the horse. This was cleverly got over by the Skipper, who managed to pass over the unwanted articles at a fair price to a business friend dealing in that line, who relieved us of them at the time of purchase, the Skipper proudly mounting her new charge, untroubled by the pace of a horse which had spent its life presumably in a market-gardener's cart, and riding him the six miles from Hollywood to our home in Glendale. Greatly did we plume ourselves upon the soundness of our judgment when our good veterinary surgeon, Dr Whytock, happening to call in a friendly way, looked "Jim" over, and pronounced him as sound as a bell, and worth not far from double what we had given for him.

Of course there was still a good deal to ascertain, first and foremost being how he would go in double harness. This question was soon settled by trials in company with "Gray" in a heavy cart borrowed for the occasion. "Jim" was perfectly good and quiet, though not without a certain amount of nervous sensitiveness which simmered down by degrees as he came to know his new masters, and to gain that confidence in them which, while securing the happiness of the horse, makes of him a trusty servant, whose obedience, quickly becoming instant and instinctive, forms the strongest and most valu-

able assurance of safety. Without that trust deep in the hearts of the dumb brutes who do so much for us, how many times should not we have come hopelessly to grief, or they been injured beyond repair! I could quote a dozen cases in this and previous caravan tours where a happy issue was rendered possible solely by the absolute obedience of the horses, and many have been the remarks of astonishment passed on their extraordinary docility under what, to most of their kind, would be very trying circumstances. The explanation is perfectly simple, and yet little understood. A horse is frightened and throws his rider, gallops away, and drags him or her to death. Probably it need not have happened. Choose a sweet-tempered animal—no matter how spirited—make it your friend. If anything goes wrong that friend will listen to your voice, or swiftly understand that something is wrong, and stop of his own accord. It is the unguided animal instinct, unmoulded and undirected by affection, which is at the root of nearly all these accidents.

“Jim” soon gave us a sample of his natural spirit, for getting loose one evening from the barn which some kind ladies, our neighbours, gave us the use of as a stable, he led us a fine chase, galloping hither and thither from one grass-plot to another, loth to be captured and enjoying himself hugely. The Sculptor, by judicious coaxing, got him at last, and gave him kind pats and gentle words, which, in addition to the tempting corn rattled in a bucket, would make the thought of home attractive on a future occasion.

A few more words about “Gray,” a gaited saddle-horse and a fine jumper—in which capacity the Skipper had worked him in “movies” representing English hunting scenes,—but willing also to be driven single in the buggy, or double in the van, or to drag a sled laden with hay down the precipitous slopes

of our hill, the runners colliding frequently with his hind-legs without in the least disturbing his equanimity. "Gray" had recently been high-schooled, and was an adept at many pretty tricks. He would kneel and lie down at the word of command, untie knots, pick up handkerchiefs, select the colours, open and shut doors, roll a barrel, or push an intruder out of the way with sudden nudges of his soft nose, and many other things. His repertoire was being added to at every occasion of leisure, and there was no doubt, opined the Skipper, that he added to our expedition an element of stability which without him would be entirely lacking. If the worst came to the worst, we could extemporise a circus-ring in the places we passed through, get up a performance between us, and send round the hat!



## CHAPTER IV.

## GOOD ADVICE.

Luckless man, for information thirsting,  
 Starved for fact, and craving just a slice,  
 Runs the risk of being crammed to bursting  
 With the empty husks of "Good Advice."

"SAY," says one, "what in thunder do you want to hitch three horses for up to that waggon of yours? Why, it runs so easy I can push it with my open hand along this here road. I wouldn't take no three horses if I were you. One's enough."

"Believe me," reflects another, "three horses ain't no manner o' good for that trip o' yours across that there desert. You'll never get across with no three horses. No, sir. If you gets safely through that there sand and them wash-outs what you's headin' for with six good strong uns, you'll be doin' a mighty fine bit o' work. Believe me that's so. Yeah."

"A fine turn-out, sure thing," comments a third, "but that tongue o' yours, ain't it a trifle too long? Seems to me you'd orter shorten it two or three inches—'tain't right as it is, you mark my words."

"Tongue's too short," suggests a fourth; "not safe to travel with it that way; not room enough for the horses. Take my advice and get your smith—clever man that smith what rigged up the waggon for ye; dandy job it is—get him to put six inches on to it some way, don't forget."

"What's all that room for at the back? Feed?"

queries another interested spectator. "You won't have no trouble about feed for your horses—lots o' feed on the desert. Turn 'em out to graze at night and they'll do fine. That's what I always did, I tell yer, and I knows all about it. Plumb foolishness carryin' hay and such. Turn 'em out, I says."

"The worst of your trouble," volunteers the next gravely, and with a worried air, "is goin' to be feed on the desert. I knows it. Feed and water. Travelled there myself with a team, and had to carry every bit of feed to last 'em for three weeks, and water at holes, mindin' out so as we'd find 'em right, for there warn't nothin' else. Section-houses, did you say? No, nary a one, b'lieve me, there ain't no such thing on the desert, else I've had knowed of it. You look out what you're after, young lady—this ain't no picnic, and dyin' of thirst in the desert is as easy done as rollin' off a log."

The absence of section-houses along the Santa Fé line of railway was so startling a piece of information, invalidating the entire basis upon which our scheme of travel was laid, that it led to more stringent inquiries, from which it eventually transpired that our informant had never been on the Mohave Desert in his life, but was laying down the law on the strength of his experiences in some other Californian desert in a different direction!

Mules also were strongly recommended by teamsters who happened to disapprove of horses, which, they assured us, were totally unfitted to endure the hardships of the journey, and could not possibly make it. We should undoubtedly have to renew our team on the way, and had better make the change now and save the subsequent trouble.

Perhaps the most entertaining volume of information and warning was that supplied by the intelligent young man in a branch of the Southern Californian Auto Club, who seriously entered into details as to the necessity for making a halt of two weeks

at the border of every fresh state, in order to give the animals the opportunity of getting accustomed to the climate. He spoke with assurance, and had we understood the subject less well than we did, the imbecility of his remarks would have been less apparent, and they might have succeeded in disturbing for a little our peace of mind. As it was, however, the incident was only a case rather more glaring than the rest of an assumption of knowledge utilised for the purpose of over-awing a couple of women, who in the speaker's view must be incapable and doubtless were as ignorant as himself as to the management of horses. This youth must have pictured in his mind a definite line beyond which, coincident with the boundary, a sudden change took place in temperature and conditions! He crowned the colloquy by asking, as a rejoinder to some assurance that the horses were well taken care of, "If you are so fond of your horses, why don't you ship them by train?" This sort of interview, tedious and boring at the time, subsequently compensates the victim of it with many a good laugh.

Another, a dear old man of over eighty, who used to mend our harness for us, was so lugubrious that the family feared to let me know what he had said, and it was not until long after we had started and disproved most of his assertions that I even heard about them. He seemed to be genuinely perturbed about us, and to feel it incumbent upon him to stay if he could our determined rush to destruction. That the harness we were taking would not last a month was the smallest of our prospective troubles.

One of the qualities to be fostered by those who venture upon such uncharted seas is to carefully weigh the counsel given, each item individually upon its own merits, bearing in mind on the one hand the fable of the old man and his son who ended by carrying their own donkey, while at the same time recognising the unwisdom of rejecting everything

without question, for here and there, like a speck of gold in the quartz, a bit of information may be hit on that will be accepted with gratitude. The crux is learning to discriminate a matter of practice and experience and intuition. Generally speaking, we try to get at some estimate of the kind of character who is holding forth, and the motives at work, and upon that base the amount of credence to be given.

On more than one occasion much discernment was needed in the case of the selection of alternative routes, as, for instance, the northern and southern, starting from Holbrook, Arizona. We were stopped first at one turn then at another by eager supporters of each, the conflicting advice continuing till we made the enlightened discovery that the almighty dollar was at the back of all the advice we had been receiving, each speaker having an object in boosting the particular line of travel in which he was interested. This fact convinced us that safety lay in the knowledge of some one who had travelled both routes while having no interest in either. By persistent search we discovered the driver of a business auto recently returned from a round trip, going one way and returning the other, who very kindly placed all his information at our disposal, and this, unbiassed and clear, enabled us to come to a definite rational decision.

At other times our judgment was not so good, and we suffered in consequence and lost faith proportionately in our fellows. It was maddening to be advised positively that it was unnecessarily loading our horses to carry, as was our custom, a supply of hay, as there would be no difficulty in procuring it anywhere along our road in a lonely part of Kansas, and to travel hour after hour, trying at one farm after another, refused at each, as the farmer needed his hay for his own stock, and finally to be obliged to camp for the night

without it, and a shortage of feed into the bargain. After that, little notice beyond a polite recognition was taken of what any one might have to say on the subject, and we invariably stuck to our motto "Safety first," though it meant a little extra load.

The love of the dictatorial, the parade of superiority, the assumption of patronage—these may be ranked, I suppose, among the unamiable weaknesses of human nature, but, as we have proved, are as dangerous as they are unfortunately common.

The people who understood and appreciated were the waggoners, teamsters, cowboys, and practical working men, who knew what it meant in sound experience, knowledge, and persistent hard work.

## CHAPTER V.

## DEPARTURE.

The act we lightly label "past"  
 Is in our destiny caught fast,  
 And weaves beyond the reach of sense  
 Its endless chain of influence.

"C'EST le premier pas qui coute" is true for most things, and holds good for the undertakings of caravanners also. We pulled out on the road to Pasadena at 4 P.M. on 11th March. Of course we did not expect to get far, especially as we were held up for another hour of "odd jobs" as we passed the barn, so the reader will not be surprised to hear that, having progressed about a mile and a half, and arrived just on the outskirts of our straggling little city, we availed ourselves of a delightful spot which seemed made on purpose for us at the roadside, and there pitched our first camp. It was an empty lot belonging to the owners of a near-by fruit-stall, dear old people who had migrated not many months ago from a colder climate, and who took a lively interest in our journey eastwards, putting every facility which they themselves possessed at our disposal. I recall with keenness the sense of relief and gratitude that came over me as I realised that here was one of the difficulties which I had viewed with apprehension—the question of nightly quarters—melting away as we came up to it. The shade of a huge pepper-tree gave all necessary shelter to the horses, water was at hand, every one was pleasant

and friendly, and the Fates, or stars, or whatever powers order our immediate destiny, were evidently propitious. Moreover, we were still within reach of the comforts of civilisation, and a few minutes on horseback was all that the Skipper required to procure for me some special prescription at the druggist's we dealt with to allay the fever and put me into fighting trim.

No doubt others besides myself have noticed that property about the bugbears of life: they are magnified by distance, and assume quite reasonable proportions as soon as we come up to them. Which reminds me of an epitaph I came across a few days ago to the following effect: "Sacred to the memory of A. B., who went through many trials, most of which never happened." The truth is that the worst about anything—even the dreadful things—is the *fear* of them, and I believe no pangs that can be suffered are in the realisation so terrible as in the anticipation.

My diary records that we were a long time getting off next morning, owing to everything being new to us; also that "'Gray' played with flower-pots," which, interpreted, means that at the root of the tree to which he was tethered were stored a number of flower-pots covered with sacks, which proved an irresistible attraction to the playful animal. This disturbance was a characteristic beginning, and typical of the happenings to which the blissful caravanner lays himself open when he starts on the trail in the tow of the old-fashioned quadruped. He knows less what lies before him than does the votary of the motor-car, for he has horse character to deal with, as well as mere *horse-power*.

The terrors of the glassy slopes, beloved of the motorist of Pasadena, having been safely negotiated and various belated errands attended to during the lunch recess spent outside a blacksmith's shop in that lovely centre of the homes of millionaires,

we were now well on our way. We proceeded at a walking pace, in nowise inclined to hurry, as both the horses and ourselves would benefit by getting into our stride by degrees. It was not long before a sprinkling of rain came on, and the mackintosh rugs which the Skipper had insisted on purchasing from the stock of a company introducing trucks in place of horses found immediate and welcome use. Again the camp was easy to find, with sheltering trees for both ourselves and the horses just outside the aviation ground, within which we were hospitably offered further accommodation if we cared to enter.

The next day dawned with no abatement of the drizzle, which presently increased to a downpour, and decided the Skipper to return to Los Angeles for the purchase of two more of the invaluable mackintosh rugs, the task of getting in and out again, by motor-bus overtaking us on the road, not being very difficult, and in the event accomplished without mishap. As at this stage we were driving only the team on the waggon, and one of us rode on horseback, relieving each other, it will be understood that in course of time under these circumstances each one got soaked in turn, and it was a wet and draggled party that arrived about camping-time in Glendora, and cast about for shelter. This was offered us within a few minutes by the owner of a large feed store, boasting a huge barn, which made nothing of our waggon, besides having ample stable room for our horses, and allowing us to spread comfortably under shelter. The rain having evidently set in in earnest, we felt ourselves fortunate to have come upon such good warm quarters, where we might wait in safety and comfort until the weather cleared.

Mr Spalding, our host, called on us on Sunday morning, and, after having the office stove lighted and placing the room at our disposal, entertained us with a long and most interesting chat on matters



connected with our trip, giving us hints which might prove of value in our transit of the desert, well known to him. Particularly did he impress upon us the desirability of taking our little victrola out during the sunniest hour of the day on some rocky desert spot, starting the music and watching the result. It would soon be encircled, he said, by lizards and horned toads, and the snapshot we might obtain would be something unique. This recommendation, though it sounded simple, turned out to be less feasible than it seemed; though we thought of it many times, some hindrance generally arose. Either the time was short and we dare not loiter, or the soil was unsuitable, or the van was so burdened with junk of all kinds that to unpack and get out the machine involved too much trouble and delay, and in the end it was only once that the experiment was made. On that occasion the beautiful bright-green lizard that stood motionless on a rock, evidently listening, did not show up on the film, which proved a failure. Other passengers across deserts—motorists included—please note, and you may succeed where we failed.

Monday, 14th March, dawned with glorious sunshine instead of the continued tropical torrents which we had expected, therefore we slept late, and were not ready for the road until 10. We made an easy day of it—about seventeen miles—and found a pretty camp at the junction of roads beyond Upland, a grassy space with scattered trees, to which we tethered the horses, while we pulled our waggon a little way off the road on to the green. Opposite was a solitary store, where we were able to replenish our larder, and where water was available.

Our road on 15th March was typical of the diverse beauties combined in the scenery of South California, and best to be seen perhaps in the neighbourhood of San Bernardino, our objective *en route* to the Cajon Pass, whereby we were to reach the

Mohave Desert, a portentous name that seemed, when first this plan of travel was proposed, the symbol of an obstacle over which it was idle to dream of struggling. At first I made voluminous calculations as to the feasibility and cost of transportation by rail to a point beyond this flat expanse of blistering sand (as I pictured it), and it was only by gentle degrees, and with much encouragement from a sanguine gentleman deputed to give information at the Automobile Club, that the journey had begun to present itself in the light of things that might be accomplished. But this is a digression.

We were on our way to that much dreaded region, having selected the Santa Fé<sup>1</sup> trail for several reasons. First, because it was the shortest; secondly, because it kept for most of its course to the line of railway—a great safeguard; and thirdly, because on that route we should avoid “Death Valley,” which has to be taken on the Lincoln Highway, and which, as its name implies, offers a sample of desert which we were quite willing to take on trust from those who knew, without insisting on personal experience of it. On our left rose a range of beautiful snowy peaks, orange and lemon groves blooming at their foot; country houses surrounded by graceful palms and embowered in the luxuriance of Californian flowers adorned our road on either side—a road along which our easily rolling vehicle passed with scarcely an effort on the part of the lively team, which it required considerable skill and persuasion to keep at a slow jog-trot, the best pace for long journeys. The brilliance of the sunny sky flecked by fleecy white clouds (the remnants of yesterday’s storm), the freshness of the lawns and shrubs, the sweetness of the scents brought out by the lingering

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<sup>1</sup> The words Santa Fé and San José are used throughout in lieu of Santa Fe and San Jose in order that the Spanish pronunciation of the place-name may be correctly conveyed, since “e” in Spanish is pronounced “ay,” as also in the case of German.

damp, and giving (as to me they always do) a sense of luxury and wealth—these things, and many others, repeated in a hundred varied forms of charm and abundance, gave to our progress something of the nature of a dream, from which we were suddenly aroused by a motor-car halted in front of us. Out of this obstruction stepped a determined-looking man, who, having approached, addressed us as follows: "This is the thirty-second time I have met you on the roads in the last three days. Curiosity compels: may I ask the object of this very unusual outfit and the purpose and goal of the journey?" Explanations courteously given were received with genuine interest and surprise, and after some friendly conversation we parted, with many good wishes from our frequent though unnoticed observer. He did *not* ask us whether we should not get there more quickly in a Ford; on the contrary, the remarks which he made, though forgotten, must have been intelligent, for the impression that I retain of the meeting is pleasant and soothing, implying that he must have said sensible things as well as amiable ones, for no amount of good-nature can quite counteract the irritation caused by the cackle of a fool. At least that is how it strikes me, and I have heard a good deal of it in the course of our 2700 miles of travel by road.

We lunched at the roadside, and later passed through the outskirts of San Bernardino, which we left on our right, the Skipper staying behind on horseback to fetch letters at the post-office, while we proceeded through a very unattractive squalid sort of street, succeeded by a bare high-road flanked on either side by fields. This was the way towards the Cajon Pass, which we expected to tackle on the following day.

The hour was approaching when a camp must be made, and this time it did not seem to have been provided on purpose at the exact spot where it was

needed. Finally, perceiving at a little distance away a small dwelling of the ranch type, led up to by what looked like a private road through a field on our left, we turned off to explore, reaching soon a second country road of the nature of a lane almost parallel with the one which we had found so uninviting. Soft green sward lined it on either side, merging into a field of richly flowering grasses, the scent of which recalled the moorlands of home. The house, prettily embowered in trees, stood on the farther side of the lane, and here, after some search in the adjacent fields, we discovered the "boss," a gentleman from Los Angeles, who was running a farm out here, and "batching it," as he expressed it, his wife not caring for the country. He placed his stables at our disposal, and supplied us at a very moderate charge with hay for the horses, giving them also leave to graze on the lovely meadow.

It proved a charming camp, of which we were fortunate in obtaining an excellent snapshot: a sweet pastoral spot, swept by scented breezes blowing across the green of the wide valley, beyond which rose a circle of blue mountains and cloud-capped summits, silvered later by the rising moon, whose light completes so exquisitely the indescribable enchantment of a home under the open sky.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE CAJON PASS.

We don't frighten the "kid" as our grandmothers did  
Since for him reassurance the vogue is,  
But while mortals befriend the time never will end  
When we grown-ups are safe against bogeys!

ONE of the members of what may appropriately be designated as the band of bogeys lay immediately in our path. It was called the Cajon Pass, and had been dwelt upon at length by one of our friends possessing a swift car, through long and frequent excursions on which over a period of years he had become well acquainted with the country for many miles round. So terrifying was the tale of the winds there to be encountered that we had, in the first breathless moments of alarm, seriously raised the question as to the advisability of adopting some other route by which we might escape this hot-bed of hurricanes, in the grasp of which—even if our canvas adjustments held and the fierceness of the gale did not involve us in instant disaster—our lofty waggon, offering far more extensive surface of resistance than any motor-car, would be a mere plaything, and toppling over would bring our trip to an unfortunate and untimely conclusion.

It will be understood, therefore, that it was with some trepidation that we made our start on this possibly eventful day. The severity of our sensations were toned down, however, by a repetition of the discoveries already made in varied directions as

to the amount of weight to be attached to the impressions of others, and the apprehensions from which we had suffered therefore diminished. Nevertheless at the first blast of wind—and blasts there certainly were in that particularly windy quarter leading up to the Pass—we halted for the purpose of taking all possible precautions, furling our canvas, and making everything tight and snug. Thus prepared against mishap, we proceeded cheerfully in the face of whatever might be in store for us, nothing more than a couple of hours of rather harder pulling for the horses, and for ourselves the discomfort inseparable from frequent and sudden aggravating gusts, dishevelled hair and dusty garments. By lunch-time we had reached the calmer regions of the ascent, the wind had dropped, and we took our meal comfortably by the roadside, on an inviting green grassy patch, pleasantly shaded by shrubs and trees, the refreshing gurgle of a stream at which we watered our horses discoursing sweet inarticulate music as we ate. We reached Cajon Camp about four o'clock. This is a free camp, most beautifully situated on the mountain-side in close proximity to a general store and post-office. The camp covers very considerable ground, and is densely shaded by huge trees, allowing ample space between them for convenient tables and benches, stone ovens, and a large central fountain at which campers draw water. If at first all these excellent arrangements seemed a little too civilised for our gipsy crew, we soon resigned ourselves to make full use of the conveniences offered, thus saving much time for other pressing duties, such, for instance, as securing comfortable quarters for the horses, whose beds were an object of especial care. Here they were tethered in close proximity to our waggon in a copse of green willows, where there was, in addition to some succulent feed, soft sand which would make them excellent beds. Having got in so early, we were able to take things

easily, sketch, loaf more or less, do our shopping at the store, and spend time chatting to our neighbours, motorists, who came to call from the other side of the camp, a visit which we returned later in the evening. It was quite pleasant to spread our supper on a roomy table, and to find ourselves seated luxuriously on the benches on either side of it, and the cook of the expedition (any one but myself—that is a task at which I am as helpless as a baby) fully appreciated the assistance of a good oven, saving also the time for getting out and subsequently cleaning our own little camping-stove. “Let us take what the gods send and be thankful,” was the drift of our sentiments, as it seemed also those of the big shaggy brown dog, who managed to raise his great awkward body in the begging attitude with irresistible effect, and was evidently in the habit of working off his fascinations on all comers. He belonged to the custodian, and was certainly one of the attractions of a place which boasted many.

We arose about four, but did not get off till nearly seven—three hours later,—a result never anticipated overnight, but somehow surprisingly easy to attain in the morning with the help of even a slight hindrance or tendency to loiter. To attend to the feeding, watering, and grooming of three animals, make the van-bed and stow coverings of the cot-bed over it so as to form an attractive and comfortable couch, and cook, serve, and clear up breakfast for four, pack and stow almost the entire contents of the outside cupboards, which are in daily use, clean up and tidy the home after its occupation throughout the night, harness the horses and *get off*—all these tasks compressed into two hours, which was the legitimate time allowed, may well tax the energies even of four able-bodied people. And by this time I began to reckon myself, in the mornings at least, among the able-bodied, while availing myself occasionally of extra privileges in the evening by retiring

early and supping luxuriously in bed. Any subsequent needs could be met by the nearest occupant of the supper-table simply extending an arm to meet mine, so that in this respect, as in many others, the trouble of living might be said to be reduced to its barest elements. The combined comfort and cheerfulness of this addition to my hours of rest were responsible, I have little doubt, both for the wonderful improvement in my health which quickly became evident, and for my ability later, when hardships increased, to endure the excessive and protracted fatigues without breaking down.

The steep part of the ascent begins at about this point, and before long we came to the conclusion that "Betty's" education could no longer be delayed, the moment having arrived when her exceeding willingness, properly directed and controlled, would be almost indispensable to our advance. The task proved a much easier one than was expected, giving another object-lesson in the disproportion between anticipation and reality, especially when the anticipation happens to be an unpleasant one. "There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," and the more you think about it the worse it is when it is bad, though I am inclined to be a little sceptical as to the fair working of the law in the other direction.

We halted, I think, to philosophise on the steeper grades of the Pass, and this proceeding had to be repeated a good many times—the halting, I mean, not the philosophising, which for aught I know to the contrary may have been indulged in also, though I have no record to that effect. On reflection it seems hardly likely, for whatever thoughts may have been suggested—and surely there must have been many—there was little time or breath to give them expression, the energies of each being absorbed to the full by the task of breasting the ascent, for the horses, of course, must be relieved of every



unnecessary burden. It is this continual change of movement and change of position, variety in scene and variety in action, that in our view places our form of travel for enjoyableness so far above that experienced by the motorist. How often we pitied the poor things, cramped and crowded on stuffy seats, air and view impeded by hoods, hangings, impedimenta of all kinds and each other, little chance to make a change of position, and still less to indulge in walking exercise not much beloved of Americans, but absolutely invaluable to health, which grows upon you the more you make acquaintance with it. There is something so soothing and restful about walking, the mind is so free for the observation and enjoyment of all that may present itself, there is nothing to shake or jar, there is no hint of danger, no haunting sense of hurry, only the feeling that the day lies before you and the world is yours.

It was in a frame of mind induced by a combination of these intangible yet forceful elements of delight that, without anxiety or overstrain, thanks to the excellent surface and the cleverly engineered grade of the road, we reached the summit of the Pass, where we paused to rest the horses and absorb the view.

To the south of us we beheld outspread the range we had just climbed through, green wooded vales immediately beneath and farther away the snow-clad summits and softer blue outlines melting into the distant blue of the sky. To the north, the direction in which for the present we were heading, stretched the desert—the bogey par excellence,—whose nature and characteristics were impressed upon us on the spot by inference upon reading the conspicuous notice (monopolising a large signboard) congratulating the traveller upon his arrival at the Cajon Pass, where he would enter upon smooth paved roads, to be his portion henceforward in place of the sandy tracks of the desert. The announce-

ment was worded somehow in so sympathetic a strain towards the desert wanderer that I remember distinctly our looking at each other in some dismay, doubtful as to how much might be implied by such an unusual display of sentiment, and what would be the developments to come beyond the sharp cleavage which struck the eye at our very feet, between the paved ways of progressive California and the primitive paths of the plucky pioneers.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## THE MOHAVE DESERT.

City, farewell ! For me the camp,  
 The tent, the crackling, leaping fire,  
 The tethered horse's friendly stamp,  
 Freedom, the poet-soul's desire,  
 The sweep of starry space o'er limitless lands,  
 Night's clear cold breath on dim, vast, desert sands.

FROM the smooth perfectly-graded pavement, which had made even the ascent of so considerable an elevation an easy task, we stepped, without a buffer of any sort to relieve us of the shock of the transition, directly on to the sandy track of the desert, or what the strip-maps which we studied with zeal and which were in constant requisition alluded to as "graded dirt road." These strips, each covering a distance of from forty to sixty miles, gave details in respect of dwellings to be passed and the accommodation to be obtained on the line of route. Thus we could calculate roughly how many miles we should travel before there was a habitation at all, and should know whether it boasted a store, lodgings, or gasoline. The two latter items did not greatly interest us, while, alas ! as to the, to us, much more important question of oats and hay, the publication remained obstinately silent. For enlightenment we depended entirely upon ourselves, and our capacity for ferreting out reliable information, a task which eventually grew to be more or less second nature with us, though, as will be seen later, we never quite reached the desirable point of perfection

which would have completely guaranteed us against making mistakes, to be subsequently paid for in discomfort and annoyance, though fortunately not in any case in more costly coin.

Elevations were inserted only in special cases: much detail could hardly be expected over a route covering thirty-five hundred miles. Nevertheless it was a thing that we missed at the time, and that I miss more still now in trying to recall the experiences and give them permanence. Even the pencil diary, to which I was invariably faithful, was a tax amid the urgent occupations of getting across the desert, not least of which was the task of walking most of the distance from the foot of the Cajon Pass to Needles. Two hundred and twenty-three miles on foot is no trifle on a road which from time to time took on the nature of a stream-bed, whereon progress, whether for the feet of human beings or those of horses, was difficult, slow, and aggravating.

Yet the recollection of these exertions is not unpleasant—not by any means. The whole surroundings were novel, and invested with a characteristic charm wholly alien to the form which they had taken in my premonitory thoughts. If the surface of the desert proper was monotonous—sand and stones dotted with clumps of the dark “greasewood” shrub and the lighter-coloured, grey-green, aromatic sage-brush—yet there was variety. Mountains bounded the horizon at all times—mountains which in that clear pure air took on the most exquisite colouring, forming a tinted edge to the desolateness of the desert, made a landscape unlike anything we had ever seen. I found myself constantly picturing the endless stretches that lay beyond the magic borderland of summits, and wanting to peep over the rim and discover what was there.

Wild and picturesque hills also lay in our path, welcome to the eye, if less so to the mind that has

horses to care for, inasmuch as hills invariably meant an incalculable aggravation of their labours. Jagged rocks sticking through the surface of the road would pull them back at every step, and jar the van in the most alarming way: I had almost said shake it to pieces, but this would be giving an entirely wrong impression as to the resisting properties of that wonderful vehicle, which, in spite of the fact that it was intended for the smooth pavements of California, was so perfectly put together—bolted throughout—that it seemed little the worse for wear at the end of its long trying trip.

The sun shone brightly, yet not uncomfortably so; indeed, woollen jerseys were in frequent demand on this portion of the journey, and the winds, which if they did blow might prove distinctly objectionable, were tempered to the pleasantest of breezes. Here and there the shrubs were flowering with a rich yellow effect; and in the early part of the desert the weird goblin-like yucca trees, which so strike the eye of the passenger in the train, gave to the whole scene a grotesque unreal aspect that intensified the quality of the experience.

We were fortunate in getting water for our horses at lunch-time from a solitary ranchman—an old man living by himself in the midst of what at that spot was a particularly arid waste. I remember the sense of forlornness in the endeavour to put myself in his place, and imagine what such a life was like: the immediate surroundings, desolation, not a soul within sight or hearing, for companionship the goats and chickens, and for variety the wondrous but melancholy splendours of sunrise and sunset. I need not have worried on his account. He seemed perfectly contented, told with satisfaction what a good living he was able to make by the sale of poultry and eggs, and drew comparisons with Chicago (which he had come from years ago) highly unfavourable to that teeming centre of population.

From Chicago to an isolated spot on the Mohave is a bit of a contrast, but it had not hurt him, nor was he greatly disturbed at the necessity for going three miles to the well where he drew water for himself and his stock. He would not have changed to the old life again for any money, and we respected him for his decision, though puzzled by it, for it is difficult to conceive one accustomed to crowds settling down thus in the wilderness untroubled by the natural craving for his kind. With all my intense love for Nature that point would for ever debar me, even in more kindly and favourable surroundings, from the primitive existence of the hermit.

We reached our first desert village, Hesperia, before four o'clock, and there being a distance of eight miles to the next place, decided to draw up here and make our evening camp. The settlement consisted of a small number of wooden houses of the ranch order, each with its complement of yard and sheds, straggling on either side of a road which I distinctly remember to have been lined with a growth of rough grass. This condition would, I presume, be found only in the season of the spring rains and previous to the terrible heat of summer, and here, as all along our route, we were fortunate in happening upon the best that there was to be had. Beyond us on the other side of a cluster of houses on our left, and round a bend of the road stood a quite imposing store, where we laid in forage and provisions on the following morning, and which might have marred the general impression. But it was out of sight, and we in our camp, with its unfamiliar background of scattered shacks rising on the very edge of the desert, over which the sun would soon be setting, and where the dark yucca trees dotted here and there waved weird threatening arms at the strangers, began to feel the first whisperings of that sense of remoteness which the traveller in the wilds will recognise as one of the primary

elements of his joy—a joy which, once tasted, seems to instil a form of recurrent fever from which there is no escape. It is of the very essence of romance.

This atmosphere of mind, together with the magnificent colouring of a desert sunset, whose beauty words must ever fail in the slightest degree to convey, make of the Hesperian episode a thing to be remembered. There was, fortunately, time to gather impressions: the Sculptor sketched, the Artist on this occasion descended to more practical occupations, while absorbing with me the glories of the sunset, and I rested. The Skipper meanwhile, on instruction bent, made the round of the village, scraping acquaintance with two girls who were visiting Hesperia as a lively change from their home in Deep Creek, a ranch some twenty miles away across the desert, to be arrived at only by a deep ford reaching in ordinary times to the horses' middles, and sometimes compelling them to swim. In times of flood they were completely cut off, and would be isolated until the waters subsided. Evidently the large store at which we stopped next day was patronised by the ranchers at this kind of lonely dwelling, for whom Hesperia with its hundred or so inhabitants would offer attractions both social and practical, and for whom the point of view would be different indeed from that under which it presented itself to the recent arrivals from Los Angeles.

It seems an odd thing that I should have arrived so far without further mention of two important members of the expedition. I allude to "Don" and "Minx," the former a beautiful sable-and-white collie dog, the latter a small pure-bred "Spitz," presumably a throw-back to the toy variety, as she never grew, and remained charmingly small. For "Don," foreseeing it would frequently, for various reasons, be desirable for him to be carried, we had contrived a special shelf at the back on the axle, fearing lest if we let him jump up and down in front

he would leap at inconvenient times and some day come to grief among the horses' legs. The poor fellow having become footsore after the first day or two of pavement had made trial of the above device, of which he testified, by howls mournful and prolonged, his extreme disapproval. After a couple of weeks' trial we eventually gave it up, and decided upon risking the other place for him, feeling it was worth a great deal to restore him to a cheerful demeanour and enjoyment of life, which he evidently considered not worth living under the conditions we had imposed. On the floor of the van, head in the doorway commanding the view, he became happy once more, and was less unphilosophic in his expressions of dissatisfaction when tripped over or trodden on than were, I regret to say, the human animals whose consideration for this member of the canine race involved them in an endless series of bruises and contusions, not to speak of the shocks to the system caused by a sudden squeal emitted beneath their feet while they themselves disappeared head-first into the depths of the home or saved themselves by some admirable gymnastic contortion from pitching on to the horses' backs.

"Minx," as the picture shows, was in the seat beside the driver, a place in which she was perfectly safe (being secured by a chain attached to her collar and fastened within the van), and to which she clung with the utmost appreciation. It was an amusing thing to mark the intense interest displayed by that little mind in everything that went on—whether she criticised the landscape as we passed I cannot say, but certain it is that she exercised the utmost determination in her efforts to miss *nothing*, and struggled in a ludicrous way against the calls of sleep, which, after hours spent in a sitting attitude, ears pricked and eyes alert, would now and then overcome her so far as to cause her head to droop and her bright black eyes to close. But only for a moment, a



sudden sound or a jar of the van, and she was all there once more.

The day opened gloriously with a magnificent sunrise, which we, being up at four, got the full benefit of. The air was exquisite; and though the road was bad, condemning two of us to miles of walking, one of the others riding postilion-wise, while the fourth drove, by taking turns we were able to secure plenty of variety of exercise, and were not over-fatigued by the time—about eleven—when we reached Victorville, and drew up in its principal street to water and feed and rest. Lunch, perched on stools at the counter of a lunch-room, seemed quite a festive affair, and saved us a good deal of labour, giving us time for shopping and getting off our letters before making a fresh start, which we did after one o'clock.

In the early part of the afternoon we crossed the Mohave River, and, after covering another eight miles of fairly good road, came to a halt opposite a ranch on the other side of the railway-line, along which latterly our road had led. The contrast between the barrenness of the desert and the line of delicate green that marks the course of the river is a constant source of pleasure to the eye, and a kind of relief to the mind also, suggesting that in the event of need water could be reached.

The spot which we had fixed upon for our night's rest was near the only dwelling to be encountered for another eight miles or so, and a dwelling with its precious store of water meant everything to us. A ranch in the desert may have an inconsistent sound until we realise that water makes everything possible, and the proximity of the Mohave River accounted for the phenomenon. Indeed, the soil of the desert is everywhere marvellously fertile, and blossoms like the rose directly it gets a chance. As witness sunny Southern California with its marvels of luxuriance and fertility; for is not the whole

of it a wonderful sample of salvage from the desert ? In course of time we shall surely see all these regions through which we passed converted into smiling cultivated lands, yielding rich harvests of many kinds to the populations that will some day flow into them.

We drew up at the side of the road, and while the usual attendants on the horses rode them across the track to hunt up the ranchman and ask leave to water, the Artist prepared supper, and the leader of the expedition collapsed summarily into bed at the early hour of five o'clock. Greatly enjoyable did she find the occupation of listening to the sounds in her close proximity, such as the horses munching their oats, than which, I think, there is none more comforting and satisfying ; the blows of pick and shovel as they persuaded stones to become loosened, and the dull thuds of their propulsion to a safe distance from the area of sand chosen for the beds of the dear gees, who must at all costs enjoy a comfortable night. There is something perversely soothing about the indications of active labour being pursued by some one else while you yourself are revelling in the lap of ease and repose, as I am sure my readers know by experience, and will therefore easily picture the peculiarly refreshing nature of the rest which I was able to take on this and many other occasions.

Our camp being made on one side of the road while the railway-line ran on the other, little explanation will suffice to show we could not expect an undisturbed night, nor did we get it. I do not know how many trans-continental trains are supposed to pass between night and morning ; indeed, it would be no easy task to find out, as a long train is often split up into sections, thus multiplying the shocks which we were bound in any case to receive. The next station on the line—Barstow—being a junction for a Santa Fé line that runs west across

the desert, we were made to suffer on this account also. At any rate, my diary records that the "trains seemed as if they would rush into us," words which bring back vividly the awakening to the rumble of distant thunder increasing with terrifying rapidity to an enveloping roar suggestive of instant destruction to anything lying in its path. This, coming suddenly in the midst of sleep upon the still unaccustomed ear, induces uncomfortable leaps of the heart, an organ at this stage unsteadied by the swift automatic reassurance of the vigilant understanding, which later, to a certain extent, modified this unpleasant and undesirable form of exercise. The others, indeed, reached the point of sleeping through *anything*, if a normal expected sound, but not so myself. Sudden violent noises invariably rouse me, however swiftly I may be able to realise their innocuous nature, and thus I can gauge pretty fairly the value of the night's rest wherever it might have been by the degree of proximity to the railway-line.

It was here that we were fortified for the future that lay before us by the vivid accounts of the negro driver of a cart, who stopped in passing to exchange the time of day and tell us what we had to expect. He seemed much astonished at the idea that we were trying to make the desert, and, gazing with evident misgiving at our travelling home, assured us that he himself, journeying with a prairie schooner, had been caught in one of the wind-storms that rage across the sands, and his waggon overturned before he had time to think. He seemed to be speaking the truth, by which we felt considerably sobered, though not to the extent (which he half expected) of causing us to turn back. No; we who had weathered the winds of the Cajon Pass, while bearing the facts in mind and being prepared for anything, would certainly not falter at this stage, but trust to the stars, whose behests we had been

so careful to follow, and go straight on. Here also a lady driving a Ford car stopped to talk to us, and, having ascertained where we were bound for, gave us an added supply of pleasant anticipations in her description of the road between Needles and Topock, which had not only, she said, a frightfully rocky surface, but was ungraded, with an unending succession of precipitous ups and downs destructive to any vehicle ever built. Considering that all along I had been looking upon Needles as a haven which, once reached, our troubles might be considered over and our outfit launched upon comparatively smooth waters—it being the extreme point of the Mohave Desert,—it was somewhat disconcerting to learn that something much worse than anything we might encounter here lay beyond it. Fortunately the realisation of this fact—that our adventure, baldly stated, meant exchanging one difficulty for another all along the line of route until we should emerge upon the good hard roads beyond the Middle West—grew upon us by degrees only, and we were sustained by illusive hope in much the same way as the traveller on the highways of Life, of which the wanderings of the Wayfarers present so striking a type.

We were up about four, and found the horses shivering with cold, so that the road being for a while good we allowed them to follow their inclinations at the start and take us along at a trot while conditions allowed, which was not for very long. For we soon began to be treated to an experience of desert switchbacks—up and down, up and down, mile after mile of martyrdom for the poor horses, not to mention ourselves, for we, too, footed it for hours over the sharp rocks and through the soft heavy sand.

And as for the appearance presented by the inside of the van after a couple of hundred yards only of this sort of thing—our home, remember, which,

although we were asked to make room therein for numerous extras from outside, we liked to point to at the start as a model of neatness and order—let me introduce you to it. This may best be done, perhaps, by giving prosaically a list of its contents, in the order in which they met the Wayfarer's eye as she cast a glimpse behind her from the driver's seat, and perceived them either littered about the chaos of the floor or in mid-transit towards that destination—trace-chains, dog-collar, ice-box (containing the delicacies of our larder but *no* ice), leather handbag, bucket, matches, bale of hay, suit-case, various sponge-bags and nail-brushes, aluminium mug, mackintosh coat, five-gallon water-cans, scattered magazines, sack of rolled barley, soap, and tooth-brushes of divers kinds,—the whole crowned with a semblance of symmetry by a sprinkling of oranges and lemons.

We did our shopping early in Helensdale Store, a little settlement near Helen Station on the Santa Fé, purchasing from a good-natured stout woman who kept the store, and was as much interested in us as was the Mexican girl with her dark-eyed baby whom we met there and exchanged a few words with. We were lucky in getting shade for the lunch rest under some trees belonging to the little oasis of the "Hicks" ranch, within easy distance from the Mohave River, from which doubtless the water is drawn that makes it so green a spot in the surrounding waste. We reached the desert station and town of Barstow about 5.30, glad to make use of the "shoe" which was one of the unusual features of our equipment, such a contrivance being unknown here. We used it only a few times, discarding it subsequently because we found it threw too great a strain upon the van, which was lightly built and not suited for such treatment. While the Artist and I visited the shops to lay in sundry supplies, the others cast about for a suitable spot for our camp, and eventu-

ally found a comparatively attractive one by the railway-line in a sandy tract sheltered by clumps of tall shrubs. The camp proper, intended for tourists, lay at a little distance away, and boasted water and trees; but the water looked stagnant, and among the trees was scattered so much refuse in the shape of old tins and what not that we preferred something less pretentious and cleaner. The cottage of an old Irishwoman who worked for the Harvey House (the Santa Fé restaurants and hotels which provide such excellent food and accommodation all along the Santa Fé lines) stood not far away, and from her we obtained leave to draw water for our horses and ourselves, while the good soul talked of her experiences, and explained how good a thing she had made of her life compared to what she could have done at home in Ireland.

The traveller making the acquaintance of Barstow by a stop for meals on the Santa Fé, finds himself invited to enter quite an imposing building—the Harvey House—and from the exterior of green well-kept lawns and pillared approaches, and the interior of well-served meals and admirable attendance, pictures a place of considerable proportions. It was something of a surprise to find it consisted of one paltry straggling street, with shops and a covered wooden pavement facing the railway-line—a few stores, with ordinary necessities, a couple of drug stores, barbers' shops and so forth, pool-rooms, and the inevitable garage, where, I suppose, many a helpless traveller besides ourselves has been royally fleeced. There was no help for it, for in some mysterious way one of our "Timkin" roller bearings, of which we were so proud, had gripped on the axle and torn itself to pieces, besides grinding the axle down very considerably, so that a stop for repairs was imperative.

Here again our luck stood by us, as it had when we found such hospitable shelter in the downpour

at Glendora, when we escaped anything more than a moderate breeze at the foot of the Cajon Pass, and all along in the matter of propitious weather. The mishap might so easily have come to a climax on the open desert, where it would have been a good many times more inconvenient and more expensive to remedy, instead of our vehicle carrying us just far enough to land us with the blacksmith and the mechanics. So we felt consoled, even when requested (on Monday, the second day of our stay), to move from our secluded sandy space, where a few green bushes gave our horses shelter from the cold night wind, and which we had pretty much to ourselves, to a backyard by the garage, where we could more easily be got at, and in consequence be subjected to less delay.

An outbreak of high fever and sore throats occurred among us a day or two after our establishment in this uninviting spot, an ill reward indeed for the philosophy with which we had accepted the inevitable and awaited the arrival of a fresh set of bearings from Los Angeles, consoling ourselves for the delay by the prospect of leisure to be usefully employed, while mildly regretting it could not have been spent in a pleasanter place.

We had our long-tried and unfailing remedy with us—pure carbolic acid, taken in 3-drop doses in water, every eight hours,—and on this we relied, reinforced by several other useful simple drugs for reducing fever, assisted by the sovereign restorative of staying in bed. The well nursed the ill, varying this employment with short excursions on horseback into the surrounding desert, where they were nearly eaten alive by swarms of tiny gnats dancing in the sun. This drawback was offset, however, by the fact that the Artist succeeded in securing a good snap of a deserted gold-mine before taking her turn on the sick list. The Skipper and the Leader of the Expedition managed to keep going, though both

were suffering the symptoms in a milder degree, nursed, did the shopping, attended to the horses, and were driven frantic in their efforts to get off a collection of "junk"—superfluities weeded from among our belongings and packed to be sent on by freight, instead of burdening our much-tried horses. The freight office raised no end of difficulties, and after we had with much labour done the packing and got the sacks to the right place balanced on one of the animals, they informed us sacks would not be accepted, and we went home disconsolately, leaving our property on the platform. It got off eventually, but not before having induced in the Skipper a frame of mind recorded as follows: "Skipper wants to kill every one, especially druggist." That offending individual, it seems, showed great lack of intelligence in dealing with her requests, and had not a single thing she needed in his useless establishment.

So much for the days, but these, alas! by no means brought our trials to an end. Only a few yards away, on the other side of the fence, lay the railway-line. Whether shunting operations were at all times carried on at that particular spot during the hours of darkness, or whether some humorous engine-driver selected it in order to relieve the tedium of his labours by a joke upon us, we were never able to determine. Whichever it was, the result was the same. Night was a pandemonium of sudden, shrill, terrifying shrieks, clamorous thunders, and deafening clashes, varied with grinding noises of the excruciating order with which railway travellers are only too familiar—all within less than a stone's-throw of our would-be slumbering heads.

The reader will not be surprised then to learn that as soon as the Sculptor, though weak, was once more on his feet, and the Artist's temperature had dropped to 101, it was decided, in the words of my diary, "to leave this pestilential hole and get out somehow!"



Several of the inhabitants, noticing our depressed demeanour, had told us of the epidemic which had caused the closing of the schools, and any one roaming the outskirts, as we had done, could not fail to be struck by the dump-heaps whereon the whole community evidently deposited its empty cans, with results conspicuous indeed in their effects on the landscape but insidious to those in health. Perhaps they get used to it in the desert—who knows? One gets used to most things, but as for us we were not acclimatised and never became so, albeit often enough condemned to the immediate association with this particular hall-mark of these remote places. A mile or more before reaching the outskirts of a village or township the silent tokens, sparse at first, but gradually increasing in number and variety, would tell the tale of the approach of human habitations in a silent language as displeasing as the fact which it announced was invariably welcome and cheering.

Having started late we covered only nine miles by lunch-time, and stopped outside a barn-like eating-house in the one street of a little desert settlement called Daggett. This was formerly the outfitting point for "Death Valley," and was the place of origin of the "Twenty Mule Borax Teams" that we are so familiar with on our hoardings. We remembered the name in connection with one of the most solemn of the warnings administered to us while the trip was in contemplation. A man had been found murdered on the desert outside this place! A tourist probably. Would we actually be so foolish as to venture? Considering that latterly murders had been frequent in Los Angeles, that a spectacular one had just been perpetrated in a pretty wooded suburb that we passed through on the car on our way into Los Angeles, and that that same car was held up twice shortly before we left, while robberies of motor-cars, leaving their

owners stranded on one of the many lovely but lonely roads in the environs of the city, were everyday events—considering all this, we were rather inclined to look upon the desert as peculiarly desirable from the point of view of safety from dangers of that particular kind. So, as the sequel shows, we remained undeterred.

Rightly so, as it turned out, for the worst suffering inflicted upon us by Daggett was the disappointment of finding no lunch that we cared for at our disposal in the big bare dining-room, which, after the conspicuous sign announcing it, was rather trying. Still we were, of course, prepared with our meal, which our chef was compelled to turn to and get ready—the regular official being on the occasion out of commission and still patronising bed, one of us had to do duty instead. We do not go in for elaborate lunches on the road, leaving elegant extras such as boiled potatoes, steak, chops, and vegetables for the evening meal, when there is, barring accidents, more time. Tinned foods constitute our main fare; and though variety is always pleasing, these had not, at this stage of our journey, lost their attraction for the hungry, thanks to which fact we managed to survive. The horses got their drink, and we replenished the supply in our five-gallon cans (we carried in addition a five-gallon water-bag, taking whatever we deemed necessary in view of the stretch which lay ahead, keeping the load down whenever possible, but erring on the side of safety). We swung out of the place much refreshed, and thankful that our visit was not later in the season in the blinding glare and pitiless heat, of which present conditions, though quite bearable, allowed us to form a vivid picture.

Six miles of slow travel brought us to a wayside section-house called Minneola, which we reached at five, and there being no watering-place for some six miles ahead, and the party still much under the

weather, we decided to halt there. I say "wayside" with design, for these invaluable railway settlements of the Santa Fé, always supplied with water for the purposes of the railway and use of the employees lodged in the rows of white inviting-looking cottages strung along the railway-line, are not by any means always on the road, which, though it skirts the track, generally speaking, frequently deviates from it by many miles. Often did we spy one such in the distance as we plodded along, depending upon our transport for supplies of the life-giving fluid, but conscious that in case of need it would be possible to cover the intervening miles of desert on horseback, and feeling an agreeable assurance of safety in consequence. We found the officials pleasant and obliging, and always ready to place at our disposal their supplies of water (generally obtained from a distance by train and stored in deep cisterns or barrels), we leading our horses up and drawing water for them in buckets, careful to draw for ourselves from a distinct receptacle held there for human use.

We drew up just off the road on a space sheltered by stacks of railway ties, to which we fastened our horses. Slowly we plodded through our various duties, no one feeling equal to very violent exertions, though thankful to be in pure air once more and away from the varied smells of the blacksmith's yard and the insistent if intermittent sounds inseparable from such a location. Though we were near the line, separated from it only by the railway ties, yet compared to past inflictions the occasional uproar of a passing train (previously described) could hardly be depicted by the name of a disturbance. This was all we were called upon to face here, and even that would be softened by a slight increase of distance, so that it was with encouraged and hopeful hearts that we painted and bandaged the sore throats, and each in turn swallowed the

saving doses of carbol. We had covered fifteen miles, and that, with one patient still suffering from fever, another weak from the effects of it, and two feeling sub-acute symptoms of the same trouble, was not so bad.

By reason of the hindrances enumerated above, it was late the next morning before we found ourselves ready for the road once more. We obtained a good snap of our camp, as far as immediate details are concerned; but alas! no success in a distant view of it from away over the desert, whence the picture of the group, backed by the brown stacks of timbers, and these by the brilliant white cottages outlined against an exquisite blue sky with a suggestion of mountains at the horizon, made a glimpse I would have given a great deal to fix on paper. But even so, without the colouring, it must have been a failure.

Easter Sunday, and what a glorious one! What invigorating freshness in the air, what never-ending delight in the varying tints of mountain and sky! Surely on such a day, even though the roads were heavy, we should make a good record. But we reckoned without a lack of clearness in our map, leaving us later in the day the victims of a delusive sign at the roadside, which announced in arresting style—"Water," "Store"—at the same time pointing the traveller to a track turning north. Inasmuch as at about this point our map announced springs and good camping ground, we naturally concluded this was the place, and dared not pass it, having a long stretch of eighteen miles of uninhabited desert before us. We therefore drew up at the side of the main road, unharnessed the horses, tethered two, taking the third to carry the cans, and proceeded in a party towards the land of promise, which turned out to be a railway station over half a mile away, trailing along the path from which we encountered a very picturesque group of Mexican

families enjoying their Sunday's rest. For some unaccountable reason our photo of these turned out a failure.

What with one thing and another, unharnessing, taking up water, laying in supplies at the store, the time taken going to and fro, harnessing up again, and getting off, about two hours had slipped away, and I leave the reader to imagine our feelings upon having gone about a mile farther to find at the roadside the "Water" and "Good camping ground" announced by the map, with a little store into the bargain and a notice of "Fresh milk." All this we might have enjoyed with no more delay than required for filling our water-cans. Who is responsible, anyway, for such a deceptive sign, thrown away indeed upon the traveller from the East, who has just passed the springs (Newberry Springs is their name), but a spider's web to the one from the west?

The spring at Newberry issues in great volume from volcanic tufa not far from the station, filling forty tank cars daily of 10,000 gallons each. New ranches are growing up in the vicinity, we are told; and when you have seen, as we had, ranches of flourishing appearance on Mohave wastes, there would be nothing surprising in finding them here.

No one who has not known days of travel on the treeless desert can ever imagine the exquisiteness of the young green foliage in a spot like this, a kind of oasis in the midst of desolation, spreading its vividly tinted belt for a mile or so on either side of the road; broad on the north, where appeared a small plantation of fruit-trees, beyond which the desert stretched away to the horizon, but bounded on the south by the sterile range of the Newberry Mountains, beneath which winds the road. There is something in the atmosphere of this desert that makes it unique in the way of colouring and effect. The yellows and greys of the desert, the ring of the

encircling mountains, bathed in that clear transparent light, and displaying every tint from palest blue to deepest shades of purple—the soft splendour of the ever-changing cloudlands, the tender delicate blues of the sky—the hint of green losing itself gradually in the distance as we passed on: the human eye wearied and the mind despaired of being able to absorb so much loveliness.

We had expected to camp on the open desert this night, as our map showed nothing for the next eighteen miles, and we therefore laid in as large a stock of water as we could carry. Great was our surprise, therefore, on passing at about 6 P.M. a ranch visible at a little distance away on the desert, almost as great as that which overwhelmed us an hour or so earlier when we suddenly struck paved road and were able to trot for a while. We drew up, of course, to one side, and while the rest made camp I departed for the ranch, carrying a large jug and buoyed by fervent hopes of milk. "Big Bear Ranch" was the name of the place, but I could not discover by inquiry of the sole farm hand whom I found in charge at the time to what circumstances we owed its impressive title. More to the point, however, there was *milk* to be had, and this I bore back to the camp in triumph, together with permission to take down our horses next morning to water, thus enabling us to give them full rations both night and morning. Had we known of this ranch we could have saved them the quite considerable load, and ourselves the tedious labour involved in filling up.

Later in the evening we called on the owners of the ranch, now returned in their car from a distance, and enjoyed an interesting chat. They had lived here four years, and were delighted with the place. The children were taken to school in a Ford to a distance of some six miles or so; the climate was perfect; the soil would grow any mortal thing you chose

to plant; water was all that was needed to turn the wilderness into a veritable garden. The precious fluid, they told us, was to be met at varying depths of several hundreds of feet, and it is the expense involved that naturally keeps settlers away.

The mother, accompanied by a group of small fry, came to visit us before dark and to take stock of the van, which is something never seen out here, and is much admired. Further supplies of milk were obtained from her in the morning, together with minute directions as to watering the horses at their swimming pool, the following history being elicited in the course of conversation. In the preceding year a motoring party had availed themselves of the permission they frequently gave to camp in their large sheltered yard, and had remained there a whole week, being made welcome to every convenience which the place had to offer free of charge. They left very early, and a short time after their departure it was discovered by one of the family that they had emptied the whole of the garbage accumulated during their stay into their host's swimming pool. Her husband was minded to follow with his revolver, and great would have been the satisfaction of hearing that this contemptible crew had been forced at the gun's muzzle to return and make the damage good. Unfortunately for my tale they escaped scot-free, it not being considered worth while to pursue them, though the task of making the pool again fit for use was a lengthy one, the water having to be drained off and the entire tank emptied and cleaned. This is the sort of thing that makes one ashamed of belonging to the human race at all, redeemed, however, by the victims of the outrage, who have it in them still to be civil and hospitable to the stranger.

We were up early on the following morning, and particularly pleased with our performance in being

harnessed up and ready for the road by 7.50. Alas ! for premature rejoicings. When some one asked for the camera to photograph the start it was nowhere to be found, and its history being diligently followed up, it transpired that it must have been left at the station which we had so unnecessarily turned out of our way to visit on the previous day. Entire change of plans. The Skipper mounts "Betty" to ride back the six miles, feeling sure of regaining the precious article at the agent's house where we remembered leaving it; the Sculptor goes out hunting; the Artist sits down to a sketch; and I take a turn at the diaries, while the team stands tethered to the thorny desert bushes.

Such is the fate of the "Wayfarer"! There is no schedule of time-table for him, and his plans, however nicely laid, "gang aft agley." In this case, except for the necessity of getting on if we wished to make our destination (New York) before the hottest months of summer, we were not much to be pitied for this added opportunity of quietly feasting our eyes upon the unfamiliar panorama in the midst of which we waited, and which changed hourly as the sun rose higher in the heavens. Around us on every side the grey expanse of stony sand, studded with dark green stunted shrubs, stretching mile upon mile away to the distant mountains, at whose foot they merge here and there into long curving waves of unbroken sand, whose soft yellows melt into the blues and purples of the encircling heights. In perfect weather, in the wonder of that clear atmosphere, it was a memorable sample of desert colouring.

The camera safely retrieved by a twelve-mile ride and lunch disposed of, we made a start at last, achieving a total of eleven miles on very bad roads, running among what the map calls "black lava beds." We learnt to be prepared for our day's journey when geologic features of this kind were announced,



and to know that we should have to face work of the very hardest kind in getting waggon and horses over the rocky surface of the road that invariably accompanies them. Craters and old lava beds sound romantic when you read about them; they *are* romantic, of course, and I recall the curious sense of the passing of ages that used to weigh me down in those regions of extinct volcanoes. One seemed in some slight degree to realise the awful antiquity of the earth. That was in the fractional intervals when there was time for receiving impressions. The rest of one's immediate existence was amply absorbed in various ways: the Artist and the Skipper guiding and encouraging with hand and voice the plucky quadrupeds as they struggled up incredible slopes over the jutting rocks of the roadway that jerked them back at every step, escaping by a miracle the broken legs that we had every reason to anticipate; the Sculptor springing with surprising agility to this side and that at the back of the vehicle, cleverly balancing it here and there by taking the weight on one of his sturdy shoulders, and thus relieving many an impossible situation; and the Leader of the Expedition plodding undismayed in the rear, all the energy to spare from physical efforts devoted to ardent supplication to the powers that be for a happy issue from this particular tribulation.

Glad were we to stop at five o'clock on one of the most desolate, bleak, rocky spots I have ever seen, and to perceive the white line of cottages and the red of the section-house of Hector about half a mile across the desert, though it meant an additional labour taking the horses to water there, which was done by the Skipper and the Sculptor, while the Artist and myself got ready the evening meal and made enjoyable preparations for repose. The driver of a big trading van on his way back to Los Angeles stopped here for a friendly talk, and assured us, when his first astonishment at our daring such an

adventure had left him breath to speak, that, courageous though it undoubtedly was, the attempt was perfectly futile. We could not possibly surmount the difficulties of the desert before us, with which he was well acquainted, and which, with such a conveyance as ours, it was idle to face. It simply could not be done.

The train being so far away here, we passed a wonderfully quiet night, though I think we all felt that, in spite of the noise it makes, that monster soothes in some indefinable way the eerie feeling of solitude. We all missed him both this day and subsequently, and many a time do I recall our expressions of pleasure at finding him again after days of absence. We had to be content with the cheerful twinkling lights of the section-house winking at us from the distance, and with the chat with its neighbourly occupants which was retailed to us by the water-carriers when they returned with the horses.

The next day's count of eighteen miles, most of it heavy sand and difficult going for horses and human beings, landed us at 2.30 at Ludlow, the approach to which I remember chiefly for the Sahara-like aspect of much of the scenery here—miles and miles of billowy yellow sand in the distance, backed by forlorn ridges of rock. Our doings at this place have been alluded to earlier in the chapter entitled "Travel and Trouble," though these should have been brought up to date by a mention of the appetising supper nicely served on a clean table in a little Japanese restaurant. True to our principles of travelling, we make a rule on the rare occasions when we take meals away from home of eschewing grand hotels and restaurants, preferring places where the surroundings come nearer to the life of the people. Hotels and restaurants are much the same all the world over, hotels especially; but it is not everywhere you can be catered for by a Jap or a

Chinaman, and we are glad to have made the experience, of which our first was here, and, like most of the rest, entirely agreeable, if not exactly luxurious from the ordinary point of view, though from ours in this case extremely so. No cooking, no shopping, no bother, only wholesome food, ready cooked on dishes which you need not wash, and leisure to go to bed as soon as it is over.

As for the delight, the unadulterated joy, the beatitude of *bed*, that is what no ordinary mortal walking the comfortable ways of daily life can have the slightest idea of. He supposes it an experience reserved for the explorer and the hunter—say, such an one as Nansen or Rex Beach,—and renounces ambition for even a guess at such an unattainable emotion. Entire mistake, good friends! Any unimportant, unrenowned citizen may duplicate the sensation whenever he likes by going caravanning, and I defy any hunter ever returned from a wild-goose chase to tumble into his sleeping-bag with a more lively realisation of the fundamental elements of bliss than does the weary gipsy into his inviting van-bed or into his cot set up under the sky.

The mention of the word “bliss” brings to my notice the fact that in dwelling upon the delights of the desert wanderer I have omitted to give due space to a description of one or two of the drawbacks that beset his path, and figure quite largely in his daily life. Owing to the dryness of the air he suffers very quickly from cracked lips, and if he should be, like ourselves, inexperienced and fail to take precautions and apply remedies, these will develop before long into nasty bleeding wounds that are difficult to heal.

And oh! the thirst of the desert! The alkali dust which cracks the skin also dries up the throat, and produces what would be agonising thirst were means not at hand for quenching it.

After Ludlow the road was invariably execrable

and frequently terrifying, especially when it wound about a precipitous rock, the sheer walls of which it cut into at a sufficient height from its base to smash us to matchwood had the catastrophe occurred which the position so persistently suggested. The Skipper cannot understand to this day how it failed to happen. She was driving and hugging the cliff to avoid the precipices, when "Gray" and "Jim," despairing of a footing on the ice-like slide of rock that formed the roadway, sat down on their haunches, and tobogganed to the bottom with the van sliding behind them. Yet we escaped without mishap: more fortunate in this respect than the lady we passed somewhere here, her car drawn up in a cut-out, where she sat in dismal solitude waiting the return of her husband from Ludlow, whither he had sped on a passing car to bring back help and get his motor to a garage where they could replace his broken spring.

We walked practically the whole of the twenty miles to the next settlement—Bagdad—marked in large type on our strip-map, as though it was quite an important place, so that I had letters sent there—whereas it was the tiniest collection of dwellings round the station, without even a post-office. But how refreshing the clumps of desert trees that grew round it! How graceful the foliage of the peppers, and how grateful their shade! What a sense of luxuriance in the fine palms that mingled with the rest to make this welcome oasis in the desert! For miles and miles as we plodded through heavy sand, or picked our difficult way over the rocky road that wound round a bare bleak mountain of rock, a steep dangerous declivity on the other side of us, we could perceive the dark spot in the distance. It lured us on, yet was a constant disappointment, for it never seemed to get any nearer. This was our frequent experience in the desert, and we grew to expect it later, and accepted our fate with more equanimity.

This day we carried our mid-day supply of water ; and while halted for the mid-day rest at a turning leading (as a notice announced, and as we already knew from our maps) to a section-house half a mile away, where water could have been obtained, two boys on motor-cycles passed us, one of them coming to grief a short distance ahead, upon which they laid the damaged machine on the sand at the roadside and proceeded together on the other. A few miles out of Bagdad we perceived the second machine standing up in forsaken solitude not far from the track, and later met the two boys returning from a long, hot, exhausting tramp to Bagdad, their machine having broken down, and appalling thirst having driven them in search of water, which they said they had not tasted for many hours.

This is a sample of the kind of thing that leads to disaster in the desert, and that, I suppose, we were expected by most of our advisers to perpetrate. In the first place, a knowledge of their route (and without it no one should attempt the desert) would have told them of the section-house of "Klondike," where they could have refreshed themselves and filled their canteens. In the second place, had they exercised ordinary observation they would have seen the conspicuous notice at the turning. In the third, failing both of these, ordinary common-sense would have suggested applying to fellow-travellers for a drink of water. As it happened, we had plenty, and could easily have supplied them, and it is probable that a passing motorist would have been able at least to quench their thirst for the time being.

However, fortunately nothing worse came of it, but that is not always the case. During the summer a sad tragedy took place on one of the deserts of Arizona, through which we had passed three months earlier. A man travelling in a car with his wife and family ran short of water. Why do people under-

take journeys which so easily become dangerous if the conditions are not understood? Well, the fact remains that this poor fellow did the very thing which was almost dead certain to lead to disaster. He went off into the desert to look for water; left his safe position on the high-road, where at any rate there was a chance of a passing motor-car soon, and a certainty of it sooner or later, and wandered off into the sands, whence, even a few yards away, the road becomes indistinguishable, and the likelihood of getting lost is about one hundred to one. He lost himself, as was to be expected, and was found dead when the searchers went out next day. The poor wife and children waited in vain for his return, and before they were rescued one of the little ones died—no water and no shelter in that pitiless heat. Yet, at the spot upon which they stopped, they were *within less than a mile of a ranch* and within ten minutes of a well had they only known.

Bagdad stands out in my recollection chiefly for the delicious tea and rusks which the Artist quickly got to refresh me upon arrival, and which I enjoyed in my deck-chair, revelling in the evening breeze, and in the unwonted aspect of foliage, while she prepared the bed, into which I speedily dropped, thus obtaining a complete rest of about twelve hours, which set me up for another day's labours.

We were delayed here on the following morning to repair brake-blocks and drag, a vexation of which I made use by visiting one of those pathetic enclosures that strike a melancholy note in every one of these desert settlements. Within the low walls, which cut out of the sandy waste a rectangular space entered by a rude arched gateway, the ground has lost its level uniformity. It heaves into mounds, each surmounted by a wooden cross, whereon is told once more the never-ending tale of human loss and human sorrow. To the loneliness and isolation

of this life on the desert, bereavement surely comes with threefold bitterness. So it seemed to me, and I could never pass one of those appealing symbols of faith and tragedy without a pang.

We did not get off till eleven, and a further delay occurred during the day, when we discovered that the load which we had been in the habit of carrying at the back by letting down the backboard, which is attached by chains to the waggon, was splitting the wood, the strain on these awful roads being too great. This meant closing the back and taking the whole of the extra load inside, at some considerable discomfort to ourselves on occasions when there was a large supply of forage, but with the satisfaction of saving our van, upon which all our hopes depended. It was a hot trying tramp, the late start in the blazing sun making a bad beginning, which made us feel that we had done a long day's journey when we stopped at four at Amboy, having covered eight awful miles.

It was a bare uncomely spot upon which we drew up our van and picketed our horses: the station (unrelieved by foliage), two or three garages surrounded by the usual litter, a store or two, the rendezvous of the place, invariably attractive to us also, who were under the necessity of replenishing our store of provisions, and cherished a quenchless hope of something fresh in place of the ubiquitous cans. All we found in the way of novelty this time was an assurance by a bright-looking girl who served us, and who, after listening to our lamentations over the Mohave roads and our anticipations of Arizona ones, addressed us as follows: "I've a friend just come from Arizona, and you should hear him talk about the roads. Why, these Mohave roads are just boulevards, I tell you—boulevards, compared to what you'll strike there." The gospel truth of which announcement did not prevent us from setting down its propounder as nothing but

a croaker painting life in its blackest colours, and spoiling sport. We reviled her from time to time for many days, but were, alas! obliged eventually to admit the extreme accuracy of her remarks, and to apologise in the depth of our dejected minds for the undeserved censure with which our sanguine spirits had induced us to load her.

Up at three and a start in the early freshness before six was the prelude to an excellent day, with the encouraging words of an elderly camper whom we encountered on the outskirts ringing in our ears: "The less you let people tell you about the roads, the better you'll like them." Doubtless a piece of admirable practical philosophy, though less applicable to-day than on most occasions, for, strange to say, before many miles we struck a wonderful stretch of pavement that got us with ease over a steep, bleak mountain pass, which without it would have marked one of our heaviest tasks. All the sweeter probably the joyous relief and sudden lightness of heart which accompanied its appearance, and which it is impossible for those who have not been placed in similar circumstances to realise. The roads, the roads! Thereon hangs the caravanner's fate—toil, danger, anxiety, nervous tension—leaving hardly a faculty at leisure for the beauties and interests of the way; or a delightful jaunt, with body at ease and mind at liberty for every incident of the long adventurous day.

Danby, which we struck about 3 P.M., was another little wayside station almost the replica of Bagdad, and here once more I luxuriated in a deck-chair while a soft breeze played in the branches of the modest tree that shadowed me. The aspect of the settlement was fascinating to our tired eyes: the clumps of tree-ferns, the graceful peppers, the gardens enclosed by low palings; and where we were encamped the rough grass so welcome a treat to our horses, and so delightful a carpet to our own dusty



travel-worn feet. "Rest after toil doth greatly please," says the poet, concentrating in those few words the record of some of the most intense moments of the caravanner's life.

We encountered here a fellow-traveller, a dweller on the desert making his way home with a team of horses. He had run out of hay, and was at his wit's end what to do for forage, and, perceiving that we carried a good deal, he came to us to see if we could help him out. Owing to the fact that we made our calculations ahead, and providing against contingencies had ordered hay sent on by rail and were expecting to pick it up at the next station, we were able to spare him a bale (more or less), and to make of him a relieved and comparatively happy man, a fact which added a zest to this day's enjoyments.

We found the hay awaiting us when we arrived at Goffs next day at 4.30, having covered twenty-six miles, an improvement of three miles upon the day before, and very good work for the desert. The recollections of this day centre chiefly in the fact that it was the Skipper's birthday, that we drank her health in some excellent cider which we came across at a little place called Fenner, and that the Sculptor bagged three jack-rabbits in the course of the day, giving the Artist plenty of material upon which to exercise her skill with the cooking-pot as soon as we had set up our convenient camp-stove (with its miniature chimney producing so excellent a draught) upon the space reserved for the use of travellers. To describe it more closely, it was a large, arid, bare, unsightly, belittered mud-patch (dried out, of course), the correctness of its name as a "camping ground" being borne ample witness to by the more than usual multiplicity of the empty cans encumbering it, and the profuseness of its further adornments in the shape of bright splinters of broken glass. The labours of the horses'

attendants were in consequence taxed to produce spaces both safe and comfortable for beds, and they doubtless were in the better form for enjoying the sumptuous meal simmering attractively in the steaming pot. Compensations can be discovered for most human troubles, and in this instance supper with the adjunct of an immense appetite provided it.

The next day, 3rd April, upon which we were up at four, was a day to be remembered. First, for the miles of unexpected paved road, lightening the toil of our plod through a wide desert valley. Secondly, for the charming noon-day rest at Klinefelter, marked large on the map as though it were a settlement, but turning out to be a pretty wooded oasis planted round a spring, and furnished with benches, ovens, and camp equipment for the use of travellers. Thirdly, because the descent between the Dead Mountains to the north, and Sacramento mountains to the south from the summit of the sandy divide at Goffs, brought us on this day to Needles—one of the hottest spots in the world, rivalling the nether regions, so they say, but kind to us in that respect, inasmuch as it was actually inclined to be chilly during the two days of our stay there.

We were installed in the public camping ground, convenient of access to shops and business, but subject to the undesirability so often associated with these places, laying us open to digestive troubles of various kinds as before. In this camp we found an Italian whom we had met at Barstow, and who, with his wife and child, was trying to make New York before the 4th July. We never came across his track again, and have often wondered how he fared. He made much longer distances than we did, and drove a very thin sad-looking mare (which, however, he took good care of), so that, his pluck notwithstanding, his chances seemed small.

Yes, we had actually reached Needles—Needles, long looked upon as a definite and happy stage in our long journey—the close of the worst of our toils—the opening of a peaceful season of easy days, which would be ours as soon as we set foot upon the long-anticipated highways of Arizona.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE DESERT OF ARIZONA.

Hail, Hardship, rude friend of Adventure ! Control  
 Over self is thy message—assurance  
 Of wrought independence, since 'tis the free soul  
 Which can subject its body to durance ;  
 From outpost to centre—the Will's citadel—  
 By thee we are bastioned well !

RESUMING our travels on 6th April, we were soon reminded of our wayside comforter in the early days of our Mohave experience, who had so vividly described to us what we were to expect on the road to Topock. She had not overstated anything—far from it. After the first few miles of desert, arid and uninteresting as nothing on the Mohave had ever been, the switchbacks began, and every one but the driver walked. Up and down, up and down at terrifying angles rumbled the van, bang, smash, bump, bump, smash, bang, over the rocks, of which the surface of the road-bed appeared to be chiefly composed wherever the grades were steepest and most impossible, and up and down in front or rear plodded the pedestrians, philosophic and resigned. Our labours from time to time would be varied by a grinding pull through heavy sand, less trying to the horses, being work of steadier and more even nature, no longer subjecting them to sudden, unexpected, and unavoidable jerks, and far less trying to the nerves of the human beings concerned.

Sixteen miles of this was enough for any one ; and when somewhere about four in the afternoon

the bridge came in sight which spans the Colorado River and leads across into Arizona, our objective Topock being on the farther side, the remaining distance, though just as toilsome, seemed easy by comparison, lightened by the certainty of a speedy end to our trials, and rewarded by a view which increased in wildness and grandeur as we advanced. From the lower edge of our camp at Topock the vista was one to be for ever impressed upon the mind. The almost perpendicular banks of the bluff upon which we stood, clothed at this spot with foliage which contrasted strangely with the surrounding universality of rock and sand, fell away to the full, swift, wicked-looking Colorado River rolling below. Opposite arose, from surely one of the bleakest regions the world can show, the sharp jagged peaks of the Needles rocks, and on every hand, as far as the eye could reach, rock, sand, desert. A kind of desolate beauty compelling admiration, yet inspiring at the same time a feeling of unwillingness and shrinking—something unique in impressions.

The Artist was still suffering from the effects of the camp at Needles, and went straight to bed ; and the rest of us, too tired to cook, and longing for something *not* tinned, set out to hunt for refreshments, and in a nicely appointed bungalow which catered for travellers, calling itself a “ tavern,” were promised supper in a few minutes, chicken soup being one of the items mentioned. While waiting for this with rejoicing, we engaged in conversation with mine host on the subject of the Road (with a capital), being at the moment plunged in a veritable slough of perplexity owing to the varying accounts given us and the contradictory advice as to the best route to follow. Knowing what it meant to us to obtain reliable information, we felt extremely pleased with the results of our evening’s outing when it was forthcoming from him. We soon became convinced that

he knew what he was talking about when he assured us that the Santa Fé trail to Kingman *viâ* Yucca (which some of our advisers in Needles had favoured) was a replica, but more so, of the track we had just negotiated from Needles. That, on the other hand, the new road then under construction *viâ* Oatman, though taking over the mountains, which entailed a rise of several thousand feet (which in any case was the difference of altitude between us and Kingman), and where useable very heavy, being still unfinished, was well graded and much preferable to the unspeakable switchbacks of the Yucca road. He did not mention clearly the fact that more than half the distance was *old road*, which we should have to get over somehow, and which was indescribably bad. Nevertheless our final belief after having made the journey was that he had advised us wisely, and the prospect he held out being far brighter than the occasion warranted, he put us into quite tolerable spirits, and raised our hopes to such a degree that even the discovery, upon the announcement of "supper," that it consisted entirely of tinned articles (which we were trying to escape, and could just as well have provided ourselves), was not sufficient to damp us for more than a few minutes. Oatman it should be, and having made the decision finally, we were happier on that score alone, though not a word was breathed, either by him or any of the wiseacres who had preceded him with information, as to the scenic beauty of the way and the romantic aspect of the little mining town, which lay amid some of the richest gold-mines of the United States.

That was a surprise in store for us, and reconciled us to the less pleasant novelties which we were not long in encountering, soon after having plodded and toiled through the first few miles of sand which led out of Topock—sands out of which, by the way, we rescued a motor-car which had been stuck in

them all night, dear faithful "Betty" making short work of their difficulties, and tugging as usual for dear life. The desert was as arid as ever, and the road (the old one, for the new was at this point not open) worse, though that might have seemed impossible, than ever, but the levels easier and the difficulties somewhat varied. One, for instance, was negotiating a descent over what was in fact a wooden staircase made of old railway ties, with which the road had been patched up! How we ever got over it is a miracle. Photos could not be taken under the circumstances, all hands being, so to speak, ordered to the pumps, the loss being minimised, however, by the experience that bad roads almost invariably take bad photographs, the picture giving you the humiliating feeling that you have been making a great fuss about nothing. Missouri mud was the only case in which the results of our cameras were fairly satisfactory and did our circumstances justice.

After thus struggling for hours with what my diary records as "awful road," we at last struck the completed part of the new state road, and enjoyed an hour's quiet walk up a gentle gradient, our only disability being the heavy unfinished surface, which made the pulling hard, but was unaccompanied by nervous anxieties. We made camp by the roadside at about 4 P.M., having travelled, with the usual stop for lunch, since before eight, and covered a distance of only ten miles, which statement will carry more conviction than any of my descriptions as to the facilities for progress offered by "the best road to New York," as our trail has been more than once humorously described by a wayside signpost. Water, of course, we carried in our five-gallon cans, desert water-bag, and extra utensils, and the knowledge that several road camps were scattered on the trail between us and Oatman relieved us of any anxiety as to the watering of the

horses in the morning, so that they could have all the drink they needed, unlike the unhappy team we had met soon after the start, whose owner told us they had gone for two days without water.

April 8th saw us early afoot, and enjoying, to begin with, the continued blessings of a comparatively good road, which we were obliged to part from after reaching a large road-making camp, where we watched the various gangs at work and took some snapshots. Here we turned back into the old road, the new road being in process of construction, and not yet open for use. It was a tough pull for the rest of the day up the mountain track, rocky and difficult, and rising continuously as it wound about the base of the wild desolate crags, on the other side of which lay our destination—Oatman. The imposing range of jagged summits, constantly changing in its clear-cut outlines as we varied our position, assuming in the clearness of that wonderful atmosphere the most beautiful shades of colouring; the arid desert on every side, with its curious unfamiliar thorny growths; and the occasional clumps of cactus, breaking into brilliant flower, rose, crimson, or yellow—all these combining so many aspects characteristic of the desert made a memorable display of scenery, of which the photos we obtained may give the reader some fairly faithful idea.

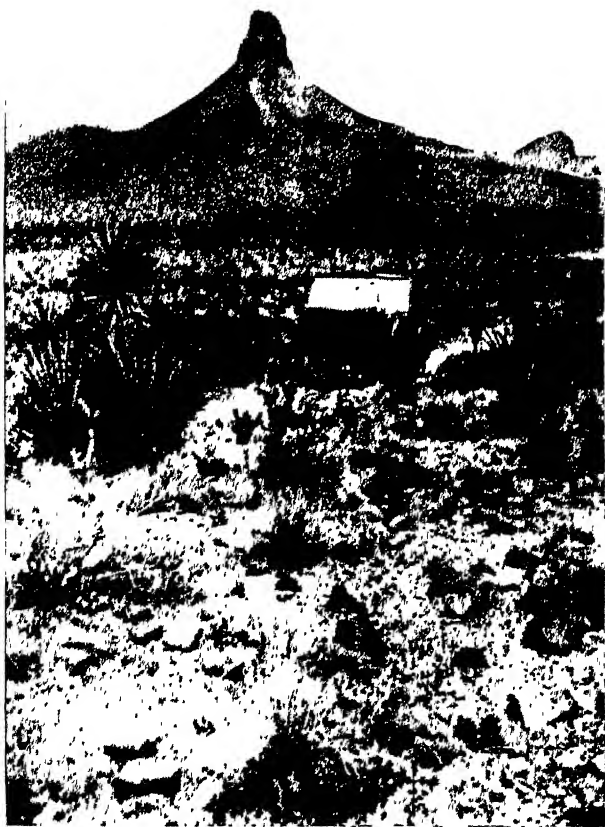
A few travellers' cars passed us, but the vehicle of chief interest to us was an enormous tank, which kept the road-makers' camps supplied with water, covering forty miles on each trip, and going to and fro all day. They stopped obligingly on one occasion to fill our empty cans, thus giving us greater freedom in the choice of our next stop by making us independent of reaching the next road-makers' camp on time.

We made our camp about a mile from the centre of Oatman, at the end of a deserted street which



at one time, when the boom was in full blast, used to be full of movement and life. While the Skipper and the Sculptor got things in order at the camp, the Artist and myself, with "Betty" carrying a huge shopping-bag on the saddle, toiled up the rocky path to the main street of the town, which we came upon suddenly round a corner, and which was so quaint and characteristic that it struck us as a scene out of a "movie" play, strikingly made up with every feature that could suggest a miner's mountain settlement. Picturesque miners stood about in groups at the street corners and on the raised footway that ran terrace-like in front of the stores, restaurants, and pool-rooms. We soon joined the cheerful bustling throng within, sitting down at a counter to the most excellent supper at the most reasonable price encountered in the whole of our wanderings. After which we laid in our stores (including some hot steak, which we knew would bring joy to the hungry workers at home); and having loaded these on to our good "Betty," marched again down the street, at the end of which, where it turned sharply, rose the imposing shape of one of the huge crags, at the base of which winds this most characteristic of western towns. Not one of those with whom we had conversed on the subject of this route having dropped so much as a hint either as to its scenic beauties or as to the "atmosphere" we might expect to encounter, Oatman was a complete surprise, and much did we congratulate ourselves on not having missed something so well worth a visit, while enjoying our supper amid a rugged superb scene of sunset glory, which made this one of our most memorable experiences.

We were right up in wild mountain scenery, with peaks that reminded one forcibly of the Dolomites, and would have seemed half familiar but for the desert surroundings and bright strange flowers.



View near Oatman (Arizona).



Besides the cactus, with its beautiful vari-coloured blooms, there were others: one yellow, like a marguerite; another like a buttercup, but scented; the yellow flowering shrub already mentioned; a wonderful purple flowering shrub—a marvel of deep colouring; a wild pink poppy also; and, more striking than all, a plant consisting of a cluster of tall graceful stems, its height of some six to eight feet crowned with blossoms of brilliant scarlet of the cactus order, as its myriads of tiny intrusive thorns sufficiently testified. A few birds also were to be seen here and there—humming-birds and others, and even a few butterflies. Truly it was beginning to be a modified desert.

We moved our camp on to the edge of the town itself on the following day. On our first arrival we drew a crowd—many of them quondam cowboys,—one of whom, an elderly staid-looking man, could not say enough in praise of our outfit. He went over it bit by bit down to the roller, and testified to there being nothing forgotten. “Most of them,” he said, “when they try this sort of thing leave half of it behind them.” This, added to the admiring remarks made during preceding days on the condition of our team, put us into a state of proud and glowing satisfaction, which was kept alive at intervals by like observations during the whole of our trip.

Owing to needed repairs our delay here was extended to three days, enabling us to take in the unique atmosphere of the place, and visit the gold-mines—not the underground portion, but the uninteresting process of getting the gold out of ore. It all looked so thoroughly unromantic—nothing like what the outsider associates with gold-mining; only thumping machinery and horrid great vats full of a muddy-looking fluid, which is a deadly poison, and gives the beholder the shudders to think of; so, although the idea of these mines

gave a kind of story-book aspect to the place and the paraphernalia attached to them comes out well in the photographs, we considered the gold-mining proposition did not live up to its reputation. Doubtless its owners think otherwise, for a fabulous sum is brought into them weekly, and despatched *viâ* the mountain road to Kingman, thence by rail to the mint.

But the miners! Here was a surprise; for we were fortunate in arriving just at the very time when the "Loyal Order of Moose" was to give its annual performance at the "Desert Inn Theatre." The whole population of the town was there, either as performer or onlooker, the latter summoned to the show by a crier, who covered the neighbourhood in a motor-car, stopping from time to time to make the announcement through a prodigious megaphone.

We had never seen anything of this nature since viewing the social entertainments which are so great a feature of German life, and so admirably managed, and were not prepared for the very excellent performance offered under the direction of Mr O. B. Nair by himself, his wife, and his talented company. 'Captain Racket' proved a delightful little play, and convulsed the audience; and the vaudeville introduced between acts, and contributed to by various local artistes, including a whole bevy of charming schoolgirls, added an unexpected finishing touch to a very jolly evening.

Our regretful departure took place at an early hour in preparation for the heaviest part of the ascent, the account of which had filled us with apprehensions fortunately not verified. "The Gold-roads," a mile or so farther on, whose name sufficiently describes its origin, apparently forsaken and out of date, was the only place between us and Kingman, which we reached, by an excellent road amid wild and rugged scenery, about 6 P.M., rejoining our



Mountain Scenery and Colorado River (beyond Needles, Arizona).



friend the railway, and camping, as so often before, close to it in a smith's yard.

This seems, to judge from one of my old letters describing events to the family, a suitable occasion on which to say there is a gloomy side to the picture, which so far I hardly mentioned, but was there nevertheless, as my diary indicates. Later it is difficult to realise, thanks to the tendency of the joys of life to outlive its miseries, or of the radiance of the gipsy life to outshine its shadows, leaving in memory a picture warm with a sunshine. Here is an extract from a letter written at the time:—

“One gets frightfully depressed at night—the days are fatiguing, but to come in worn out and then have to rush about making arrangements—it is the last straw! Then the morning—getting up at four and five, especially since it turned cold—every limb aching and dying for more sleep—is very trying, and often I wonder whether I can hold out and wish it well over. Then, happily started, fortified by breakfast, the sun up, the horses fresh, the air invigorating and Nature beautiful, it seems worth any hardship one may have to go through.”

There were long delays in getting away from Kingman—shoeing the horses, laying in stores, and arranging for forage to be sent ahead once more by rail,—but yet we accomplished twenty-one miles out of the fifty-three marked on our strip-map as the distance to the next objective, Peach Springs, but found we had overtired our willing horses, whom we had allowed to trot over a considerable part of the way. We camped at the roadside by a section-house called Antares. Aside from anxieties for the horses, who were shivering and off their feed, the recollections which made this camp memorable are twofold. First, an eerie sense of awestruck isolation produced by the vastness of the distance commanded in every direction over limitless stretches of uninhabited regions, half-prairie, half-desert, glow-



ing gorgeously purple in the sunset rays, or lying later, suggestive of unearthly beauty and mystery, under the rays of the moon. Secondly, the numerous pretty, soft, fleet, fugitive, long-legged, white-tailed, scuttling rabbits that invested with life and movement a scene too silent, too solitary, too illimitable to be otherwise than melancholy.

Cold winds, bleak outlooks, wild rocky scenery taking us through a canyon where is situated the "Truxton Indian School," all rocks and desolation, marked the next day's journey, ending, however, with our arrival not far from the railway at Crozier in a narrow, inviting, green canyon, the seat of a regular Western ranch, where we received a hospitable welcome, leave to camp and use of their corral, milk, and, best of all, an excellent chance to snap a real genuine cowboy. We had, of course, seen plenty of these in the neighbourhood of Los Angeles, but of the genus "movie," which is apt to be rather a different thing and does not at all imply an experienced knowledge of that enthralling and exacting career.

It turned colder and snowed in the night, and we were hard put to it to find garments enough to keep us from freezing while we made preparations for the start, soon forsaking our sheltered canyon for wild open moorland, over which we tramped all day, the snow-covered summits of distant mountains bounding our horizon. Peach Springs (elevation 4797 feet, from which it will be seen that we were constantly rising) was a place where we could discern neither peaches nor springs, whose few scattered frame houses, straggling on either side of an unlovely expanse of bare earth, belied its attractive name, which led us to anticipate better things. Here we found correspondence, which cheered us up; it was cold and dismal, and we needed cheering. Here, too, were we overtaken by a young married lady whose acquaintance we had made at Oatman, and

who was making the distance to Flagstaff—some 200 miles—on horseback by herself. She arrived in company with a party of road-makers, and found quarters here in the house of one of the railway employees, but was wondering how to ensure a night's shelter on the following evening, when she would find herself somewhere on the thirty-nine mile stretch of prairie desert to be covered before reaching Seligman, of which more anon. We invited her, therefore, to join our party and share our wide bunk the next night, that being the best we could do in the way of hospitality, under the circumstances a welcome solution of the difficulty.

April 11th stands out as the day on which we negotiated Nelson Canyon, reports of which we had been enjoying for some days past. It appeared that last year a terrible cloud-burst had devastated this cleft in the highlands, and whatever vehicles subsequently made their way through it sank ankle-deep in hopeless mud, leaving behind the whole width of the track a series of ruts of varying depth, none of them less than twelve inches, as I ascertained by measurement, with intervening surfaces of about the same width. We had none of us ever seen anything like it, and I doubt if it can be imagined, our photographs failing to reproduce any idea of it, so that my readers must take it on trust. If they are thinking of taking that route, let them first inquire, as we did, at Nelson as to the best route for further progress, for conditions may have changed by that time. Moreover, if they are motorists, they may prefer the detour of twenty-nine miles by means of which they might avoid the canyon, but should find a mountainous road, the advantages of which over the ruts appeared to be very doubtful. Thirdly, our strip-map showed what it called a "good graded road"; but this, it seemed, was out of use, the strip-maps purchased at the Club of Southern California turning out to be several years old and by no means up to date.

A kind passer-by belonging to the neighbourhood, happening to come along at the precise moment when we were sunk in the deepest slough of indecision, he emerging in fact from the much-abused canyon itself, settled the matter for us by strong and evidently well-considered advice, based upon personal knowledge, such as we had been unable to obtain from any of the frequenters of the store where we had purchased our lunch and pursued our patient inquiries. He assured us that the canyon was passable for us, and that it would be no gain to us to take the longer way round, which was undesirable in other ways, one of them being lack of water, especially to us whose progress was so slow.

It was a grassy combe such as are to be found in hilly parts of the country in England—I know several in Somersetshire, of which I was reminded,—with great rocks breaking through here and there, very green and inviting. There must have been somewhere an underground stream to give this verdant aspect to the scene, but there was no water. We carried supplies sufficient for the night and morning from Nelson, and replenished these next day at the intervening section-house of Yampai. It was hard work of the nature of a conjuring trick to steer our vehicle in such a way as to avoid being caught in one of the ruts, and how the poor horses, pounding along as best they could between surfaces and ruts, escaped broken legs is a mystery I have never been able to explain. The difficulty of guiding them was so great under circumstances in which they perpetually pulled and struggled and strained, that turns were changed about every ten minutes between the Artist and the Skipper, the Sculptor either taking his place at the rear for the purpose of balancing the vehicle, or setting to work with pick-axe and shovel to level up. The scenery being really charming, it was a pity that every one was so much occupied with the anxieties of progression

as to be in a frame of mind unsuited to its enjoyment—that was the case far too often, and makes me wish sometimes that we could do it all over again, this time on horseback, with no tiresome great waggon as an added hostage to fortune.

By evening we had climbed on to a sort of romantic moorland spot, the country growing gradually less bare and studded with stunted cedar-trees. There was abundance of wood for our camp-fire, which blazed merrily and completed the romance of our position on the lonely prairie, our movable home snugly set up, the dogs and horses about us, and a friendly moon presently rising to give that final touch of unearthliness which makes one feel that the whole experience is a vague though beautiful dream.

Got off about 8.30 on 16th April, all walking, and the dogs enjoying their run, with many rabbit-holes, fox-holes, and coyote-burrows to investigate. To right and left stretched limitless prairie, scattered with dwarfed cedars and juniper-trees that redeem it from the desert proper, though, of course, it *is* desert, waterless and arid, though with coarse bunch grass gradually increasing in quantity. In about half an hour "Minx" was missed. She had been seen a few minutes before, and no one felt much anxiety at first; but when calling, whistling, and shouting failed to bring her back, and the immediate surroundings were searched without avail, it began to look serious. Lost in that wilderness! Poor little dog, what chance was there for her to escape the wolves and coyotes, or worse, a death by thirst? The Skipper mounted "Gray" and rode back, while our friend of the trail cantered forward to see if by chance she had outrun us. When we had all reassembled I decided to unharness, each mount a horse, and scatter in different directions to pursue the search; but before this had been done the Skipper, turning back once

more along the way we had come, perceived in the distance a little white object tearing along for its life in our direction, then sitting down for a minute to look all round before scampering on again. We saw her dismount and lift a little white bundle on to the saddle, and you may be sure there was a warm welcome for it; and oh! such an explosion of joy from that overflowing canine heart as you never heard. She must have eagerly followed some scent, all but the hunting instinct forgotten, and in these immense prairies how easily she might have missed us.

All day we continued through similar country until Pica was reached—an unsightly waste of barren soil, but redeemed by the splendid corrals, which we used for our horses, and by the pleasure of not only drawing water for our horses as usual at the stations, but drawing it *warm* out of the pipes. The chill of cold water is bad for them at this season.

At Pica the Sante Fé Co. has sunk two wells 1100 feet deep, and here is the watering-place for hundreds of sheep and cattle, and also place of shipment.

In the course of the evening we received a visit from the wife of one of the employees, whose acquaintance I had made in my search for milk, and who was glad to have the chance of a talk with the “Wayfarers,” breaking a little the monotony of what must be a dreary solitary life. She gave us a terrifying account of the winds which rage across these miles of treeless waste, and assured us we were lucky to have escaped what would have meant to us certain destruction.

The next day we completed the thirty-nine miles between Peach Springs and Seligman, the country often nothing but bare naked earth, as at Pica; but in the dips, wherever there is a little shelter, an oasis of coarse grass and cedars of stunted growth, very welcome to the eye, and reached Seligman (pronounced Sligman) early in the afternoon, halting



Fetching Water (near Newberry spring).



because it was Sunday, and we could not replenish stores until the next day. No one would halt there if they could help it, for any place more hideous and repulsive would be difficult to imagine. Nothing but bare earth for miles round, and that converted into a dump heap for at least a mile on each side—in fact, every available space in the settlement of frame houses is nothing but a dump. Not a tree nor a shrub nor a blade of grass. The people, however, could not, in spite of their grumpiness and unamiability, and general unwillingness to befriend the traveller, interfere with the spells exercised by the Harvey House, whither we had been invited to dine by our guest, now to become our hostess at a chicken dinner. If my readers wish to know what heights the enjoyment of such a repast can reach, let them spend a few weeks on the trail of the desert, taking such fare as comes along, most of it picnic-wise, cooked by themselves under various difficulties, and innocent entirely of such delicacies as chickens! They will soon find out. The Harvey Houses, indeed, are a blessing to travelling humanity, at least I can vouch for them by experience as to their restaurants, which we used gladly to fly for when occasion offered; and if their hotels are run, as is probably the case, with equally good management, I can recommend them as excellent.

As, our purchases made, we rejoicingly left behind us this dead level of ugliness called Seligman—our faces set towards Williams, forty-seven miles hence, where the road branched off to the Grand Canyon,—we found ourselves speculating as to the derivation of this high-sounding name—high-sounding at least until we were informed about its pronunciation. “Selig” being the German for “blessed” in its ordinary sense, and also the word used to indicate some one departed this life—the “late” So-and-so—“blessed man” suggested more than one explanation. Did an inhabitant of the place, shaking the dust of



the place off his feet in the exuberance of his thankfulness at his deliverance, bestow this appellation descriptive of himself upon his late home, the name in some strange way sticking to it, as names will? If the man here immortalised was a live one, that is the only plausible explanation, for the term "blessed" could not possibly apply to any one in the course of his residence there. But more probably the poor fellow alluded to was dead at the time—"blessed" in the other sense as well, departed, dead, and so overjoyed at his deliverance that his friends could find no better means for perpetuating his memory than to bestow upon his home town a name descriptive of a man both departed this life and lucky to be so. Anyway, we got a good deal of amusement out of speculations on the origin of the place-name Seligman.

Before lunch on this day occurred what I think I may fairly describe as the most select of our adventures, for who ever heard of quiet plodders along the road like ourselves coming to grips with a railway bridge? The Skipper and I, on this occasion walking some distance in the rear (the management for the time being in the hands of Artist and Sculptor), happening to look up in the midst of an interesting talk, gave a simultaneous start at the sight of a very low railway bridge crossing the road some couple of hundred yards or so farther on, and of so uncompromising an appearance that without wasting more breath than was required for an expletive of some sort, we put on speed and sprinted forward, overtaking the van as it halted before what looked as if it might prove a dangerous obstruction. Grave pow-wow. We could just see daylight between the roof of the van and that of the arched bridge. Was there play enough to let us through? In deciding to venture we overlooked one vital feature—our chimney, which, though low and unobtrusive (and for that reason drawing no attention to itself and

left out of calculation), proved to be the determining factor in the case. Jam—crash—and we were stuck ! Neatly caught between the bridge and the roadway, and only, thanks to our excellent obedient horses, did we escape having the whole roof ripped open. They stopped instantly upon the word of command, allowing us to get off with just the amount of damage done by the first impact. Here was a dilemma which we must discover an escape from somehow, for to negotiate a crossing in any other place with our outfit was impossible. This was the road, and the only one to our destination short of turning back hundreds of miles out of our way on one of the other trails.

Before proceeding to the brain-racking process which the caravanner so often finds necessary for the production of the ensuing satisfactory results, we carefully unharnessed the horses and tied them to a convenient fence. Next the forces of the combined party, alternating with a little clever coaxing, succeeded in freeing the waggon and getting it backwards a trifle in the direction in which it had come. Then we sat down to think. Two or three inches more must be added to the head-room in order to ensure a safe passage, and allow for the inevitable swaying of the van on its pliable springs. How were they to be obtained ? We have presented the puzzle to several of the friends interested in our adventures, and so far not one has hit upon the solution which, after about an hour's hard work, was the one to rescue us out of our troubles. We dug out the roadway, deepening the already ample ruts to the required distance, a process which, while making little difference to an Arizona highway, made all in the world to us and got us safely through. Even so, it was a gingerly proceeding, which we dared not entrust to movements not under control to the last hair's-breadth, and therefore preferred to undertake entirely ourselves, leaving the horses

out of it for the present. We pulled and pushed and strained and puffed, moving an inch at a time with the utmost circumspection, and were rewarded by beholding our home emerge triumphantly into daylight without another scratch upon it.

It was indeed an exciting event, and, of course, in the retrospect one nurses a glow of pride in the performance, and feels pleased at having negotiated such an adventure. But if the truth be told, I must admit that at the time I could have been satisfied quite comfortably with a little less excitement than I was being offered, especially as a passing motorist saw fit to contribute his quota to my particular share of novelty by trying to edge between where I stood at the side of the caravan and the wall which carried the bridge, and, catching me between his wheel and the van, dragged me several feet. I was much bruised, and I might easily have been killed, and I told him so in plain language, much regretting the truth of the saying that "hard words break no bones." A few broken bones here and there would do many reckless drivers a world of good. However, for such a wonderful escape I could not do less than feel thankful, only there being so many other causes for thankfulness this extra struck me as superfluous, and could have advantageously been dispensed with.

Eighteen miles of country, terribly bare and ugly at first, but improving as we went along, and with occasional park-like bits in depressions which escaped the cold winds, brought us about camping-time to Pineveta Section-House, situated on a range with immense view of the desert rolling away, wave after wave, to the horizon. We cleared the ground of stones for the horses' beds, and renouncing the camp-fire, there being no wood to speak of, had recourse to the invaluable "Primus" stove, dear to us since the old days of the caravan trip through Europe.

The next day brought a good sample of the contrast in mood, which I hope I have succeeded in bringing out as one of the peculiar features of caravan life. My diary states that we rose at 5.30, "so tired I felt I can never stand much more of it"—that was my start for the day's exceptional agitations and difficulties. The country, gradually changing more and more in aspect, was roamed by desert cattle, the white-faced Herefords, which are the only ones that thrive under these conditions, and by horses, all of which tended to modify the feeling of isolation and remoteness which grows upon the wanderer through the deserts. About 10.30 we reached Ashfork, elevation 5280, a few years ago one of the roughest of Western towns, now perfectly respectable and safe, but subject, as we discovered, to the disadvantage of obtaining its water supply once a day only by rail at a distance of forty-five miles. This necessitated a halt until its arrival at mid-day. It makes you realise the scarcity of water so to wait, and then to *buy* it! We took advantage of this misfortune for another meal at the Harvey House, which distinguishes by its presence this remote little place, and no doubt endears it to travellers by rail. The afternoon's journey brought us to another canyon somewhat resembling Nelson Canyon, though much more beautiful, being in parts quite thickly wooded, and evidently in fortunate seasons the site of a stream, which leaves behind it water-holes sought after by the thirsty cattle. Round one of these, now dry, were grouped no less than eight head of cattle, all dead, caught in the treacherous mud and "bogged." From this time onward this depressing sight would meet us from time to time. Here and there in crossing a bridge the poor creatures could be discerned dotting the muddy banks; or we became aware of their presence by means of another of our senses as we plodded along the highway, and would so

have our attention drawn to the carcase lying within sight of the passer-by.

The canyon which had proved so disastrous to the cattle had trials in store for us also, as we discovered when we reached the tortuous grade, which, terrifying in itself by its appalling steepness, presented a surface the like of which we had seen only on the old Oatman road, and there on a comparatively level surface and not on a precipice. It was strewn with boulders like the path of a torrent, and we were told later in Williams that it had been reduced to its present state by a terrific cloud-burst, and was regarded as all but impassable. How we ever negotiated it is a mystery to me to this day, second only to the endurance of the waggon, and it is certain that only our excellent horses enabled us to accomplish the miracle.

Issuing on to the open desert height at about camping-time, we were caught by a bitterly cold wind, and decided to try and reach some spot which might offer us the shelter of a dip or depression. Thanks to this decision, we found ourselves before very long rejoicing in the unwonted sight of a few real tall fir-trees, the outposts, as we discovered next day, of a forest, in the first glade of which we found an exquisite spot at the foot of a grass slope. Tall firs waved with a musical sound, so sweet and so long unheard. There was even the twinkle of a light through the trees from a ranch a mile or more away, and now and then the distant bark of a dog would add its homely note to the feeling of rest and security. Having covered ten miles, we made camp on the grass by the roadside among the bushes and the firs. I lay in my deck-chair warming by the fascinating blaze of the camp-fire, and later the full moon added the crowning beauty to a perfect evening. Note in my diary: "Ideal spot. A most lovely day, and all early feelings

reversed." Such is the varied play of life upon the strings of the caravanner's feelings.

Being only some eight miles from Williams, and that being the point where we must diverge from the Santa Fé trail if we would visit the Grand Canyon of Arizona, we should be compelled to halt there in any case, and therefore loafed delightfully next morning, feeling we had the day before us, and could afford to absorb the enjoyment of our novel surroundings. Just as we were leaving, about 11, we were overtaken by our friend of Nelson Canyon, whom we had last seen in making our farewells at Seligman; and the Skipper, being also on horseback to-day, the road being good, and more than two in the van not needed, the equestrians made good company for each other, while we others meandered with the caravan on foot or riding the footboard as the fancy took us, enchanted by the varied and constant beauties of the forest through which we were passing, and of which a portion is set apart as a national park and camping ground. We emerged from it within a short distance of Williams to see the little township lying before us, backed by its fine mountains, the chief of which is Bill Williams Peak, 9642 feet, named, as the town is, in honour of that noted Indian scout. We crossed the railway line, and slowly proceeding down the main street, came to rest in a blacksmith's yard convenient for the repairs to the waggon and the shoeing of our horses, and offering us also a camping ground during the time we should remain prior to our departure for the Grand Canyon.

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## CHAPTER IX.

## THE GRAND CANYON.

For thee the Past be as a night  
 Of silence 'neath the starry dome,  
 A thousand glowing points of light  
 Where'er thy favoured glance may roam,  
 The ray of many a vanished star  
 Serenely shining from afar.

THE Grand Canyon lies at an elevation of 7000 feet sixty-four miles north of Williams, a station on the Santa Fé, by what we were assured was a "good" and mostly level road. This, assuming it to be true (and we had grown to considerably distrust the accuracy of our information on such subjects), would mean for us from five to six days of extra travel, going and coming, which added to the number of days we should spend in that place of wonders, would lengthen our journey appreciably. Already our chances of reaching our objective (New York) before October were growing small, and the crossing of the continent before the cold season set in appearing at that time an essential of our undertaking, the question of "to go or not to go" was made a subject of grave discussion. Viewed at this distance, to have debated the question seems positively crazy—to pass so near to one of the sublimest sights in the world, and to miss it for the sake of economising a few units out of the scores of days which the trip would in any case absorb! Ridiculous! Fortunately, it occurred to us, after hours wasted in

heated argument, to remove ourselves in imagination to a year forward, and to contemplate the dilemma then. Immediately the sleeping sense of proportion began to reassert itself, and the relative importance of things to become clear as they took up their positions in perspective. What an opportunity to let slip, never likely to recur! What a marvellous recollection to be garnered here and to be carried with us, henceforward enriching every one of us for life!

Some such process might well be applied throughout life to many perplexities.

After a day spent in overhauling waggon and horses, 22nd April saw us once more ready for the road. But, alas! for our expectations of a good road and a level one. The first three or four miles might be fairly so described, but as for the rest, the less said the better. We were innocent of the meaning of what on our strip-maps were termed as "rocky gulches," a description which we took scenically, but soon learnt to recognise and respect on other grounds. No worse rocks had we encountered anywhere in the course of our travels, and that is saying a good deal, but here at least they occurred on the safe highway, with prairie on either side, no dangerous declivities on the one hand or the other, down which, given the slightest mishap to van or horses, the whole equipment might so easily topple, no breathless hair-raising moments waiting to see whether or not this would happen, as seemed more than likely once or twice on the Mohave Desert, and lately on that outrageous rise out of the canyon before Williams. That at least we were spared, and for this improvement we knew how to be thankful, in spite of the disappointment incurred through the incurable trustfulness of our respective dispositions.

And level! It was nothing but a series of more or less abrupt rises and falls as we followed the trend of the rolling ground, and I defy any one to



pick out a mile of continuous level on any part of the last sixty miles of it.

But when that is said, all is said. We enjoyed those miles—yes, even the sandstorm had a great deal to recommend it,—for can we not now boast that we have travelled for hours under the stress of one, and have we not added something to the desirable category of the unusual and the fund of our experiences as travellers?

However, I anticipate. Prior to that at the time rather unwelcome happening must be chronicled the first day's beautiful drive through about fifteen miles of park-like wooded lands of scattered cedars and firs, with the grand snowy summits of the San Francisco peaks in full view to our right, receding gradually, and finally disappearing entirely as we rounded some intervening hills and pursued the trail a little west of north towards the Grand Canyon.

I remember well the overflowing measure of that day's delights: the perfection of the weather, the glory of the distant prospect, the charm of our wild surroundings, home of the blue-bird of exquisitely tinted plumage and joyous song, best of all, such profusion shared with dear appreciative companions—it gave one a sensation of almost oppressive abundance. Yes, we all felt it, and I am glad to think such divine privileges were not thrown away upon dry and thankless hearts. "At home," we said to each other as we settled ourselves luxuriously for lunch in the grassy seats we had selected under the shade of one of the wayside trees—"at home they plan for weeks and months for an expedition of this sort, it is one of the marked eventful happy days of life—a beacon to look forward to, a landmark to look back upon. And here are we treated to such things in the natural course of the day's doings, just part of the ordinary 'routine,' if that word can apply at all to the caravanner." That is the way of the gipsy's life. I suppose, if it were not for the

interference of climate, half the people in the world would never have settled down at all, and the history of mankind, as it stands, would never have been written. But climate is the obstacle, as we were soon to prove once more, and duly realised later when we crept with such relief and thankfulness into winter quarters in St Louis. Climate ! We learned something about it next day that we little anticipated when we were watering our horses under a brilliant sun at Lake Howard, or pitching our camp on a high ridge whence we could see the lights of a station of the branch line to the canyon twinkling a few miles away across the arid stretch, the aspect of the country having gradually changed back to the old order of desert characteristic of Arizona. All was quiet, vast, impressive under the rays of the desert sunset, only outdone by the desert sunrise, and beneath the veil of darkness which is so quickly drawn over its fading splendours. Through the blackness came the weird call of a bird with a cry so human that we thought at first it was a traveller in distress. As to its aspect under the magic of the moon, here I find myself at a loss for language.

April 23rd saw us up as early as four, for the wind rose in the night and made such a disturbance that I, being unable to sleep, regarded the opportunity as a good one for rousing the camp, which I did to the accompaniment, I must admit, of a few mutterings and grumblings emitted by the would-be sleepers.

None of us eventually regretted our slumbers curtailed ; the start was made cheerfully, the wind fortunately increasing in force in such a way as to introduce us by degrees to the idea of what was to come. I mean an actual full-fledged sandstorm, led up to by the steadily increasing violence of the fitful gusts which deluged us with a fine rain of grit. Each lull was succeeded by a longer and more furious blast, carrying denser volumes of suffocating

sand, darkening the sky and blurring the outlines of our cavalcade, till by the middle of the afternoon we found ourselves travelling in a gale amid which the loudest yell close to a companion's ear often failed to make itself heard against the surrounding din. Shelter must be reached at any cost of struggle and toil, and unceasing struggle and toil it was fighting every inch of our way against the hurricane, tussling frantically with the awnings as they tore, flapping and straining, at their fastenings, encouraging the poor suffocating horses, whose noses and throats were choked, like our own, with flying particles, but whose eyes were not, like ours, protected by desert glasses. However, they had the advantage of hair on their faces, which must have saved them more or less from the infliction of what felt like hundreds of tiny lashes that whipped our cheeks unmercifully and made them sore for days. Whenever we stopped for a moment to recover breath and energy and obtain a little relief by turning our backs to the wind, the same instinctive desire would seize upon the horses, and we would find our hoped-for rest absorbed in the task of resisting their very natural and persistent efforts to turn round. We got our experience of a sandstorm in good earnest, and a very unpleasant, not to say alarming, one it was to us, and probably to the solitary motorist whom we encountered, and who stopped to make some inquiries of us. What they were we never found out, for he soon gave up the attempt to pit his voice against the howling demons of the storm, and proceeded on his way towards Williams, while we turned by a side-track to the station of Anita, where at least we might relieve the misery of our willing steeds by a refreshing drink. We were offered facilities for camping here, but there was no shelter; consequently we pulled ourselves together, after a short delay, for the final strain needed to reach the blessed protection of the forest of noble firs which

for fifteen miles makes so lovely and dignified an approach to the glories of the Grand Canyon.

What a recollection is that camp of refuge in a dip of the hills: the raving of the tempestuous wind reduced to a distant roar, the camp-fire, suggestive of supper, crackling and blazing merrily, the horses safely bestowed under the broad branches of a kindly fir contentedly chumping their oats, and adding by this gratifying sound to the traveller's sense of comfort and security. And later on, over all, a soft silvered pathway through the chinks of our dark scented roof of pines and firs, or sailing out for a few moments into a pool of clear sky the solemn loveliness of the full moon. How describe the prodigality of such an hour?

We rested well, and started late, in a fall of snow, with wintry temperature, concerned with the uncertainty as to what was to become of our horses in such weather. To leave them tethered out-of-doors was out of the question—what then? However, this difficulty, like so many others, might melt away as we approached it. We would allow nothing to take our minds for long off the enjoyment of the beautiful glades of the Tusayan Forest through which the trail winds, leading us finally to a gate which separates the domain of the Canyon National Monument from the immense reaches of the forest, and landing us in the portion of the part announced as set aside for the use of campers. Here we saw several cars parked among the trees, but owing both to the weather and the nature of the ground it was necessary for us to seek more suitable quarters, and we drew up while the irrepressible Skipper rode forward on "Gray" to make inquiries. Rapid and gratifying result! In fifteen minutes or so she returned with the news that we should be allowed to stable our horses in the fine large stable attached to the El Tovar Hotel, provided we attended to their wants ourselves, to facilitate which we might draw

up our van alongside of the barn, placing us right on the spot, and making everything easy. Both barn and yard occupying a space cleared in the virgin forest, and still studded with lofty firs, this turned out a proposition both pleasant and convenient, especially as Bright Angel Cottages lay not five minutes' walk from us across the railway track. We were requested to chain our dogs, of which we now had three, a half-starved but very handsome hound whom we named "Waif" having attached herself to us in Williams, refusing to leave us, while we, in a weak moment, had given way so far as to take her with us until a home could be found. Arrangements for horses and dogs completed, left us free for our first view of the canyon.

You come upon it suddenly, unexpectedly almost, in one overpowering moment, struck dumb in spite of your mind prepared. It is a sight for which no mind *could* be prepared, for it is inconceivable. There are Bright Angel Cottages on a little rise in front of you, and a wall-encircled path, such as we have all seen a hundred times. Step on to it, and lo! the earth falls abruptly away into void at your feet. You are gazing into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the river which flows, though invisible, a mile below you. Out of the veil of faintly coloured, delicate, translucent mist flung across that vast chasm of thirteen miles between the northern and the southern rim arise, in unspeakable beauty and majesty, tinted peaks, and ruddy glowing bulwarks, and fretted minsters, and gorgeous engraven palaces, the marvellous depth and softness of the rainbow lights and shades about them varying with every hour as the sun passes from the grandeur of its rising to the splendour of its setting. Fitting are the names chosen for them out of the ancient mythologies, names symbolic of the god-like and the immortal and the wondering worship of men. Merely a vague impression—that first glance—of the im-



Grand Canyon.



mense and the sublime, hard to be grasped and realised, but which enlarges for ever the spiritual possessions of the beholder.

The first two or three days were spent in excursions along the rim, on foot and on horseback, combined with silent spells of contemplation, feeling like the Psalmist of old:—"It is too high for me: I cannot attain unto it." Both Sculptor and Artist made efforts to fix some of those exalted moments when the eye catches the spirit of that which Nature is trying to tell, and the hand seeks to reproduce it. They painted and I reflected, and the irrepressible Skipper scampered through the forest on "Gray," coming back every now and then to feast on the view, and making friends among the riders from El Tovar, who won her heart by admiring and envying her mount.

El Tovar is the great hotel built by Fred Harvey on the very edge of the canyon, and named after the Spaniard, its first discoverer in 1540. It is a first-class establishment, in every way up-to-date, and offering all the comfort and luxury expected by the rich American. Yet somehow, in spite of this, the designer has managed the construction in such a way as to keep it in entire harmony with its surroundings, and not to allow it to obtrude its presence amid a scene of greatness unsurpassed.

All the subsidiary buildings are of the same character, a positive addition to the landscape; especially may this be said of the "Look-out," an observatory and rest-house on the edge of the rim, whence the distant reaches of the canyon may be viewed by telescope, and in whose hospitable reception-room, with its spacious window-seats and fireplace and convenient writing-tables, we spent many a comfortable hour during the days when winter paid us a final flying visit. Even more interesting and attractive is the Hopi House, an exact replica of a Hopi Indian dwelling, within which are ex-



hibited and offered for sale articles of Indian art of every description, and where live one or two families of Hopi Indians—men, women, and papooses,—brought from their homes on the desert to let the white men see what wonders they can perform in the way of artistic work, and watch them at their fascinating pursuits. “The Indian as an artist” is a subject one longs to study here, confronted as we are with a realisation of his vital originality and his intense feeling for beauty of form and colour, through which with astounding technical skill he gives expression to the spirit within.

O Beauty, what art thou? A mystery, wrought  
 Into things by the souls that perceive it;  
 The warp is of matter, the weft is of thought,  
 'Tis the Self with whose thread we inweave it  
 Gives form to the fabric . . .

There is not a turn of the design in rug or basket or bead-work or pottery that is not a symbol of some more or less definite idea, with its appropriate place in the scheme that inspired it. The winds, the rain, the clouds, the lightning, the stars, the nether world as it was before the flood, the world of to-day with its mountain and valleys—there is no end to the meanings to be found in those quaint patterns into which the artists have worked their souls. The Indian draws upon the exhaustless resources of a life lived close to Nature, and of the atmosphere of deeply-seated traditional religious beliefs and romantic mythologies in which he is still immersed, only superficially affected by the Christianity at the surface.

Among other delights to be enjoyed at the Hopi House are the various Indian dances, given each evening free to visitors, who attend in goodly numbers to hear and to see, with confidence and safety, what used in days of old to strike terror into the hearts of the whites—does so still, in fact; for one

evening "Indian Joe"—a magnificent specimen of the young brave, attired in barbaric splendour—was taking part, to the weird thrumming of the tom-tom and the monotonous, ear-splitting chant of his comrades, suggestive of the elementary savage emotions of rage and fear, in a thrilling war-dance. Warmed up to a realistic performance of his part, with infuriated gestures and mad leaps and a countenance positively horrible in its unrestrained ferocity, he emitted a series of such blood-curdling yells that one of the ladies seated near was seized with panic. She rose hastily, pushed her way vigorously through the encircling crowd, and disappeared without. It was too dangerous an approach to the genuine, and might be the real thing! The anticlimax was to hear him when the dance was over, his handsome face radiant with kindly smiles, making an apology couched in excellent English, something after this fashion: "I am very sorry indeed to have frightened the ladies. I beg to assure them that I am perfectly harmless."

The Hopi House, strange to say, as well as being a source of great pleasure has also stored up within it the possibilities of causing unsatisfied longings. At least we found it so, because not being millionaires, nor even passably rich, our cravings to buy up half the place were fated to go unsatisfied. It was a matter for regret, after having come so far and battled with so many difficulties in the process, to be obliged to miss a hundred brilliant opportunities to secure treasures for the home museum. Still, what should a caravanner have to do with setting up museums? Our only home at present was the waggon, which could accommodate little more than strictly business-like pots and pans. We contented ourselves, therefore, with one or two small samples, easily stored, and sought to console ourselves with the thought that after all we could in any case carry away with us what was most valu-

able, the impressions made on the mind by the surpassing grandeur of our surroundings—something of which no material poverty but only poverty of spirit could avail to deprive us.

Thanks to our ingenuity, however, it so fell out that we were able to cull freely from the exhaustless field on the one hand while satisfying exacting limiting conditions on the other, and to grasp the utmost of that which life elsewhere would never be able to offer us again. To experience, as far as it lay at our command, every variation of a spectacle such as this, compact of the beautiful, the stupendous, the sublime, in the highest degree conceivable by the human imagination, would surely be to lay up treasures for which there can be no equivalent in worldly values—to absorb into the very fibres of being something of that atmosphere of the illimitable, of the infinite, and the divine which for vast periods has brooded over the silent majesty of the canyon.

In order to carry out our plans, it speedily became necessary to descend from the regions of pure contemplation to the question of more practical prosaic matters, such as the mileage to be covered in this trip or that, the adaptability of our respective physical forms to the exertions required of them, the time demanded, and so forth. Many a precious moment did we spend over the problem, in which the prominent and unalterable factors were a determination to see the canyon from below, and not by day only, but also by night. This, granted that we did not join one of the organised trips, which tied us to time in a way apt to be irksome to our gipsy souls, was an enigma not easy of solution. We finally cut the Gordian knot by an effectual compromise, which, while giving scope to the capabilities of the Artist and the Sculptor, experienced mountaineers in their own beloved Bavarian Alps, relieved the Skipper and myself of the seven miles



The Descent of Grand Canyon.



of precipitous climb up Bright Angel Trail from the brink of the river. We would *walk* down together, the mountaineering couple cheerfully volunteering to load themselves with the necessaries for the night on the sandy shore of the Colorado. We should have the day before us for the descent, and could loiter to our heart's content, with that unhurried feeling of freedom which means so much to the artistic temperament, that dissociation from the agitation and hustle of ordinary life which opens the inward ear to the messages of the unseen. The coveted privilege—a night in the canyon—would be ours; we should behold the sun set in those solemn awful depths, and watch the strip of firmament above the abyss for the twinkle of friendly stars and the silver sail of the moon. Then—sunrise and the morning by the river, a sociable lunch with the party from El Tovar, and the return on muleback with them for the Skipper and myself, while the adventurous hardy couple would enjoy the arduous climb, which few visitors care to attempt, and of those who do many find the task too difficult, and have to complete it humbly on muleback.

Such was the plan, which worked out to admiration. We started in the freshness of the early morning for our mountain expedition, with its odd reversal of ordinary conditions—the descent *first*, and the climb for the latter half of the exploit! A steep winding path leads down the face of the cliff, and woe betide the animal that forgets itself in this perilous spot. Here a few weeks ago two of the pack-horses laden with cables for the suspension bridge just completed across the river to Bright Angel Canyon opposite, becoming restive and unfortunately roped together, kicked themselves over the edge, and were dashed to pieces on the rocks hundreds of feet below, the rest of the train being saved by the presence of mind of one of the men in cutting the ropes. We passed the place before we

had walked many minutes, and shuddered to picture the scene. It is, indeed, a sufficiently steep grade, and far pleasanter to negotiate on foot than on muleback, for every one knows the fondness of those animals for the outer edge, and their bland indifference to the sensations of the rider as they skirt some sheer descent of a hundred feet or so with just an inch to spare, or hang their heads over the precipice in the intervals of rest.

We had heard a good deal of the dangers of the trail, but found nothing to justify apprehension, the path being excellent and sufficiently wide, so that accidents were no more to be feared here than on excursions in the High Alps, granted a modicum of care and common-sense. To many of the visitors, unaccustomed to adventures of this kind, and especially to those who are not in the habit of horseback riding, it must be an excessively fatiguing undertaking. I found the seven miles on muleback which brought me up those corkscrew turns and precipitous gradients quite sufficiently trying; imagine, then, what it must be with the added seven miles of the descent to an inexperienced rider!

Of course, accidents do happen exceptionally here and there, such as the one humorously retailed by one of the cowboy guides, who had on one occasion numbered among his party an enthusiastic entomologist, whom he picturesquely called a "bug-hunter." This gentleman refused to be separated from his treasured butterfly-net, which he insisted on carrying across the saddle on the descent, promising to be careful and give no cause of offence to his mount. But, alas for human nature! promises and resolves flew to the winds with the appearance of a gorgeous butterfly which chose an appropriate moment for fluttering across the path pursued by the mule, to arouse the ambition of the naturalist. Instinctively out flew the butterfly-net above the unsuspecting head of the mettlesome animal, which

promptly found itself enmeshed in something altogether unexpected and intolerable. Luckily the event took place at Indian Gardens, where there was space for the kicking, plunging, and wild gallop which ensued, and where the rider, instead of being pitched down a precipice, came off with the novel experience of landing violently in a cactus plant. To the uninitiated reader who has not at any period of his travels found himself suddenly and involuntarily turned into a pin-cushion for the reception of myriads of almost microscopic prickles, the removal of which has taxed the utmost patience and skill both of the victim and of all the friends he or she can muster—to him this tale of woe will not convey very much. But we have been through it, some of us, and we know. He will not forget it.

If I have wandered away from the freshness of the morning with which I began the tale of our great day in the canyon to talk of ordinary happenings, the reason of it is not far to seek. It is easy enough to talk of facts and discuss material questions, but who can successfully render a thousandth part of the beauties that meet the eye during any day of sunshine in any mountains? And this was a day in the Canyon of Arizona! It is little wonder I shirk a description of those memorable hours. For how can one who is incompetent to paint an adequate picture of that which the eye beholds, hope to fix in words the elusive thrill of those fugitive yet priceless moments wherein our spirit seems to respond to the touch of that ineffable something which is seeking to reach it through the medium of tangible external things? That feeling of "a presence which is not to be put by" was with us all the time amid those sublime surroundings, and returns as memory recalls them.

We tramped happily down the steep trail, finding relief from the overawing grandeurs about us in the familiar enjoyments close around our path. Not



being hurried by mule guides, we could loiter at will as we went, allowing the wonders of the new to mingle with the dear old associations of mountaineering. Here were lovely purple blooms, there white flowering shrubs—surely we could recognise them? But that vivid scarlet—the “Indian paint-brush”—ah, that strikes a note of its own, and reminds us, if that were needed, how far we are from home! And then, after the steep descent to the “Indian Garden,” where ascending and descending parties rest on the way to the river, we turned aside to the plateau, at the edge of which can be seen the Colorado flowing in its narrow gorge 1200 feet below.

Space widens about us: we are on almost level ground, dotted with sage-brush. On every side the towering summits seem to have retreated, as though to bid us realise at length the vastness of the abyss in which we move. At our feet a carpet of blooming cactus, in varying shades of exquisite delicate rose-colour sheathed in grey, carries the eye on and on to the rose and grey of the glowing cliffs above us—a marvellous symphony of colour blending the mighty mountain mass in the distance with the delicate ephemeral flower which we have but to reach out and touch. It is the gentle beauty of this incomparable sight, which we were fortunate enough to catch, that for me marks the recollection of the plateau.

Then, back again and downwards, a clear mountain stream purling beside us from time to time to the “Devil’s Corkscrew,” with the precipitous wall below, and the giant frescoed cliffs above; and so, issuing from a little side canyon with the brook that empties itself into the Colorado, we reached the rocks and the sand by the river.

We built our camp-fire and gathered round its cheerful blaze on the very brink of the mysterious Colorado, in the shadow of those stupendous crags. We watched the gradual fading of the sunset lights

gathered in hues of unimaginable softness and splendour about those stately soaring pinnacles, and giddy parapets and dazzling sculptured terraces, enshrouding with a tender opaline veil the yawning fissures and deep unfathomable rifts, and gliding downwards to our very feet, to lie reflected in the waves that lingered on the sands of shallow pools and inlets ere they joined the bulk of the stormy waters rushing so furiously past. And when darkness was falling we laid our pillow on the sand within a few feet of the flood, our faces turned to such stars as were visible within the limits of those mighty walls, and dropped to sleep surfeited with beauty. And from time to time we awoke to gaze afresh, and caught the waning moon at its rising, all the wonder and mystery of it multiplied a thousandfold by the indescribable marvel of the abyss from which they were beheld. Are we not to be envied and envied again? Was not such an experience worth every moment of our months of arduous travel? This is to have *lived*!

Morning, with a sunrise never to be forgotten, brought plenty of time to sketch and to explore, and even to enjoy a dip in one of the safe shallows of these romantic waters, until, punctual to time, the riders appeared from above. As before stated, the whole proposal was successfully carried out "according to plan"—in our experience a distinctly notable result!

A very different fate attended our decision to limit our stay to one week, during the remainder of which we spent our spare hours in wandering along the rim, absorbing all we could of the sublime sight, which is never alike twice. A week is nowhere for this canyon. We talked to an artist who was sensibly camping in the depths, keeping himself supplied with necessaries by means of a burro and a cowboy. He had travelled with donkeys from Los Angeles, had been *two months* in the gorge, and was

only now beginning to venture a painting. It took him all that time only to get into the atmosphere of the place.

As said, we meant to limit our stay to one week, and I, keen on beholding the glories of the canyon under every possible aspect, from above as well as from below, determined that I must see it by moonlight from the rim. Unfortunately, I had only guessed at the hour for its rising, and must have been very much out in my calculations, for after forsaking my warm snug bed in the middle of the night (an exploit which I could by no means persuade any of the others to share), I walked with what patience I could muster up and down, up and down the deserted path that skirts the wall for what seemed like hours. Still no moon. No one else seemed to care anything about it anyway, for no one was there, and it was painfully cold. It might be hours yet before anything came of it. Truth compels me to confess that I grew weary, gave it up, and turned tail for the caravan. "What do you want to run after the silly canyon for, anyway?" said the Skipper disrespectfully as I crept crest-fallen into bed. "I wouldn't care what the moon did—it can stand on its head for me. Now you've spoilt your night's rest, and got frozen into the bargain." "Never mind," thought I, "if it rises so late it will be just up when we start on Sunday, then I shall see it after all."

But we did not start on Sunday. First we delayed a day or two to allow of the ripening of our pleasant acquaintance with Mrs Reaburn, the wife of the Park Superintendent, with whom we spent delightful evenings, chronicled elsewhere. Then, when at last we made a start, we had not got two miles on our way through the forest before we became aware that "Jim" was seriously unwell. It proved to be a severe attack of colic (the result of too much oats and too little exercise), which sent the Skipper



Grand Canyon (another view from the top).



galloping back on "Gray" to secure help, while one of us led the poor animal up and down, ready to persuade him every time he rolled despairingly on the ground, with the whites of his eyes turned up, not to give up the ghost. Luckily one of the cowboys was at hand at El Tovar, and able to recommend a remedy obtainable at the druggist's store set up for the benefit of visitors—a remedy which, though intended for human beings, proved equally effectual in the case of the horse. The Skipper and her obliging friend having raised "Jim's" head by roping it to the bough of a handy forest tree, soon administered the dose, which fortunately gave almost immediate relief. We lunched on the spot in a lovely glade of the forest, returning later to the settlement, but establishing our camp farther out in the woods, where we could tether the horses during the couple of days which "Jim" would need to recover himself. The weather being so fine, this would be preferable for all of us. Alas, for our calculations! The couple of days threatened to lengthen out indefinitely owing to the awkwardness of the smith, who, in shoeing "Gray," drove the nails into the quick and completely lamed him, necessitating rest and poultices. Our forecast was further brought to nought by the weather. In the course of the night a bitter wind arose, with a considerable fall of snow, and drove us back, bag and baggage, to the shelter of yard and barn, but gave us the incomparable sight of the canyon under another aspect—snow-clad.

It was not until 10th May that we made our final departure, "Gray" unshod, and having to be led the whole of the distance, while the other two horses managed the work as best they could. It was putting too great a strain on them, but could not be helped, as we dared not risk the same careless smith—and there was no other,—who might have done irreparable damage this time.

We knew exactly what we had to expect, as we were returning by the road to Williams, by the unanimous advice of the cowboys, who bade us at all costs avoid the direct route to Flagstaff, which, though somewhat shorter, was immeasurably worse and risky owing to lack of water, several of the water-holes and lakes on which the traveller has to depend being dried up.

The weather was perfect, and the return trip a delight, dashed only by the usual hardships incidental to bad roads and "rocky gulches." Motorists, as before, passed us here and there, one to inform us that his party was going to "see the canyon," and were timed to arrive at night and leave in the morning! Another, whose questions caused sufficient astonishment to be remembered, asked whether there was any town between Williams and the Grand Canyon! It is surprising how many must travel without maps, and with only the vaguest notion as to where they are and whither they are proceeding. This had been already made evident by the kind of information sought of us on many points along our way.

We arrived back at Williams on the morning of the 13th, the last few miles, which had been good hard road when we left, a heavy heart-breaking trudge through mud and soft sand, into which it had been transformed by the recent snow and rain. "Gray" had managed the journey wonderfully, thanks to the care in leading him where the going was good, which was often the case on the prairie lining the road, and our friend the English smith soon got his feet back into shape.

The world's unique wonder lay behind us. We had been obliged to tear ourselves away though we wanted to stay for months. We had seen the merest corner of it—a few glimpses from above, a few from below,—and then farewell to the sublimest spectacle ever offered for the contemplation of man! Fare-

well to all we had been unable to see—the countless tributary canyons, in one of which, beautified by waterfalls and enriched by lovely grottoes of stalactites and stalagmites, dwells the little remnant of the Havasupai Indians. Farewell to the enchantment of the north rim country, forest-clad, which we had beheld from afar, and to the south, on which we had barely set our feet. Farewell to the mysteries unexplored of more than 250 miles of canyon, of chiselled ramparts and mighty mountains and roaring river, deep in their superb setting of inaccessible perpendicular walls.

But no ! Better not to indulge in thought of all these, lest it result in dissatisfaction with our own immense privileges, and yet only so because we realise how great they are ! Arizona and New Mexico (and surely Utah also ?) start longings for all sorts of impossible things, among others limitless wealth and limitless leisure, in a life abnormally lengthened to admit of thorough acquaintance with and understanding of those extraordinary and fascinating lands. When these dreams materialise we shall go with a pack-train of burros, and become independent of roads !

Yes, I am glad we made our protracted overland trip. It is something to think of and remember as we plod through the drudgery of everyday life, and to be everlastingly thankful for.



## CHAPTER X.

## MORE OF ARIZONA.

The environment steals like a charm o'er the sense,  
 It penetrates, warms and rejoices !  
 O amplitudes noble, O dumb eloquence  
 Of a thousand persuasive, mute voices !  
 On mountain and desert and prairie the spell  
 Of horizons illimitable !

AT Williams the stray hound which had made with us the trip to the canyon and back was claimed by her owner, a rancher in the neighbourhood, who was glad to get her back, and acknowledged our care of her in quite grateful fashion. The canine section of our party was thus once more reduced to two.

From Williams to Flagstaff is a distance of thirty-four miles, twenty-two of which we covered on the first day, and the remaining twelve on the second. A little place called Bellemont, chiefly occupied in the logging industry, gave us welcome shelter for our horses in cold wind and a threatened storm, and positively offered us the chance of a restaurant supper in the rooms patronised by the men at work there. This, well cooked and served in a bright cheerful room at a most moderate price, was more acceptable than most of my readers can imagine. Picnic meals have their delightful features, but not after a long day's struggle with bad roads and all sorts of minor difficulties. I have no particular recollection of the details of that day, but the next, the road, after beginning well, ended with what

my diary records as "frightful," and made the journey of twelve miles a tedious one. We passed our old friends the road-makers, whose camp we had snapped, and whose acquaintance we had made in the neighbourhood of Oatman, transferred here for the summer months.

Flagstaff, nestling beneath the San Francisco Peaks, nearly 13,000 feet high and snow-covered most of the year, beautifully situated between forest and mountain at an elevation of some 7000 feet, is a favourite resort for the dwellers in the southern sweltering parts of Arizona, who come here to escape heat and mosquitoes, and to enjoy the wonders of the neighbourhood. This we made no attempt to do, for we arrived to experience several days of sleet and snow, which rather dashed the charms of the lovely sylvan camping ground set apart for the use of travellers. Finding the mile or more distance from the centre of things too inconvenient, we transferred ourselves eventually to a wood-yard in one of the pretty roads of the little township, where the despatch of letters and telegrams, necessitated by a reconsideration of our plans, could be more easily managed, and where we were able to utilise to advantage the few days of delay. It is surprising how much accumulates in the way of arrears on a caravan trip of this sort, where *everything* is done by oneself. Extra cleaning of kitchen utensils, indispensable shopping, mending, washing, and even a modicum of ironing, which cannot be escaped—all these ensure that not a moment shall hang heavily on the camper's hands, trying though it sometimes is to the temper to be tied down to such prosaic jobs with the knowledge of all the interesting places that might be visited during those precious hours. There are countless natural wonders within auto reach, but most of these would have meant at least two days with our equipment, and would have involved the expenditure of

a great deal of extra energy, needed just then for pressing decisions and practical purposes. One must draw the line somewhere, and it was at this spot we drew it, sticking strictly to business, and relying for the accumulation of further experiences upon the many hundreds of miles that still lay before us to traverse.

When we finally took our departure on 28th May our party was reduced to three—three women! The Sculptor, still uncertain as to his movements, remained behind to await luggage from Los Angeles and news from New York, which latter would decide him either to rejoin us farther on or to take train direct to the east. Meanwhile we must make headway, and if we were to cross the remainder of the continent without male escort, the sooner we got accustomed to it the better.

Our first day was most encouraging. In spite of having left as late as 12.30, we made seventeen miles by 5 o'clock, the road being excellent and most attractive, running as it does mostly through the Coconino Forest, the largest unbroken one in the States, extending many hundreds of miles, but unfortunately not east and west, so that our second day's journey left it behind. Winona—a section-house—was our first chance of water, and was pleasantly situated for a camp, and here we stopped, retiring early. We made a timely start next day still through the forest, well laden with water, every available utensil, five-gallon cans, desert water-bag, kettles, and hot-water bottles filled to the brim, this being our last watering-place before Winslow, some forty-two miles distant.

The forest remained with us—or rather we with it—till about ten, and during that time "Don," much excited at the prospect of game, disappeared into its depths, and delayed us at least half an hour, in much perturbation of mind, anxiously awaiting his return. At last, fearing he had lost us, and

hoping he would find his way back to Winona, I made up my mind to beg a passage back from a passing motorist, and overtake my party by train. Just as these arrangements had been completed, behold our truant sneaking up the road in the distance, looking thoroughly ashamed of himself and making scant response to my hearty welcome. He was evidently exhausted by a gallop of many miles, which, with his heavy coat under the broiling sun, was a fatiguing performance, and left him rather listless for several days.

There is nothing bleaker or more desolate than the stretch of desert lying between this edge of the forest and Winslow, for which we were making. None of the charm of the Mohave, with its rim of mysterious mountains for ever stimulating the fancy: nothing but arid monotonous wilderness on every hand, as far as the eye could reach, save when from time to time a bridge led us over some deep gash in the plateau, such as the astounding "Canyon Diablo," which, where the railway crosses it, is two hundred and twenty-five feet deep. We, some miles away, seeing it at a less impressive point, have probably carried away a more lasting impression than the tourist unable to linger for the absorption of atmosphere. The picture seemed in its rugged grandeur to gather in itself the character of the wild forbidding country where it lies, and the very name of it brings back to-day that eerie feeling of unreality, that sense of separation from the world of living things by which the silent soul of the desert speaks to those who dare to brave its solitudes.

"Meteor Mountain," a huge bowl two hundred feet high, a mile wide, and six hundred feet deep, rose a couple of miles from the point where we pitched our camp at 4.30, having made twenty-seven miles under a hot sun. A big corporation is drilling there now in the attempt to locate the meteor,

which scientists suggest as the explanation of the phenomenon. We should like to have visited it, but it meant a detour of who knows how many miles over a road which at every step was becoming more difficult and rocky, and we resisted the temptation. Glad we were to have done so when we found what we had to tackle in the way of roads next morning, 30th May. Miles and miles on foot to ease the load and steady the waggon, a long delay to replace one of the spiral springs, which some excessive jolt had displaced, agitating moments when it seemed inevitable for progress over the bare jagged teeth of the merciless rocks to shatter some vital part of our vehicle. Eventually the Artist collapsed with a violent headache, holding up just long enough to get us over the worst, after which, under improved conditions (albeit nothing to boast of, for well I recall our manœuvres with the ruts), the Skipper and I negotiated the caravan safely into Winslow, having accomplished the twenty-one miles by 3.30.

As so frequently happened, all our efforts and the good time we made availed us nothing, for we had overlooked the fact that it was Decoration Day; and instead of being able to get "Gray" shod and replenish stores before nightfall, we found all the shops closed, and business perforce deferred until next morning.

We hit upon a large clean feed-yard, with ample room for our van to stand, and our horses to disport themselves; and oh! how those poor parched animals rushed for the water-trough. Their portion at the morning meal had been small, and by mid-day they were getting painfully thirsty—the only occasion on which they suffered anything to speak of from this cause, and it was unavoidable. Forty-two miles without water was the longest stretch we had had, and we congratulated ourselves on getting over it as well as we did. We had heard of this bugbear,

and had been warned against it weeks back from those who had travelled the trail.

Two pretty fresh-looking girls drove into the feed-yard early next day, 31st May, in a surrey for six, drawn by a team of ponies. They were so attractive-looking with their refined aristocratic features that, interested to know something more about them, I struck up acquaintance and got them to chat. Their present home was on a farm four miles out, and in this vehicle the family of nine drove to school, chaperoned by these two, seventeen and fifteen. Last winter they had kept house for the family while the parents went away on some jaunt connected with the father's work, which I gathered was something in the engineering line, though whether he was a workman or occupied some more responsible position I could not make out. It is a curious feature of the social conditions here that you never know whom you are talking to. The scale of living being so much higher than ours in England, the merest labourer occupies a home and lives under conditions entirely out of reach on our side; while, on the other hand, there being no traditions as to caste, no one loses dignity whatever he may choose to do, and men and women well-born and well-educated may occupy lowly positions without thereby losing the privilege of mixing with their equals. This is an aspect of democracy which commends itself strongly to our party, without exception, and which seems to me of immense advantage to every individual citizen. There is no irrevocable "down and out" here, as has often been impressed upon me by the European worker who has made his home here—always a chance to begin afresh and get somewhere.

Returning from this digression to the life which my young friends described with so much enthusiasm, it included an account of travels in Utah, occasioned by their father's work: days and days across the

desert on burros and ponies, the very recollection of which was an evident entrancement with which I could fully sympathise. What a heaven such an existence of adventure would have been to me as a girl, stands to reason when I am still capable of appreciating it when my hair is grey.

We got off at 10.30 on a road which appeared a marvel, and which surprised us by continuing so and enabling us to jog-trot most of the way, arriving at the Mormon settlement of St Joseph—a distance of twenty-one miles—before five.

This place was an entire surprise to us, for, as I said before, we were back on an almost flat desert, with only an occasional apology for the ring of summits that had endowed the Mohave with its charms of variety and colour. But as we approached St Joseph we seemed suddenly to have stepped into another far distant and far different land. Streams gushed across our path, fields showed richly green on either side of us, fine horses and cattle grazing therein, and as we neared the village we could hardly believe we were not in some fertile European country. Oh, the exquisite greenness of everything! The neat comfortable-looking houses surrounded by orchards and fields, the well-kept gardens and out-houses, the luxuriance and leafy picturesqueness. As for tin cans and such abominations, they were as inconspicuous as at home, and garbage was evidently provided for in a suitable spot where it would not be allowed to ruin the prospect and poison the health alike of residents and visitors.

Upon inquiry we ascertained that the profusion of water on every side was due to the enterprise of the community in bringing the same from a river many miles away, and with it irrigating and rendering rich and fertile the whole extent of the settlement. Those who are familiar with Zane Grey's novels will be able to picture what it was like, for we were reminded of his descriptions at every turn,

not only by the natural features presented to us, but by the impression everywhere conveyed of well-being, comfort, and orderliness. It was by far the prettiest place we had seen, and the *only* one of its kind, for here was the rich vegetation of England or France, combined with the good management and diligence of Germany, to triple and quadruple the happy conditions of the American citizen. As for Arizona, all likeness to it had disappeared, and we might have been thousands of miles away from it. All the roads were lined thickly with lovely shade trees; neat fences surrounded the comfortable dwellings, varying in size and value, but all beautifully kept, and no signs of poverty or disorder were anywhere visible.

We stopped outside a store to make inquiries as to where we might find a suitable spot for a camp, and were directed to a side road, prettily shaded, where an empty lot would enable us to picket the horses, we ourselves drawing up at the side of the way. While the Skipper and the Artist plodded on at the ordinary duties incidental to the occasion, I sallied forth with the milk-can to discover the home of a kindly woman living near whom we had met at the store, and who had promised all the milk we wanted.

The errand took me a great deal longer than I had foreseen, due to the fact that I perceived several books on Mormonism on her bookshelf, and this being the first opportunity I had ever had of conversing with anybody belonging to that faith, I determined not to throw it away. We entered into earnest conversation on the subject, and I came away armed with a couple of their primers, which I promised to study that evening, and with a good deal of enlightenment as to their point of view. The plural marriage, my informant declared—which is the only thing most of us connect with Mormonism,—is no longer practised, and was only permitted



to meet the special need of the time. This is a statement she evidently believed and made in good faith, though it does not tally with much that I have heard from other apparently reliable sources. That it is against the law of the land cannot, of course, be denied, but laws in this country have an odd way of becoming a dead letter by the tacit consent of the community. So that proves nothing. Further, I, in my ignorance, had not even been sure that Mormonism was a branch of Christianity, which I now found was the case, although the more I advanced in my hasty survey the stronger became the impression that here was something much more on the level of the Old Testament than of the New. The revelation is based upon some sort of alleged spirit communication. The methods of the Mormons as popularised by Zane Grey, as well as their antiquated views on the subject of women, seem to have nothing at all in common with the religion which has softened and humanised the world, but a great deal with the spirit which taught "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"—stern and hard and unbending. Nevertheless, where there is so much earnestness and so much fervour, there must be a great deal of life, and I could not help thinking how much more her religion meant to my little Mormon friend than it does to nine out of ten of those we meet on our manifold wanderings. These people were evidently poor and struggling, but they made the best of the terrible misfortune of the preceding winter, during which all their belongings had been burnt to ashes; and they had lost a dear little daughter seven months old, rescued by her mother but dying a few hours later. The husband's brother was a missionary in the Southern States, who, I was told with pride, had recently "baptised fifteen earnest souls," and I could not doubt the sincerity of their beliefs nor their zeal in desiring to make converts. That I myself might

come to be added to their number was, I fear, the impression unintentionally given by the sincere interest which I displayed and the sympathy with which I listened.

We were up at four next day—1st June—intending to make a phenomenal start, which excellent intention was frustrated by the desire of our Mormon friends to prolong the friendly talks, by the exchange of photographs—she had a fine-looking young husband and two bonny boys,—and by the presentation to me of a copy of the ‘Book of Mormon,’ alluded to above, so that in the end the best we could do was to get away at 7.30.

The road continued splendid—another tribute, I presume, to the excellence of Mormon organisation, the outcome of which, as evidenced by this community, was certainly to prejudice us very much in their favour. Such diligence, orderliness, and prosperity must surely have some valuable principle at the back of them. For several miles as we pursued our way towards Holbrook we continued to be refreshed by the rich luxuriance of the pastures on our right, while on the left stretched the familiar outlook of scorched and barren desert, whose burning sand made an odd and striking contrast with the pastoral scene on the other side of the road, where finely conditioned horses and contented cattle browsed knee-deep in luscious grass. We tried to obtain an effective snapshot of a sight so worth while, but owing, I suppose, to absence of lights and shades, the result would have little meaning to any one but ourselves, who know what it stands for.

We accomplished the first lap of twelve miles to Holbrook by 9.30, and great was our jubilation at the thought of the great time we were making and the fine record we should have to show of this day’s achievements. Here we meant to delay no longer than necessitated by calling at the bank for money, which by directions should lie awaiting us there.

Alas ! for the plans of men and mice. It was not there, and all our good management and speed went for nothing, except to assist in souring our tempers, further tried at this point by the apparently insuperable difficulties in the way of a correct decision as to roads. Whilst the delay was utilised for the execution of several small repairs we tackled this question separately, each in a different direction, with the object of comparing results later, our initial inquiries having issued in nothing but a series of contradictions even more glaring than usual.

There are two roads from Holbrook to Albuquerque, one turning south, and the other north from Holbrook. The former is the State road, running seventy miles round through a desolate waterless country, on a road which some of our informants described as good, while others said the reverse, the latter road keeping to the railway, with the, to us, immense safeguard of water and stores at practicable distances, but—so ran the tale—a very bad road. Which were we to take, and how come to a conclusion on a question involving about three hundred miles of travel, and therefore momentous ? The opinions expressed by would-be advisers seemed to have very little to do with any knowledge possessed by any of them, for no one struck us as *knowing* anything. The influence at work had to do with the interest of the speaker in the particular route which he favoured, the greatest efforts being evident to divert travel on to the one road or the other, even to the extent of posting agents at the points where travellers were likely to be in doubt, and to be influenced by timely advice. After two or three hours of this sort of thing, driving us to the verge of despair and leaving us not one whit the wiser, we had the good fortune, in the course of our endeavours, to be introduced by a kindly storekeeper to a man who had recently travelled *both* roads, going one way and returning the other. Upon his

clear and disinterested account we were able at last to shape our plan and to decide on the northern route, which our informant assured us meant little if any disadvantage as to roads and greatly added facilities for water and stores, owing to the proximity to the railway, which we had from the beginning looked upon as our great safeguard on the Santa Fé trail. This consideration would not carry the same weight with the motorist, who covers distances so rapidly as to be, in comparison with us, almost independent of the water question, and I think it likely that the State road would prove to be best in his case. Besides, what are seventy miles to him? A small addition to the day's count, whereas to us they meant probably three days added to our labours. The desirability of following a road which runs for miles through one of the largest of the petrified forests—the wonders of this region—would outweigh the disadvantages which loomed so large for the caravanners, and doubtless settles the point for most travellers. As for us, we found that by turning aside to the station of Adamana (which we might in any case have had to do to supply our needs), and spending a day there, we should be able to visit two of these. We should also pass directly on our route within a mile or so of the wondrous “Painted Desert,” which for weeks we had seen mentioned in the lists of the sights to be visited (from one place or another) by long camping trips into the desert, but had never realised to be so easily accessible to the traveller over the northern road to Albuquerque.

The non-arrival of money caused two days' delay, well spent in working off arrears of correspondence and diary, and we got off at 10.45 on 3rd June. In addition to the episode already mentioned in connection with the roads, two recollections will, I think, recur instantly to our minds at the mention of Holbrook. One of these takes us back to the

“movie” show, by a visit to which we diversified our sojourn, and which was enlivened by strains the like of which it has never been our luck to listen to either before or since. The perpetrators of this performance were two girls—quite young both of them,—one of whom banged on the piano, while the other did her best to drown those comparatively dulcet sounds by a combination of movements of hands, arms, and feet, to which were attached I cannot recall how many instruments—tambourine, castanets, drum, bells, and who knows what else. The result, as may be imagined, was a deafening din, in the midst of which, looking about her with a superior air of enviable self-satisfaction, sat the author of it, a convincing picture of realised ambition. Will she ever in life be so perfectly contented again, I wonder, or know such a superlative degree of fulfilment? I doubt it. The audience seemed delighted, and so were we, for after the many annoyances of the day it was refreshing to let oneself go and indulge in a good laugh, short of which some celebrated writer has said we may consider our day to have been wasted. Our musician took care on this occasion that no such catastrophe should befall us, and if the rest of the company got as much fun out of the evening as we did, the proprietors may regard themselves as having given a highly successful entertainment.

The second memorable incident was our meeting with a remarkable fellow-traveller, whose animals were put up in our feed-yard. We encountered him just as he was leaving, riding a black mustang and driving two pack animals, a roan horse and burro, and the picture he made was so characteristic and romantic that I cannot for the life of me understand why our films show no record of him. Perhaps it was one of our failures. We were very much interested in hearing of his dangerous days of travel across the desert and many other adventures year

in and year out—adventures which would in any case have been worth hearing about, but which, given in well-chosen language and set off by the reflections of a thoughtful mind, came as a welcome surprise in that remote spot in the wilds. He would never be “a social asset,” he assured us, for the urge to *live* his life was too strong—he must wander, facing the rough and the smooth, and enjoying experience. He was, he said, an expert diamond driller, besides being skilled in other directions, and had no anxiety about the earning of money from time to time. To hear him speak was quite enough evidence as to his culture and education. He was on his way now to spend the summer working on his mother’s ranch, some days’ ride away, after which he was elaborating a plan for a voyage with a friend by boat along the Pacific Coast to visit the South American republics. One of the ancient Vikings he might have been in the garb of a cowboy, with his intensely blue eyes and fair beard and hair. Erect upon his horse, with that subtle but unmistakable air which tells of breeding, I thought I had rarely seen a more distinguished-looking figure. Of English extraction he confessed himself to be when I taxed him with it, his father having come over to this country to seek his fortune—“A younger son—you know how it is over there with younger sons,” he said. If by any chance these lines should meet his eye, it would be a pleasure to receive a few words in care of my publisher, and to make good the regrettable oversight of having parted without an exchange of names.

In spite of having made so late a start, we covered about twenty-five miles of extremely desolate desert road, upon the latter part of which the signboards were distractingly deceiving and contradictory, the distances we had to make increasing according to them as we proceeded. Thus the “two miles” promised us on the first of these, as we approached

our goal—Adamana (which was reached by turning on to a side track off the main road),—lengthened into a good eight miles, where we were relieved by the sight of the railway-line, overshadowed by a hideous coal-shoot and a few station buildings, reached with no little anxiety down a steep grade with sharp turns through heavy soft sand. It was an improvement on the endless lonely road which we had more than suspected might be leading us astray, and which was particularly unattractive towards evening, under conditions which approached those of a sandstorm, yet rarely has any set of human habitations appeared to me so little inviting as did the first view of Adamana. It was with much inward jubilation that, upon inquiry, I was informed that we were on the wrong side of the line for a camp, the hotel, store, and camping ground being upon the farther side, a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. Hotel! Store! Camping ground! Here was civilisation indeed, for which, from the forbidding aspect of the settlement as we first beheld it, we had not dared to hope. With lightened hearts we pursued our way, soon crossing the line and finding ourselves amid a few friendly-looking homes, one of which proved to be the store, with the camping ground alongside of it. We, however, preferred to draw up on a convenient patch of grass just opposite the store by the roadside, where we could picket the horses without fear of finding ourselves in the way of the motor tourists, for whom the conveniences of travel are chiefly designed. Never shall I forget the comfort of that return to human environment, capped by the pleasure and surprise of finding, in the wife of the custodian of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Petrified Forests (who also runs the adjacent hotel for the accommodation of tourists), a travelled woman, German, speaking several languages, and familiar with the European countries which I know so well. We had quite a

pleasant little chat that evening and the morning following, though none of her blandishments could prevail upon us to take one of the motor-trips which the establishment provides for the inspection of the forest. Apart from the cost, which we saw no reason to incur, the disadvantage of being tied strictly to time and being under guidance, and compelled to view what there was to be seen along lines laid down by somebody else, was quite enough to keep us to our programme of independence and liberty. But in a little place of thirty-five inhabitants it will surprise no one to hear that the task of finding a waggon to which we could harness our team for the trip was not easy. The Skipper was up early combing the place; and though it looked like failure at first, she succeeded in the end, and we got off triumphantly, leaving our van under the care of our good friends at the store, and with our light equipment feeling untroubled by the question of roads over the distance of some twenty miles going and returning which we should cover.

What a day we had in that astounding National Monument, which is said to transcend in beauty, variety of colouring, and extent any similar deposit in the world.

These "forests" of prostrate trees—hundreds of agatised pine and spruce trunks, some of them as much as two hundred feet long and with a diameter of six feet or more—lie in a vast basin covering some twenty-five thousand acres, once the bed of an ancient sea, not a living tree anywhere within miles and miles, but rather a sterility suggestive of nothing so much as a world long, long dead. And here, in the midst of utter barrenness of the "bad lands," with their peculiar rock formations and odd-channelled, chalky-looking mounds, amid a scene of unutterable desolation, "in the fulness of the ages the immortal forest came back to the sunlight, where once its myriad leaves danced and



breathed a mortal air." To look at a cross-section of one of those trees is to view every colour of the rainbow. The ground is not strewn but covered deep with fragments, among which we wandered with cries of delight, gathering specimen after specimen, only to discard it the next moment for something more striking and more lovely. It is impossible to describe the beauty and variety, delicacy and depth, of the colouring. "Colouring" seems to have been the keynote of creation in Arizona.

How glad we were we had not been cajoled into joining any one's trips, and were free to take our time. One day was not half enough in which to enjoy it all; and as for the Skipper, I believe she would gladly have spent a week there. We lunched in that wonderful solitude seated on a multi-coloured rock, and with a larger and more brilliant one for our table. We stopped at one spot which looked like an abandoned wood-yard. So exactly like wood were both trunks and chips—not coloured in this case, but the shade of wood itself—that we had to handle them to convince ourselves they were really stone. Then again, in the place where lay one of those marvellous coloured trees, the bark was here and there overgrown with moss and lichen of such an exquisite vivid green that the Artist and myself simultaneously put out a hand to pick it off—and found it was stone!

To drag oneself away from such a centre of interest and fascination required determination, and our hearts went out in sympathy to the boy whom we saw delightedly examining the glorious specimens around him, while his friends called to him from the family motor-car, which, as far as they were concerned, was quite good enough for a post of observation of one of the oldest and strangest antiquities in the world—"Come on, hurry up, or we shall leave you behind. A minute more and we're off." Poor fellow, he turned reluctantly

away, and was whisked off at thirty miles an hour, a victim to the demon "hustle," to which was sacrificed the unique enjoyment of a natural wonder and a geologic mystery he is unlikely to see again.

Another visitor caused us considerable amusement by the business-like way in which he leaped from his car, and, armed with a small hammer, proceeded to take specimens. Chipping a piece here and a piece there, apparently on a methodical pre-arranged plan, he went about his job much as might a fruit-picker, without one glance to right or left, and, having performed it apparently to his satisfaction, he rapidly withdrew his presence, and the place "knew him no more."

The waning of the day compelled us at last to leave, and evening saw us regretfully trotting homewards ("home" being always with the caravanner), delayed by temporarily losing our way in that immense waste, where everything looks alike and one track is exactly like another. About half-way back we met a motor-load of tourists, who questioned us as to the way to the forest, and long before we had arrived they passed us on their return journey, doubtless more than satisfied with having made such good time in "seeing" the forest in the dusk.

June 5th saw us up early and off back to the high-road, from which we turned aside about eight miles farther on to visit the "Painted Desert," a sight of which I had often thought with longing regret. A few miles through rough prairie grass and we had reached another of the wonders of this land of marvels. Several hundred feet below the edge of the precipitous bluff to which the track led stretched, as far as the eye could reach, the "Painted Desert," in contour a replica of the queer "bad lands" of the forest, its rocks and canyons and sandy wastes here magically transformed into an ocean of mingled colours of every imaginable

tone and hue, out of which, towering in the far distance to a height of one thousand feet, rose the strange basalt figures called the "Mogollon Buttes." Alone in this limitless wilderness, the solitary beholders of a spectacle so great—colour by turns tender, vivid, exquisite, glorious—colour cast as with the lavish hand of a god upon the illimitable canvas we call the "desert"—how describe the effect? It brought us into touch for a moment with the infinite, the timeless, the soul of primeval things.

The spell was broken by the advent of a batch of tourists. Silence and awe reigned no longer, and we began to remember that we were living in the twentieth century, and must make the most of our limited time. The Artist and the Skipper energetically proceeded to scale the face of the cliff, in order to make investigations. At the bottom they collected a few specimens of the carboniferous period from the North Forest, taken in a dismal canyon where reigned the stillness of utter desolation. The Skipper always associates the recollection with the enchanted forest of the fairy tale, where all living things had been turned into stone; and glad they both were to struggle back to the mesa, where I waited with the friendly horses and dogs and the inviting van.

This detour had delayed us three hours, so that we felt no little elation at reaching Navajo, a distance of over twenty miles from our starting point, by 6 P.M. We carried water for the day's use, that being the first possible watering-place, and likewise two days' supply of feed, never being sure when we should be able to replenish, and were thus heavily laden. Recollection of the journey brings an impression of wildness and loneliness. I remember a few miles before we got in having to pass through a gate so narrow that upon measuring we found there was exactly six inches to spare, three on either side. This did not allow much margin for

the swaying of the vehicle on its springs, and compelled us to get out pick and shovel to build up that bit of the road into a state of smoothness, to which it had long been a stranger—in spite of which essential precaution the play of the waggon brought one of the oak sides against the gate-post, inflicting a deep scratch visible to this day.

However, this was a small misfortune, and right glad we were to reach the little section-house with a few houses clustered about it, just in time to water our horses and to get snug before a threatened storm.

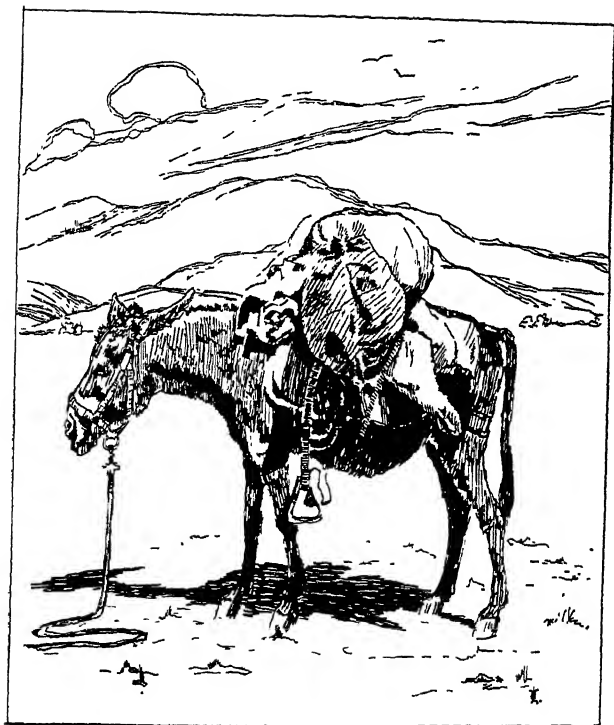
An officer from Fort Wingate (off on a camping trip with his wife) was doing much the same with his car, and engaged us for a few minutes in friendly talk. They were novices at the task, and full of pleasant anticipations. Then there was the inevitable visit to the store—a large one, intended to meet the needs of the surrounding country, for the place itself boasts only twenty-five inhabitants. This particular one is memorable for the notice hung in a position conspicuous upon entering, and advises the public as follows: "Please do not use bad language or swear-words here. We don't care a damn ourselves what you say, but it sounds like hell to other people."

The store was also the post-office, from which, in the nick of time, we got letters on the following morning just before we left, the mail-bag being thrown out from the train as it passed. From the names on our strip-maps it was impossible to judge the relative importance of this name or that, and the selection I made of places of call for correspondence surprised us more than once. My practice was to calculate as nearly as possible where we should have arrived by a given date and give directions accordingly, in cases (not infrequent) when we were behind time, finding our advent quite a matter of interest at the modest little post-office, where the

accumulating correspondence caused a flutter of speculation as to who the strangers might be.

The morning brought fresh hesitations and uncertainties as to the road. It appeared that our strip-map was out of date, the road there indicated being one no longer in use, and a long detour by some other being the way out of the difficulty chosen by the motorists, to whom ten miles or so more or less makes very little difference. Accounts as to its desirability varied considerably, and when, at the height of the discussion, which took place outside the store where the gossips of the village are wont to assemble, a picturesque-looking cowboy, taking his pipe out of his mouth, proceeded to give us his views on the matter, we felt ourselves lucky indeed, and failed not to give an attentive ear to the advice of a counsellor so experienced. There was a mountain road, he said, which was entirely suitable for a waggon and team. He would not think of taking any other if he were in our place. It would take us chiefly through the Indian reservation, and would be both easier and shorter than the high-road. This settled our minds, and put us into the best of spirits once more, especially as the storm had passed off. The morning was glorious, and the horses eager to get over the five miles which lay between them and water. The station supply, which comes by train, was exhausted, but we should find ample watering at a large ranch directly on our way.

Talking of water reminds me to mention the peculiarity characteristic of these desert regions, where the water is deeply impregnated with alkali. Much that you come across, though drinkable by stock, is very undesirable for the human being, and careful inquiries are necessary all along, not only as to the supply but the *kind* of supply to be expected along the way. The section-houses adjacent to the railway-line by which, as a rule, it comes,



Navajo Reservation (Indian Pony).



store the precious fluid in distinct receptacles—one for stock, the other for human consumption. It is one of the risks and difficulties that face the traveller who favours the old-fashioned horsed vehicle, for the effect upon the animals varies, and horses unused to it sometimes suffer severely. We came out of it, on the whole, remarkably well; in fact, the condition of our steeds was a perennial source of wonder to the observer who understood what it meant to accomplish long toilsome trips under the handicap of continual change of food, water, and climate. The horses accustomed themselves to the water with little inconvenience, but alas! in New Mexico the conditions were such as to affect ourselves, and caused the death of our lovely collie "Don," while dear little "Minx" was very nearly lost in the same way.

Such anticipations of evil were fortunately far from our minds as we travelled enjoying the freshness of the morning, and hailing gladly the appearance of the promised ranch, where in a large much-trodden corral we espied the windmill which feeds the tanks where the cattle drink. The flavour of the liquid was peculiar and disagreeable, but we had been able to fill our own water-cans at Navajo, and, as the horses did not object, it did not matter. This entailed a delay of half an hour or so to unharness and harness up again, and it must have been past mid-day before we found ourselves well launched upon the Navajo reservation. Mountain pasture-land of short scanty grass surrounded us on every side, scattered with scrub-cedars and firs, over which the eye roamed afar to the blue distances of hills and valleys without finding a trace of anything that recalled the human element. It was wild and forlorn indeed, but yet there was a friendliness about these immense reaches of green that spoke a language very different from the forbidding tones of the desert. And see, we are not entirely alone after



all, for what are those moving objects outlined against the horizon ahead of us? It turned out to be an Indian family, moving camp, their picturesque flocks of sheep and goats, with the most fascinating following of lambs and kids rounded up by a couple of Indian boys mounted on rough ponies, assisted by a shaggy sheep-dog. We got some good snaps of these, and stopped long enough to invite the Indian woman, who was the only grown-up person in evidence, to inspect our van, which she had by signs expressed herself desirous of doing. We tried talking, but, somewhat of a linguist though I flatter myself upon being, dialects of Indian had not formed part of my education or experience, as evidently English had not of hers, so that gestures were all that we had left, in spite of which she managed very well to convey to us the utmost astonishment at what she had witnessed—the outside of our waggon interested her almost as much as the interior,—and there was a flow of kindly feeling between us quite able to make itself felt without words.

This encounter was the great event of the day, the rest of which is memorable chiefly for our struggles with the road. It was not so much a question of rocks here, but of the fact that the rough trail, which was all there was, followed the slope of the hill, whatever that might be, such a thing as grading being entirely absent. As the country was mountainous it will surprise no one to learn that driving our caravan under such conditions was a ticklish performance, and many were the anathemas levelled at the unlucky cowboy who had betrayed us into such dangers. In their way the escapes of that day were as close as any we had had, owing to the horrid slant of the trail, which was such that on more than one occasion the disaster of a topple over seemed imminent. It was escaped apparently only by the skilful device of the Skipper in turning herself into an improvised make-weight by scramb-

ling hastily from one end of the footboard to the other, whichever side happened at the moment to need balancing. I ran alongside, hoping that the little force I could apply on the danger side might turn out sufficient. At the worst spot of all the outer edge sloped towards a deep gully. Foothold was denied me. I was out of it for the time being, and can only vouch for the general uproar, in the midst of which the vehicle careered up the slope at a gallop which denied it time to topple over, as it ought to have done on such an outrageous slant. "Full speed ahead" was our salvation in this instance. The Artist and the Skipper (the latter on the very outer edge of the footboard, so as to make every ounce of her weight tell in the direction of safety), standing at their task, encouraged the horses with unrestrained shouts and yells (a far more effectual goad than the whip); "Don," who, owing to a too lively interest in the proceedings, had got his paws trodden on, howled in the interior; "Minx," on whose head the Artist had violently sat when "Don" upset her backwards on to the seat, emitted a series of shrill terrified squeaks; and the *tout ensemble* was a thing never to be forgotten by those who took part in it, nor by me, the sole independent witness, who, to the accompaniment of these indescribable distant noises, thankfully applauded the triumphant sweep to safety. It was a near thing, unpleasant to think of even now.

These sorts of emotions try the nerves, and it speaks volumes for the healthful invigorating character of the caravanner's life that it should be possible to undergo them almost daily, and yet to emerge after months hardened and so strengthened in mind and body as to be ready for more of it.

Thus we plodded on, hour after hour, still the same unending horizon of prairie and forest, furnishing a feeling of the boundless akin to that of the open ocean—its allurements and its melancholy.

No water, not a vestige of it, the horses were showing signs of fatigue, and the track, to judge by our experience of it, led nowhere. So we were more than glad to come at last upon a solitary Indian, mending the road with great branches of fir—at least gladness was the ultimate feeling which superseded that of a slight shock and something akin to apprehension that came over me when walking ahead up a particularly steep and rough slope I suddenly caught sight of him round a bend in the road. Dark, tall, with a fine figure and handsome regular features and long black hair, he certainly made a rather startling apparition in the midst of that lonely wilderness; and if for an instant the fact of our isolation flashed across my mind, it was hardly to be wondered at. My anxieties were dispelled by a swift plunge into conversation, or an attempt at it, which showed him to be everything that could be desired in the way of pleasantness and civility. Not that we got very far—English was nowhere with him, but Spanish got us a little further, for “agua” was a word he understood, and we gathered hopefully that there would be some to be met with somewhere. This seemed the more likely, as the man’s cart and team were standing near, and must presumably be within reach of their home, not too far away, for the afternoon was far advanced. Thus we argued, and, already refreshed by this encounter with a human being, before long what should we behold bowling in our direction but a motor-car containing two real live men! Rarely I am sure has their appearance upon the scene been the source of more satisfaction than it gave us to stop and accost them with a request for information, and to hear that we were positively within measurable distance (five miles) of water, and a trading station of which the speaker was himself the owner. Lucky it was that we met him, for explicit directions were needed at a point farther on, where we might easily

have taken the wrong turning, wandering away miles and miles into the depths of the reservation. Even as it was the way seemed long enough both to ourselves and to the weary horses—five miles with tired and thirsty animals when you yourself are reaching a stage of real fatigue is a distance apt to damp your interest in the scenery, which here changed its aspect into something more suggestive of the pastoral, and presented endless phases of beauty and variety. At last there was the spot described where we were to turn to the right. We all recognised it, and after a few hundred yards there again, at the foot of the hill, was the *store*—dwelling-house and buildings, with the pump and the trough in an open yard on the hillside. The open country was just across the road, and this welcome little trading-post was set down as it were in the midst of the wilderness of prairie and forest, which stretched magnificently on every side of it, visible for an immense distance from this elevation of somewhere about seven thousand feet, to which we had risen by degrees in the day's travel from an average of six thousand feet on the highway.

Here we made our camp, and very comforting it was to find such good quarters. The horses were watered, and safely and comfortably coralled. The girls, finding supper could be obtained, ordered it, while I preferred it in bed. Mrs Barnes, the trader's wife, proved a delightful and interesting hostess. She had been for many years matron of an Indian school, and had a varied and lovely collection of Indian rugs and curios, with which her private sanctum was entirely furnished and decorated. She told us with especial pride that every single article had its valued association, for every one—and there were among them some priceless things—was the gift of some one connected with her life-work—grateful pupils or appreciative friends. Warmth of feeling taking shape in a hundred unique expressions

of the beautiful—a pleasant atmosphere to live in, and a pleasant one to share if only for a few hours !

The sight of these things brought back with fresh force the wonder and the mystery of the possession of these extraordinary faculties of design and colour by the untaught Indians. We were told that they *never made two rugs alike*, nor do they ever draw or work to models. The Navajo woman squats, Turk fashion, before her loom, and begins to weave, and the design unfolds itself as she goes along, guided by the principle of symbolism, which rules in every department of their amazing art.

This delightful visit to Mrs Barnes's quarters, and the chat that accompanied it, took place on the following day, 6th June, in the course of an inspection of the large choice of Navajo rugs which they have for sale, at prices far more moderate than any we saw elsewhere. Obtaining them direct from the Indians, and having no expensive establishment to keep up, like the Harvey Museums, they can sell at prices that place within the reach of moderate means much that would otherwise lie beyond them. They were most accommodating in the way they fell in with our desire to see and admire, and the recollection still rankles of our having turned out after all such unsatisfactory customers. The power, not the will, was wanting, let me assure them. Any reader of mine who is interested can obtain particulars of these beautiful rugs from Mrs Barnes, To Delide, Houck, Arizona.

In the end, finding how interested we were in all they had to tell about the country and its inhabitants—and they knew a great deal, for Mr Barnes has traded among them most of his life,—Mr Barnes offered, if we would stay over for a day, to motor us to another trading-station seventeen miles deeper into the reservation, in the very midst of the Indians, and close to some old Aztec ruins. The offer was much too tempting to be refused, and, moreover,



Indian Ovens (near Houck).



there was so much to talk about that we anticipated, as they did, with pleasure, the chance of a social evening when the day's activities should be over and a further interchange of experiences. So we decided that New York must be kept waiting one day longer for the privilege of seeing us arrive, and off we all went, packed snugly into the car, which our host steered at an amazing pace to right and left along the fantastic twists and turns of the winding sandy roads, among which by some sixth sense he made unerring selection. Bumps and hollows were all alike to him, and the car was expected to stand it, or break—time was too precious to waste. I, after the slow pace to which I am accustomed, found it rather trying, especially to my head, which jerked about uncomfortably whenever I tried to rest it, and I have heard since without surprise, and as an agreeable confirmation of my feelings, that the accident of broken necks is a danger of which motorists are advised to take note, a sudden jerk to a sleeper having been known to result fatally. I was safe, however, for I did not sleep—far from it. It is not every motor trip conveys you through a district whose very name gives you the feeling that you are part of a story-book. "The Navajo Indian Reservation" lives up to the sound of its name, as I think I have made clear, or failed hopelessly in my description of it. We were launched once more upon an immense prairie solitude, with here a touch of desert, there a suggestion of forest—and not a living soul did we encounter until we reached the outskirts of the little trading settlement for which we were bound, if I except the three Indians seated at the door of their hogan, who unkindly disappeared the moment our camera came into view. That they would have made a characteristic picture was a fact that impressed them not at all, whereas the danger of submitting to this inexplicable process of the powers

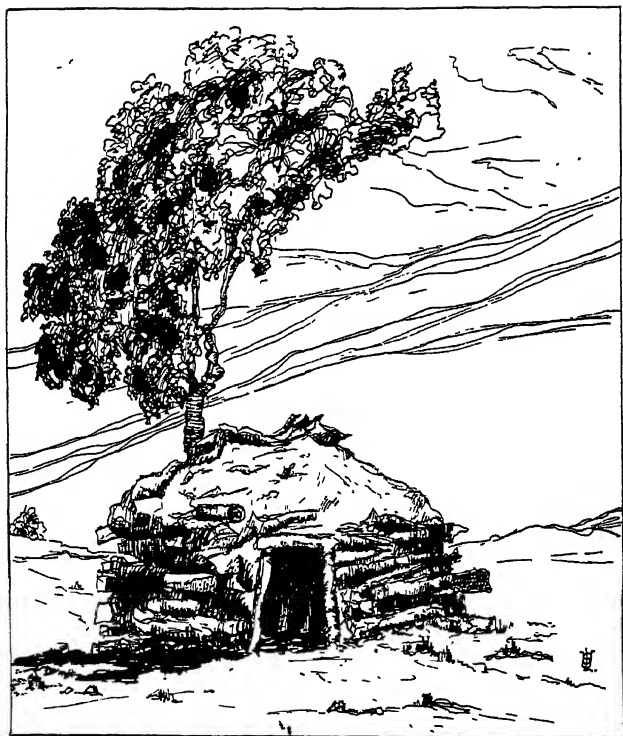


of magic was a thing they understood and would run no risk of.

We got a good picture of a hogan, though an empty one, which no Indian would ever inhabit again, for in it one of them had died. The dwelling in which such a disaster occurs is abandoned for ever.

The hogan, the dwelling of the Navajo Indian, is a hut in the shape of a bee-hive, made of rough logs, whose interstices are filled in with mud. A big hole is left in the centre for the smoke, the only other opening being the large doorway which forms the entrance to it.

We had a glorious time at the store, outside of which several Indians were assembled with wares to dispose of, while others within were doing business across the counter. Mr Barnes introduced us to his wife's cousin, Mrs Spencer Balcomb, who kindly brought out for our inspection numbers of exasperatingly exquisite things—some of them going remarkably cheap, owing to being unredeemed pledges—necklaces, belts, and bridles of silver beautifully jewelled with turquoises, which are their favourite stone. It is the usual method pursued by the Indian when he is "hard up" to bring in these precious objects, many of them family heirlooms, but he rarely loses them. When the pinch is over and he sells his wool, then he is in funds and gets them back. The Indian carries most of his wealth on or about his person, and the status of the Navajo you meet can be very fairly gauged by his or her clothing and equipment—at least to the extent of making it usual to gauge his status by the clothing he wears. There are, in fact, some really wealthy Navajos; one known to our friends is worth \$100,000.00. We met one lady outside Mrs Barnes's store who must have been one of the Navajo "four hundred," for the general effect of her dress was absolutely gorgeous, largely enhanced



Navajo (Arizona) Indian Hogan (hut).



doubtless by her numerous bead necklaces studded at intervals with heavy pieces of lovely turquoise, and the silver bracelets similarly set. Then the chased silver buttons, worked up like all the rest of these silver ornaments out of Mexican dollars, are most decorative, and when these are used to fasten a kind of waistcoat of beaded buckskin, you have something both striking and beautiful, striking, too, in a different sense when you first meet such a display on a path in the wilderness one hundred miles from anywhere. Most of the business of importance, Mrs Barnes told us, is transacted with the women, whose word can be implicitly relied upon, and who, it seems, have the entire management of the finances.

We came here across an odd instance of Navajo customs and superstitions. Among the purchasers in the store at the time we arrived was a very old wrinkled woman, whom we tried in vain, through our trader friend, to induce to stand for a snapshot. They have the greatest horror of the camera, and it is only here and there among the educated, or those who have associated with Americans, that this is found to be outgrown. Having failed in this direction, Mrs Balcomb now told us to watch with what ease and rapidity a word would drive her customer from the store. She turned to the store-room at the back, upon which the shop opened, and called to a man at work there: "Joe, Joe, I want you." The effect was magical. The old lady drew her shawl about her head, and incontinently bundled out of the shop as fast as her old legs would carry her, and we saw her no more. *Explanation*: the man called was the old lady's son-in-law. Now it is laid down in Navajo lore that a man must never look upon the face of his mother-in-law. Should such an unfortunate event occur he would infallibly be struck blind! Life must be rather complicated in a community ruled by such a belief. Imagine the horrible sense of insecurity of the unlucky hus-

bands, the unhappy responsibility of the mothers-in-law, and the deprivations of the wives in keeping up family relations at such an awful risk ! It provokes a smile, of course, to hear of anything so unreasoning, but it can be no laughing matter to these poor Indians, for whom one feels genuinely sorry.

“Wide Ruins” were close by, and out of these the Indians have dug up many complete pieces of pottery, of which we secured a few small specimens. We ourselves picked up pieces of the broken pottery strewn all about the place, relics of that vanished prehistoric race, inhabitants of the cave dwellings that we were to see later, and the precursors of the Indians of to-day.

We got back to lunch, which Mrs Barnes had prepared for us, and in the afternoon mine host once more invited us to join him in a drive to Houck, eight miles off, whence we should be able to despatch a needful telegram. The indefatigable girls were as fresh as ever, and went off with Mr and Mrs Barnes ; but my old head had had enough of motoring, and preferred the pillow for a change, so I stayed behind and rested, preparatory to spending a pleasant evening to wind up the day. A delightful one it proved, talks with Mr and Mrs Barnes and the educated Indian who works for them, interspersed with numbers on our phonograph, which we brought in for the occasion.

We parted on the following morning with much goodwill on both sides, evidenced in the last instance by the assistance given us in negotiating the steep approach to a bridge which the girls had marked out the day before on the road to Houck as a possible danger. Mr Barnes kindly motored after us to the spot, and was at hand in case of anything going wrong, though in the end the difficulty turned out a trivial one, and what little there was we got over with our usual luck.

By this time we had, of course, perceived that we had been premature in our wholesome condemnation of the cowboy, who, by turning us aside from the Santa Fé trail and launching us upon our adventures on the Indian Reservation, had been instrumental in giving us these two delightful days. We were quite as ready, though, with our mental apologies as we had been with our vituperation, and retracted generously all the hard things we had said about him. "All's well that ends well." We shall think of him henceforward with the warmest appreciation of his happy idea, which ended in giving us such charming and exciting recollections.

We regained the Santa Fé trail, from which he had with such admirable foresight deflected us, and proceeded without having to pass through Houck, which we left on our right, along a road growing hourly more interesting and picturesque, for we were getting into the region of those extraordinary rocks whose bizarre shapes and whose marvels of colouring are one of the outstanding features of New Mexico, the borders of which were not far away.

Only one tiny settlement did we pass on the stretch of about twenty miles, which brought us to a little trading-post called Lupton, where we made camp in an inviting open spot in the neighbourhood of a few scattered houses. Something like an English common it looked in the evening light, with its green plots broken by thick clumps of bushes, only on either side—to the left of us within a few hundred yards, to the right perhaps three-quarters of a mile distant—rose the fantastic walls of rock, within which, it seemed, our next day's journey was to lie. Nothing English about them! Nothing, indeed, resembling anything that we had been accustomed to, for the natural features of New Mexico have a character of their own, entirely unlike anything we had met with elsewhere on the ordinary line of march. Finding ourselves for the first time

in the midst of them at the pensive hour when one is apt to long for the lighted windows of home, to us three women far away from all in the world to whom we meant anything, the surroundings took on a character of impressive unreality, as though of something lying mysteriously materialised before us out of the grotesque region of dreams. Some of these rocks were in the exact shape of giant haystacks, suggesting a time in the long-forgotten ages when some monster prehistoric man deposited them at the foot of the cliff, to be turned, like the Petrified Forest, into stone.

Recalling the weirdness and isolation of that evening, I wonder at remembering nothing in the nature of creepiness or fear—nothing but a keen realisation of the romantic nature of the enterprise, which left me by myself in the gathering gloom making preparations for supper, while my companions took the horses to water at a river half a mile away at the foot of the cliff. Also, let me add, a regretful recognition of the fact that a little more of the commonplace would have been acceptable in place of the anxious hustle immediately subsequent to their welcome return, for the reason that, from the threatening look of the sky, a dark and lowering storm was brewing, which would surely overwhelm us in the night. Storms in New Mexico are no child's play, and this sort of introduction to that State was hardly a welcome. However, we took what precautions we could, protected the horses with waterproof rugs, hauled in the canvas on every side of our home, and hoped for the best.

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## CHAPTER XI.

## FIRST DAYS IN NEW MEXICO.

The air on whose freshness we float, the sweet sun  
 Smiling large invitation ; the rapture  
 Unreasoned, the charm of the things to be done,  
 And the thrill of the doing, we capture  
 Them all in our magical youth when daylight is breaking  
 In the exquisite moment of waking !

FAR from having been disturbed by any convulsions of Nature, we woke on 9th June, very early, to a glorious sunrise. I did not get up, having been below the mark for several days, and just now more acutely so, due to a great extent to tinned foods, probably aided by the alkaline water. The Artist and the Skipper, leaving me, rode off with the stock to water, and were away so long that I began to grow uneasy and to fear some misadventure. However, back they came at last, brimful of the fun and the interest of their morning adventure. The fun had come unexpectedly by leaving "Jim" loose for the first time and trusting him to follow, which he did with wild delight in his freedom, indulging in skips, jumps, and kicks that would have done credit to a colt, but looked excruciatingly comical in a staid old horse such as he had shown himself to be in the collar. He ended by taking in an easy stride several huge bushes that stood between him and the stream, into which he triumphantly plunged, while the two spectators of his gymnastic feats enjoyed the best laugh of many a day.

The unexpected interest of his antics and their



find had so absorbed them that they were led to postpone for the while the duties of the day's march. They found the river's bank was strewn with ruins, among which lay quantities of broken pottery similar to that found at "Wide Ruins" two days ago.

Imagine the fascination of making this discovery, and finding such treasures of antiquity waiting to be picked up! They brought back numbers of pieces of pottery, and some of the bright coloured stones of which these people made their spear-heads, also the black ones used for polishing always found in proximity to the pottery. Many of our specimens turned out to be quite as good as those to be seen under glass cases at the Santa Fé Museum, but, of course, only laborious digging and the expenditure of much time, plus good luck, could secure a whole piece. The latter we hardly hoped for, though we did find whole pieces more than once when we snatched an hour on the march to work with pick and shovel, realising incidentally that we were only pecking at the job, but we were prepared for and willing to face the ensuing disappointment, provided only we were privileged to taste the fascination and glamour which fires the soul of prospector and explorer. Never, I believe, will any one of us be quite reconciled again to the ordinary plod through life until we have worked New Mexico's allurements out of our system by a few months devotion to the discovery of its hidden treasures of antiquity. That being a dream unlikely of fulfilment, I fear that "worm. the bud" will henceforward prey on us.

We got off about 9.30, careful to make no purchases at the store, as there was an epidemic of small-pox at some point of the reservation in this neighbourhood. We had not proceeded far before reaching the border-line which introduced us to New Mexico, an event of such importance to us as to make worth while a delay while the camera was brought out—one of our failures again, I suppose,

for I cannot find it. Fortunately, though, we have a film record of one bit of the scenery which made the day so memorable, and which may help, with the aid of description, in reconstructing something like it in the mind's eye of the reader.

"Perfectly glorious scenery" is the record in my diary of this day, during which Nature unfolded to us a panorama which can never be confused in our memories with any other, for it stands by itself among a series of days filled to overflowing with prospects of wild, rugged, unfamiliar beauty.

After a few miles of stony waterless valley enclosed by the walls of sandstone within which we had entered the evening before, and whose unexpected and extraordinary shapes forbade an instant's dullness, the southern wall began to fall away. The vista enlarged by degrees, and as we passed gradually from desert to prairie, we found ourselves being launched, as it were, upon an ocean whose southern shore, as far as the eye could reach, was swept by an illimitable forest. On our left—to the north that is—were still the rocks—and what rocks! Great jagged cliffs, and rounded headlands, and tortuous inlets—surely, surely the sea must surge at their foot! Hollowed out and worn smooth by winds, they say, yet reminding us the whole time of the cliffs of our native land. The "Seven Sisters" in Sussex were so shaped, but here is no surface of dazzling white. From its base to half its height the cliff is a rich glowing red, then bright yellow to the top, which in its turn is crowned in many places with a thick belt of green firs. Can the reader imagine the effect of such colouring under the blue of a summer sky? And putting the finishing touch to the spectacle, there began to come into sight facing us, to the east, a distant mountain, which might have been one of the high Alps in its rounded outline displaying, in exquisite contrast to the reds and yellows of the northern horizon, the beautiful

deep blue tints to which we are accustomed in the European highlands. Mount Taylor, height 11,000 feet, seen as we saw it, made a picture none of us will ever forget.

In the foreground, moreover, as though to wipe out familiar impressions, and swiftly to remind us that, after all, this is a strange land of strange things, stood conspicuous a curious mountain of red rock, shaped like a prodigious gabled house, on a scale suited to the ancient gods. For hours it made a striking landmark, changing its apparent proportions as we advanced, but always retaining its character—queer, abnormal, eccentric, a fitting introduction to the surprises of New Mexico.

Gallup, N.M., is, for these parts, quite a considerable place, boasting about 4000 inhabitants, and this we reached after a twenty-five mile trip at about five o'clock, in spite of nearly half an hour's delay caused by the dogs. These dear creatures, infected apparently by our enthusiasm, availed themselves of a stop which we made for the investigation of some interesting-looking ruins, to institute researches on their own account, and when we were ready to start they were nowhere to be found. After calling loudly, and waiting for some time, we tried a feint departure, which soon brought them tearing down the road after us, "Minx" especially going into shrill raptures of joy, from which we were evidently intended to gather that the whole thing was an accident for which she was in no way responsible.

Getting in so early gave us plenty of time to look about for a feed-yard, which in towns would offer the only quarters adapted to our needs, yet might be open to objections of the same nature as those attaching to public camping grounds. We were successful in finding something roomy and convenient, both for ourselves and the horses, and within comfortable reach of the shops, all of which was lucky in view of the fact that we found our-

selves obliged to remain six whole days, not taking our departure until the morning of 16th June.

The time was well occupied, however, as the down-pour of rain which deluged the country for at least three days led us to feel wonderfully comforted at our good fortune in finding ourselves in such comparative luxury. Shelter for the horses at night, while they could roam the ample premises in company with various travelling companions by day, removed one of our anxieties. The proximity of water and stores allayed the rest. An unexpected extra was supplied by the office which mine host kindly placed at our disposal, and which was only a few yards away from our van. We were thus enabled to spread a little, for it will be easily understood that when it rains the caravanner is apt to feel himself cramped for room. Accustomed to the practically unlimited space surrounding whatever spot he happens to have chosen for his home, the conditions change somewhat when he is suddenly asked to confine his domestic activities to what is left out of a floor space six by fourteen after taking out bed, bureaus, and lockers! There is no denying that carrying on ordinary existence under these circumstances is somewhat of a trial, and that tempers are apt to suffer in consequence. The polished floor—the housekeeper's pride—disappears under a coating of mud, for boots can't be taken off, and rubbers have to be brought in if the insides of them are to be kept dry; likewise dripping mackintosh coats; likewise sou'westers. We spread newspapers on the floor; we knock the mud off the rubbers. We empty the gutters of rain-water around the hats. We shake the coats vigorously—at the open door, of course, at which in comes with a gust a more or less liberal sprinkling of rain, probably wetting the first half of our home, but unable to reach as far as the bed, so that at least our bedding is immune.

No matter, precautions stand no chance, we are wet and dirty and uncomfortable more than half the time, and we begin secretly to fight the temptation to envy those who are wise enough to build houses and live in them. At any rate, we jumped at the office proposition and spent there many a refreshing hour, warm and dry by the good stove, reading or chatting with the drovers assembled there for a gossip, or in my case rejoicing in the use of a table for writing, not in constant requisition for sorting clothes, or peeling potatoes, or cleaning saucepans, or spreading needlework, or laying the cloth for meals.

Meals! Yes, our wonderful chef, the Artist, managed these all right in spite of everything, and, in a sense, saved the situation by periodically restoring good humour. Doesn't Shakespeare tell us that—

"The veins unfill'd our blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd  
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood  
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls  
Than in our solemn fasts."

The comfort and cheer to be derived from a good hot meal is a thing people who have not caravanned in the rain have yet to find out!

Taken altogether, we felt reason once more to be thankful to the friends who had consulted the stars on our behalf. Luck was so manifestly on our side. Short of changing its intrinsic nature, no climate could have done more for us. To begin with, the weather had so far been—with one or two exceptions—absolutely delightful, even in regions where it is not usually so. On the few occasions when it had ventured a variation from that pleasing programme, it had done so with an evident consideration of our circumstances, which it would have been ungrateful to overlook.

Did not the tropical downpour in California hold back until we were within reach of Glendora and ample shelter? When cold and snow overtook us at the canyon, could we have been better placed to encounter them? And here was a spell of stormy weather, which, if it had caught us at Lupton, for instance, would have turned out a very different tale. No, grumbles, by unanimous admission, were out of place, and the more we reviewed the situation, the clearer did that truth become. No sandstorms on the desert, and no excessive heat, not even at Needles! Only cool airs and sweet sunshine and clarity of atmosphere, which it was a joy to recall. Beautiful weather almost the whole time, and since the summer had begun, and we were reading of terrible heat waves elsewhere, behold us travelling at elevations varying between 5000 and 7000 feet—more often nearing the latter—rarely too hot, refreshed by soft airs by day, revived by cool nights, and never so much as hearing of a mosquito! More than this, at about this time took place those terrible floods on the Arkansas River, of which in our later journeyings we were to see the sinister traces. Had we hurried, as we originally intended, there is every likelihood that we should have found ourselves in their path; and if we had escaped that calamity we should have gained little by our haste, for the broken bridges and ruined roadways would have lain before us. Every decision we made seemed to turn out for the best.

There were other charms than those I have mentioned about that feed-yard—attractions of a kind which attaches to them all,—I mean that our position as people travelling by road brought us into close touch with a very interesting class, one which, under ordinary circumstances, we should not have been likely to meet, or, if we did meet, probably not on terms of such friendly understanding. In this case, one of our fellow-sojourners in the yard was a

picturesque ranchman from Southern Texas, who, with a brother—a white-haired man of over seventy—had made the journey by emigrant car with his entire outfit of nine horses and a quantity of farm paraphernalia. They had shake-downs in a couple of sheds (where their livestock and other goods were disposed of), making a home of the place until they should have fixed on their property somewhere in the neighbourhood of Gallup. Our friend, affable and always ready to be helpful, was a cheery old fellow with a dry sense of humour, which we greatly enjoyed, and which evidenced itself in the first place in his account of our anticipated arrival. For, to our surprise, we heard it *was* anticipated. An elderly couple whom we recalled having seen in Holbrook, driving a team of white horses, had put up at the feed-yard some days ago, and announced that a camp waggon was to be expected in charge of three old ladies, one of whom drove the leader, the other the team, while the third attended to the brake! “But, bless you,” concluded our informant, with a twinkle in his eye, “though I looks out sharp when you drove in, I couldn’t see nothin’ but three boys!” This other party was also from Los Angeles, and was bound for Wichita, Kansas, but their team was in bad shape, said our friend, while marvelling at ours; and later on, in Albuquerque, we heard at the feed-yard there that they had been unable to get farther with the horses, had turned them out to grass, and were completing the distance by rail.

As a sequel to the days of downpour came one of the most magnificent sunsets I ever remember to have seen, even in this country where they are the rule. In town, surrounded by houses—nothing very lofty, it is true—still, in a confined space there was nothing to mark it in the way of scenery, no vistas of mountain or prairie, nothing but the colouring of the sky itself. The clouds, upon which the sun was shining, were broken into soft billowing avenues of

massed white and grey, rose colour and crimson, leading the eye through depths clear, but oh! how far to seas of blue, whose tints—so intense, so tender, so vivid, so infinitely varied—can surely never have been beheld before! We stood in the open yard, feet in the mud, heads tilted skywards, gazing, gazing, gazing. It was an absorbing marvellous spectacle of colour.

Gallup is memorable in our recollection from the fact that here the Sculptor rejoined us, leaving the question of a return east to be settled later, not at all unwilling to fall in with our desire that he share with us the wonders of New Mexico. Of these we heard so much from the owners of the feed-yard, who had spent some thirty years or more driving cattle from place to place through this little known land, that I marvel we had the fortitude to stick to the Santa Fé trail, and were not deflected some sixty miles or more by mountain trail to Pueblo<sup>1</sup> Bonito, with its house of 1000 rooms, one of a group of eleven large prehistoric ruins, whence we could, or thought we could, have reached Albuquerque. We certainly entertained the plan seriously for a space, looked up the details, as far as the map would give them, and weighed the matter well, coming to the, I am sure, fortunate decision that the ordinary high-road, being in most cases quite difficult enough, and there being a suggestion that on the proposed trail one or two bridges absolutely indispensable to our progress had lately been washed away by cloudbursts, we had better "let well alone," which is what we did. Mine host's wife, whose accounts had so nearly led to this fresh distinctly risky adventure, consoled me by the presentation of a piece of prehistoric pottery, one of many picked

<sup>1</sup> The word "Pueblo" means "settlement" in Spanish America. An article on "Everyday Life in Pueblo Bonito," the result of three years' exploration on behalf of the Society, appeared in the September number of the 'National Geographical Magazine.'



up by herself in the course of their travels, and in use at that precise moment as a soap-dish.

She had more of it stored away—she didn't know where, and lots of it had got smashed, she said, for they were accustomed to coming across these things on the march, and took them into use as a matter of course, until the pitcher's fate overtook them! One especially fine specimen of a jar of large size, likewise destroyed, and mentioned with regret, was described as having been discovered by one of the riders of the party whose horse's hoof, striking against something hard, led to investigations. They dug and the jar emerged. Imagine the seductive powers of a country where such things have happened, and may happen to you or me! To see her at the wash-tub or hanging out her clothes to dry, or busied about the living rooms, whose chaotic state, induced by happy-go-lucky parents and rampaging children, did not appear to worry her in the least, while in the midst of unattractive and prosaic objects she held forth upon topics that might have formed the burden of a dozen fairy tales—it was the oddest thing. She was familiar with the cluster of ruins mentioned above, taken over by the government only a few months ago, and previous to that time explored by the trader who had a station there, a friend of theirs, who had unearthed \$50,000 worth of jewellery and curios. Ancient graves, treasure-laden, and buried chambers and prehistoric cave dwellings—to her these were all as household words, each one of which you may be sure I gathered, like precious manna as it fell, following her about piously, for the purpose, from place to place as she worked and discoursed.

Yes, that excellent woman is certainly responsible for a large proportion of the severity, so to speak, of the attacks of mental intermittent fever which we became subject to in New Mexico, of which I recognise the symptoms in me as I write, and which,

goodness knows whether we shall ever be cured of ! Not even the corroborative accounts later received from so absolute an authority as General Brown, in charge for the Government at Santa Fé, could carry the thrill of her realistic talks concerning the amazing canyons that dumfounded the wanderer at the very moment when he considers himself the most forlorn of mortals in the most arid of waterless deserts. Often, she told me, when passing across some desolate stretch in regions probably untrodden hitherto by any but the Indian—and there are many such—there suddenly at their feet would open an immense chasm, rocky with boulders of a strange shape and hue perhaps, but with a clear stream springing out of them, and rich grass, and delightful verdure and exquisite ferns—a very Paradise whose existence is to this day unsuspected, which they were the first to behold, and which it is more than likely no eye has rested upon since. Who could be content with a bowing acquaintance with such a land of faerie ?

To be the wife of a cattle-trader whose home is in his waggon, and whose family roams with him, may seem to, and doubtless does, involve a life of hardships, yet upon me, listening as she chatted, grew the conviction that these may be considered light in comparison with the inflictions suffered in the centres of civilisation when circumstances are adverse. What have many of our hardest workers to talk about after twenty or thirty years of toil ? What stirring recollections have they stored up during the deadly monotony of the daily grind ? At any rate, here was a cheery specimen of the Wild West, a woman who had roughed it with her children on the desert and the prairie, able to appreciate yesterday while enjoying to-day, because the years had kept alive in her that elusive flame which in most of us dies early—the zest of living.

## CHAPTER XII.

## MALE ESCORT ONCE MORE.

Kind comrades male, we women hail  
The conscious strength, the courtly spell about you,  
Yet must it be confessed you're at your best  
When quite convinced we're game to do without you !

WE got off at last, once more under efficient male protection, on 16th June, the date upon which our host's family also were off on a visit to their ranch, distant some two days' trek to the mountains. We overtook their picturesque outfit a few miles out of Gallup, and successfully snapped it.

The road during this day was, comparatively speaking, good, except for a few miles of very heavy sand at a point where road-making was going on, and where the trail which we had to follow for the time being took the shape now of a deep gully between high sandy banks, now of a track just wide enough for our vehicle, and to turn aside from this latter to either right or left would have meant instant subsidence into the soft sand, to which the narrow rims of our wheels offered too little surface resistance. This was perfectly evident to the least intelligent observer, and we were therefore not a little surprised and somewhat indignant when a motorist coming in the opposite direction calmly requested us to pull out into the sand and make room for him ! Inasmuch as the power vehicle has the best of it anyway, a fact recognised by the rule of the road which gives the advantage always to

horsed vehicles, this was a request with which we found ourselves unable to comply, a decision with which we lost no time in politely acquainting him. His reply was characteristic of the kind to which he belongs, and was couched without circumlocution as follows: "Well, I don't want to get overturned a second time, or stuck in the sand either!" If he with his broad low wheels and pneumatic tyres was unable to negotiate the problem, how did he suppose *we* were going to do so? The Sculptor thereupon informed the gentleman with a frosty smile that if he felt unable to cope with the situation, there would be no choice for either of us—we should simply have to halt in our tracks. This, he added, we were perfectly prepared to do; we had our home with us, and were supplied with all the necessaries of life. We could wait as long as he could. Immediate change of front—the car backed, swerved off the roadway, chugged through the obnoxious sand back on to the track, and disappeared. The episode was the only one on the whole trip which brought us into unpleasant relations with a motorist.

Rocks of strange shapes and glorious colours reappeared after this sandy tract, especially in the neighbourhood of Zuni, quite a considerable place, about which I recall nothing except its proximity to these extraordinary specimens of Nature's architecture. For miles and miles, bounding our horizon to the north, ran a formation of bright red sandstone, above and at the back of which appeared a series of sculptured rocks for all the world like highly ornamental decorations of stone, conspicuous among which were the massive piles known as Navaho Church and the Pyramid Rock. Again and again in New Mexico I would find myself looking at the palisades, or ramparts, or pillared walls along which we were passing as upon something artificial, and a definite effort was needed to correct the brain's error and realise that these ornate surfaces and

chiselled patterns and intricate engravings were the work of Nature, *not* of man !

Prairie little by little superseded sand, and oh ! how enchanting was the change to our eyes so long accustomed to the aridity of the Arizona deserts. Prairie dogs sat up prettily as ever, contemplating us at the safe entrance to their subterranean homes ; but how much more charming to see them surrounded by a sea of green, even though the grass was coarse and broken by rough thorny bushes. It was a refreshment you must experience to understand, and we welcomed it every time with gratitude.

The more I ponder upon and recall it, the more it is borne in upon me that there is something phenomenal in the aptitude of the caravanner's frame of mind for getting the most out of everything that happens, good or bad. I don't say "indifferent," not being able to remember anything of that nature at the moment, for in that life somehow there is no such thing as indifference. It will be granted, I think, that this makes out a pretty good case in regard to the economy of caravanning ! Not its financial economy, of course—though that will admit of easy proof,—I mean economy of the intrinsic enjoyable possibilities latent in every event of the daily life. Hardship becomes merely a synonym for adventure, and when the hardship is removed, what relief, what ease, what revelment in the commonplace comfort automatically transformed into a luxury !

Luxury it certainly was when we passed from prairie into forest, scattered pines and firs sheltering us delightfully from the rays of the noonday sun, which lighted up those wonderful red cliffs that gleamed far away through the breaks in the forest trees—an effect of colour that kept our necks perpetually craned northwards lest we should miss another glimpse of it. Alternations of prairie and forest provided interest and pleasure during the remainder

of the seventeen miles that finally landed us at the section-house of Perea on the open prairie.

Not a very remarkable distance to cover, but as much as we could expect, what with a late start, heavy sand to begin with, and long delays caused by experiments with the team, which our rancher friend insisted we should get better results with driven three abreast. His plan would have been all right probably with a farm waggon, but ours was differently constructed, and the arrangement wouldn't work, and had to be altered, with dissatisfaction on the part of the toilers so unprofitably saddled with unremunerative labours. Then the Skipper was compelled to ride back to Gallup at the start to remedy the result of another experiment with "Gray's" shoes. Why is it we are so foolish as to keep listening to well-meant advice, unable to subdue our natural modesty to the point of understanding and acting upon the fact that in nine cases out of ten we know more than the givers of it? Neither the blacksmith nor the rancher had the grasp of the conditions affecting us that we had ourselves, and the lesson, it is to be hoped, will sink deep.

It was a fine and romantic camp, commanding vast distant views of utterly uninhabited regions. The little section-house and the proximity of the line alone seemed to link us up with the rest of the world, until along came a motorist from the direction of Gallup, and he broke up our poetic fancies by minute inquiries as to the way, which he seemed to assume *we* ought to know all about, while ignorance on his part was only to be expected. However, we were glad to be of service, if only to inform him that one of the names he mentioned was a little station he had passed several miles back.

June 17th continued the variety of scenery, much of it barren and rocky, the haunt of magnificent eagles, which beguiled the Sculptor into many a patient stalk, without result, however, for he carried

only a shot-gun. It is distinctly maddening to observe the feathers fly while the bird soars majestically on, undisturbed by man's puny efforts to shatter his regal serenity. Then there was more prairie, and again beautiful forest clothing the "Continental Divide," 7500 feet, which we crossed in the morning, reaching a settlement once more in an absolute waste of sand—Thoreau (pronounce "Thro")—about lunch-time.

Here we stopped for refreshments and repairs, and here poor "Don" once more distinguished himself by getting his paw caught under the wheel as we started. Fortunately, owing to the soft sand on which it rested, he was not seriously hurt, though very much frightened, and by his pitiable howls reducing me to the same sad state. Every one comforted and petted him, the foot was bandaged, and a snug corner was made for him at the back of the van, where he would be out of the way of stumbling feet.

Our next excitement, of a pleasanter nature, was an encounter—at a distance and without exchange of intimate compliments—with a huge timber wolf. Our road at that point ran very near the railway-line, between which and us lay only a stretch of fenced-in grass, with a gate at the corner nearest the line. There stood, perhaps fifty yards or less away, an immense animal, head erect, staring at us. The creature was so near and so unafraid that the first thought suggested that it might be some monstrous wolf-like dog, the property of a neighbouring rancher. Hence hesitation to use the gun and a few moment's pause, during which our strange inquisitor decided he did not like the looks of us, and turning, loped off across the railway-line into the dun-coloured semi-prairie beyond. No doubt about him then! That was the gait and the speed of a wolf, nothing else, and off went the hunter in pursuit, but too late. The only wild animal of any size

we set eyes on during our whole trip had vanished into his native haunts, and we saw his like no more.

My attention is here drawn to the fact that though I have on several occasions extolled our good luck in various respects, I have not hitherto paused to bewail our disappointments in the direction of reptiles and ferocious beasts of prey. I have not complained of the horned toads and lizards of the Mohave whose photographs we failed to secure, recognising that we did not give them the necessary opportunity for a sitting, and therefore have no right to feel injured at their non-appearance. But when it comes to rattlesnakes, of which there certainly must have been at one point and another hundreds within a stone's-throw of us ever since the weather became warm, it does seem an unkind cut of Fate to forbid us so much as a glimpse of one gliding away in the distance, to say nothing of the intoxication of meeting a fine six-footer face to face, as did our Italian rival during his first week on the Mohave, killing the same by a blow on the spine. Nothing, I believe, was so dear a wish of the Sculptor's heart as a *tête-à-tête* of the kind, and failing it, I fear me much he has gone away a saddened if not an embittered man, and forceful has been his language on more than one occasion when a crushed snake lying in the road has given indubitable proof as to the greater good fortune of the motorist ahead of us. Rigid self-examination would, I think, lead me to the belief that, except as an occasion of altruistic sympathy, I was personally not overwhelmed with regret at these calamities. I always did loathe snakes and serpents, poisonous spiders, and centipedes, and have had all the excitement I desire in the nightly chases after tarantulas that were the frequent prelude to bed in the Argentine sierras. A bite from one of those creatures is quite dangerous enough for me, and I considered the money spent on the snake-bite



outfits with which we had provided ourselves far better invested in the shape of precaution and peace of mind than in an actual possibility of their being needed. I was positively *glad* some one else had done the killing! But in respect of wolves and mountain lions and bears, we were at one! It was a trial of the first order to be travelling through a country where mountain lions (of the puma order, but larger) and wolves do damage among the cattle to the tune of millions of dollars a year, and to have less chance of laying eyes on one than any London child that pays sixpence to see one at the Zoo. Why, one single grey wolf has lately been killed in Montana that was by himself responsible for damage of \$3000. But all these startling figures were no use whatever to us, nor have enabled me to add any touch of dignity to the replies I made when questioned on the subject of our hunting experiences. *We had none.* I tell the simple truth about the matter, much to the disapproval and disgust of the second of my daughters, the one who was not with us, but who is even more ambitious than the others to see the participators in the expedition crowned with a halo of honour and glory, even if unearned! She has repeatedly urged me to insert something really exciting: an unexpected attack by a ferocious beast, a hazardous brush with brutal bandits, from which we just escape with our lives, thanks to each other's magnificent heroism—something of that sort, without which she is profoundly convinced that the public will obstinately decline to peruse my tale of travel. But, alas! I have to confess that my talents do not lie in that direction. I tell the plain unvarnished story of what actually happened, and must refer the dissatisfied to the many charming volumes of fiction whose heroes and heroines are placed in the Far West, and which we find a hundredfold more enjoyable since making acquaintance ourselves with the conditions among which they move.

No, we were not even stampeded in the middle of the night by the stealthy approach of a mad skunk, against which we were strictly warned in Arizona, the danger of sleeping out being emphasised by cowboy friends who knew. But we were inclined to regard it in itself as rather a distinction to be spending our days and nights in a land where taking account of such perils formed part of the routine, where we wore high heavy boots as a protection against snake-bite, where we wandered from the beaten track with caution, and where it was considered unwise to inhabit a tent by night without first surrounding it with a hempen rope, across which no "rattler" will venture to crawl. It was all the satisfaction I personally craved out of a horrid, little, rabid animal that digs its death-dealing teeth into your slumbering head for no reason at all, and all I asked of the genus reptile. At any rate, whether satisfied or not, it was all we got, and we made the most of it. We likewise extracted compensation for the irritating behaviour of the wild animals on which we ought to have been able to count for a plentiful supply of perturbations of a hair-raising character. Nightly to hear the call of the coyotes—the note of the wild—and to know that if we did not fasten up our collie securely one of those cunning creatures would entice him cleverly away, until at a safe distance the whole pack would surround and tear him to pieces—this was as near as we got to the prowlers of the night who surrounded us. Yet we knew they were there, we had evidence of it, and the thought encouraged our conception of each one of the party as a doughty venturous being, a kind of distant cousin to the explorer himself, which sensations, swelling at times to delightful proportions, made amends in some degree for the perilous distractions that so persistently eluded us. But when all is told, it comes to this—we were not attacked by animals, nor bitten by snakes,

nor molested by road-agents, and there is an end of it.

Baca, where we camped that night at the foot of a hillock in a country that was not desert, yet hardly prairie—wild and deserted and fitted for the enactment of any of those desirable stimulating scenes that ought to have taken place but did not,—brought up our day's record to twenty-seven miles.

A sunset as beautiful as the one we were treated to here is apt to be accompanied by more than a touch of melancholy when you gaze upon it across a vista of endless distance, in which you feel yourself to be the only intruder. Houses and people seem just accidents in these great lone lands, but pleasant ones, be it understood. The fact that this was an Indian trading-station as well as a section-house of the railway whispered comforting things to the involuntary feeling of loneliness—yes, even though the whisper started in life as the piercing scream of the train that was hurrying past, it reached one's spirit as something very soft and soothing, telling us that, after all, we human creatures are sociable and need each other, and are glad of the links that bind us together.

I know that we had great difficulty in the morning in tearing ourselves away from a fresh display of Indian bridles and saddles and necklaces and what not, and that to this day the Skipper talks of a cowboy hat in black-and-white felt that she wanted to buy, and couldn't afford. Why, oh why, do Vanderbilts and Rockfellers and people of that kind miss the glorious possibility that is theirs of roaming among these fascinating curiosities and being able to acquire *ad libitum*? I always did think that most rich people don't understand the art of living, and caravanning makes me sure of it. Give us just a little more margin of expenditure, enough to allay the craving for possession from time to time, and we should not envy a millionaire of them all.

June 18th took us a distance of fourteen miles only, owing to a long delay at a blacksmith's whose solitary house was perched on the side of a hill six miles from anywhere, or, more strictly speaking, from Grant. We were sent on to him from Bluewater, where evidently he was well known. As the name indicates, there is fine water at this place, as we might have expected had we known it was a prosperous Mormon settlement. By-the-bye, are there any that are *not* prosperous? I should doubt it.

It is not its water, however, nor its Mormonism, that marks that place for distinction in our recollection; it is the fact that we there received a telegram stating that the head of the house, to rejoin whom the whole of this adventurous trip had been undertaken, had determined on taking a holiday, that he was already on his way, and that we were to notify him at Albuquerque at what point on the line beyond we would wait for him. Nothing of so radical a nature had occurred since we started. The satisfaction of knowing that the inventions were behaving themselves sufficiently well to allow their author a rest, combined with the immediate prospect of so unexpected and delightful a meeting, almost took our breath away. Everything was changed; our minds suddenly assumed the lightness of a feather, and as for the van, that evidently lost its weight simultaneously, for my impression is that it floated after the astonished horses for the remainder of the day, until gravity once more asserted itself, and we came down to earth again. Perhaps we were assisted to that result by the blacksmith's wife, good woman, who not only spared us unlimited milk, but plied us each in turn with the details of a horrible murder committed recently in the neighbourhood, she herself being in the proud position of acquaintance with both parties to the transaction.

We had fixed for our meeting-place upon a little

Indian settlement called "M'Carty's Indian village," where the trains halted on request, which we thought should prove attractive and characteristic, just the sort of place in which to make one's first acquaintance with New Mexico. The distance from the blacksmith's where we made camp was a little over eighteen miles, an easy day's travel, especially with spirits at the pitch of ours maintained in jubilant anticipation of the joys ahead.

And in the event we were not disappointed. True, the glow of the wondrous red rocks was among the things of the past, yet still to the south-west could be seen the purple mass of Mount Taylor, and there far away ran the chain of the Zuni Mountains. And as for rocks ! They were so extraordinary, so varied, and again so regular and elaborate that I had over and over again to argue myself out of the spontaneous impression that we were resting our incredulous eyes upon the intricate work of forgotten men who once inhabited these battlemented castles in the wilds.

It was a most charming day's travel, full of variety and unexpected delights, for lo ! after a few miles of prairie, taking us through the centre of the sheep industry at Grant, what should we find upon our way but a real running stream ! Oh, the green fertility of the valley along which it gurgled and purled ! Oh, the refreshment to eyes that had rested for so many months upon desert relieved here and there by prairie, but never rejoiced by the blessed sight of water ! We had never found ourselves travelling near the bank of running water since we crossed the Colorado at Needles, and that was quite different. The spectacle was too savagely desolate in its grandeur to be anything but repellent, and had no response about it to human needs. Give me a modest brook murmuring gently under the drooping willows, or a mountain beck leaping from the rocks above you to lie deeply transparent at their

feet in the green pool you have no need to be afraid of, and can even venture to fish in ; rippling musically among the boulders and singing its joyous way across the shallows, where you may wade if you have a mind to ! Do you think I would take Niagara in exchange, with all its overwhelming magnificence, and the softness and fairy-like beauty of its rainbow effects, and the thunder of its terrible voice, and the overpowering display of its blind pitiless force ? Every time I have seen Niagara I have had something of the feeling one gets by gazing too long on the stars at night—awe and worshipful bewilderment and a dizzy sense of nothingness. The intolerable immensity drives us back to the welcome lights twinkling in the windows of the home whose shelter so sweetly folds us in.

The stream whose green banks had seemed at first familiar soon took on an exotic appearance, thanks to the Indian adobe houses which began to appear here and there, with those external ornaments which we now saw for the first time, but which never lost their charm however often we beheld them, the hive-like adobe baking ovens ! The picturesqueness of them is beyond description, and is rivalled only by their usefulness, for all Mexico—whether Indian or Mexican—patronises them. Bread, and good bread let me tell you, is baked nowhere else, and therein are placed to be finished the countless shapes of pottery, so deftly formed by the cunning hands of the Indians. We saw them ourselves at Tesuque putting in a fresh batch of queer little gods, of which that village makes a speciality, and taking out finished ones, of which we secured one. But that is anticipating.

Presently, entering a small canyon, we crossed a heavy deposit of black lava rock, of which we had seen a great deal in the Mohave Desert. This, however, was of more massive formation, with clefts and rifts and crevasses, glacier-like, only jet black

instead of snow-white, a very striking and curious sight, of which we tried to get a good record, leaving our team at a distance by themselves in the road. But the lack of colouring makes it unconvincing, as so often happens, and it is ineffective without a good deal of added explanation. When farther on we came upon some of these magnificent black boulders rimming an exquisite pool of clear, blue, sunlit water, the picture in its setting of fantastic crags, beneath a warm, cloud-flecked summer sky, struck a note almost unreal in its dream-like loveliness, as though we had stepped suddenly into a veritable scene from fairyland.

I hated to leave the spot, and but for the attraction now approaching us from the direction of Albuquerque I doubt if the rest of the party could have dragged me away from it, though, to be sure, the food would have given out in time, and it is a remarkable thing how quickly hunger dulls the keen edge of appetite for scenery. So on we jogged to meet a fresh surprise, for in a few minutes, upon turning a bend in the road, behold! far below us, a vista of the valley in which lies M'Carty's, which we now perceived we should have to reach by a very rough road winding along the mountain-side, with charming glimpses (on the slopes that led to the fruitful lands below) of Indian adobe houses surrounded by rich-looking fields and clustering shade trees. We managed to make ourselves understood at an Indian ranch, the first human habitation we had seen for many miles, and there were reassured as to being on the right road. It gave the impression so entirely of a mere mountain track, and seemed so little used, that we had felt very doubtful about it. However, it was all right; we should get there evidently with patience, and of that our trek experiences have taught us to carry an almost unlimited supply, which once more proved a good thing for us, inasmuch as the miles between

us and our goal lengthened out in an exasperating way. But what a return for our labours was the novel sight of those quaint adobe houses and tiny yards, the homes of the Pueblo Indians, whose country we had now reached, clambering up the mountain-side, or clustering cosily close to the soft green bank which edged the babbling stream at its foot. Overlooking the valley and the village rose a wild crag, on whose extreme crest stood an Indian, as though cast in marble, watching, a theme which the Artist or the Sculptor may yet find themselves able to embody, though to do so at the time was entirely out of the question. Evening was coming on, there was no camping room between the stream and the village or on the lawn of the nearer side, and we should have to seek a camp elsewhere, which we proceeded to do in a very dissatisfied frame of mind, for where should we come across anything so characteristic and picturesque as this spot which we were obliged to leave? We grumbled too soon, however, for eventually, after crossing a desert patch to the other side of the railway, see the aspect suddenly changed back, there was our stream again in more spacious surroundings; there, within ten minutes of the station, was a perfect Indian home, with yard and outbuildings and fields (made for our purpose) and a stretch of open prairie, which we reached safely after a very narrow shave of upsetting the waggon on the bed of a dry creek which lay on our path, and seemed unavoidable. For the first time on our whole journey we were encamped close to a lovely mountain stream, a realisation of the imaginary pictures drawn by the Head of the House in letters received on the Mohave Desert, where his reminders on the subject of babbling brooks and bees and butterflies might have proved a danger to spirits less determined for contentment, and not quite so engrossed in educing the utmost of interest and enjoyment which it was possible to



extract from the hoard of such things provided by the daily jaunt. Here was the very scene, with all the adjuncts which he had so poetically painted, materialised on purpose for his benefit, and ready to welcome him on arrival, with the Indian etceteras thrown in! The essence of good luck, we thought it, as we made camp that evening, and more so still on the following morning, the day which was to be signalised by his arrival, 20th June, when the more prosaic uses of the stream became apparent, and all hands were called to the task of washing horses and dogs. Having accomplished this labour to the great improvement of their appearance and our own satisfaction, we considered ourselves entitled to a similar indulgence, and enjoyed a delightful evening dip later on in a convenient curve of the refreshing little river. Across the Indian's field, slipping under the barbed wire fence, over a sandy stretch, and a dry ditch, and there in a turn of the stream was an inviting green pool, sheltered by overhanging bushes, and lined along part of its length by soft yellow sand. No, we saw no moccasin snakes, did not even think of them, had nothing to do but enjoy the unaccustomed sensation of an abundance of fresh water pouring generously over us under the open sky, and receive the gentle kisses of the soft summer air. These, though they can hardly be called adventures, and would not at all content my dear daughter in her desire for vicarious thrills, were eminently satisfactory to the recipients of them. It is not every one gets, as we did, all they ask for and more than they expect, and we record the event with a degree of gratitude suitable to the occasion.

Another pleasant little interlude which helped to mitigate our impatience and to shorten the hours till midnight, when the train from Albuquerque was due, consisted in the visit of a group of little Indian girls, offering pottery for sale. Such pretty vases and saucers, flower-pots, ornamented with various

designs of birds and flowers and what not, and at prices that seemed to us ridiculously cheap. We purchased a few and traded one article for a piece of scented soap and a few cents to boot, at the seller's own gesticulated suggestion. The children understood English: they learn it at school, and their pronunciation, when you can get them to speak, is remarkably pure. But these little ones were very shy, and we were unable to get much out of them. My Spanish proved invaluable with the grown Indians, who practically all speak it, at least those who come in contact with the outer world, and are not, like the Navajo Indian woman whom we met on the prairie, buried in the depths of some immense reservation. Thus the whole race in this state is bilingual, and on the way to becoming universally trilingual, since the younger generation are all taught English at school, while Spanish comes to them naturally through the intercourse of daily life.

The Indian pottery made a fine show on the caravan shelves, swept of the no doubt useful but sometimes inelegant articles which the necessities of the daily life frequently beguiled us into placing there. First impressions are vastly telling things, and we were determined to give the Head of the House—the Inventor, for short—all the pleasant ones we could think of to start with. Anticipations of a jolly month to come would be the natural consequence, and whatever fate might actually have in store for us, they would be an influence on the right side. "There's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so," has been said by a wiser person than myself, and found true by every one who stops to think at all.

The chapter ends, as did the day, at midnight. The train, a little overdue, was visible for a long way ahead, and with many qualms we watched it rushing towards us with apparently undiminished speed as

though it meant to thunder through without discharging its solitary passenger. Had the notice failed to be given, or not reached the proper quarter, and should we be compelled to see it pass, carrying the hour's promised joy with it? But no, all was right, the monster slowed up after all, some one got out—at the wrong end of the train, of course,—and along scurried the family gathered at the other, helter-skelter along the line, but which got there first I'm sure no one could tell you. For the group was just one great conglomerate, which only disentangled itself by degrees, and sobered down a little, as it separated to walk happily home by twos and threes under the stars to a fresh outburst of as rapturous and more noisy jubilation on the part of "Don" and "Minx."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## NO HURRY.

"More haste, less speed!"  
 And let it be agreed  
 There's little ever comes of hurry  
 But wasteful, wearing, woeful, wailful worry!

THE attentive reader may possibly consider the above title a little superfluous, and be led to remark that evidences of violent haste have not so far been conspicuous in the record of our progress towards New York. Quite so, our point of view had providentially altered as regards the necessity for making mileage a primary consideration, an idea which carried undisputed sway until the Grand Canyon adventure jolted us up and shook the extremes out of us. At the same time, the thought of the necessity for advancing was on watch in the background, keeping us up to the mark, so that nothing that would delay was decided upon without ample grave consideration, and any such thing as merely taking it easy was positively prohibited.

The advent of the Inventor changed all that. He was out for enjoying a holiday, and meant to do so quite irrespective of whether we ever got to New York or not. New Mexico was a grand place for this purpose, and he had no intention of rushing through it, especially after his pleasant chat on the train with General Brown of Santa Fé, who had whetted his appetite for this country to a point of eagerness highly satisfactory to the cara-

vanners. "No hurry" was to be the keynote of the reunited family—bother New York and the original object of the trip, and let winter come when it liked—it was a good way off, anyway. We were in New Mexico, and there we meant to remain as long as its attractions were good enough for the Head of the House.

We made a splendid beginning on these new lines by spending our first day together, 21st June, in a luxurious loaf. It distinctly added relish to the other delights of the situation to be able to silence that irritating little whisper at the back of the brain that so far had insisted on intruding itself with its vexatious but accurate message: "Time is flying, time is flying!" no matter what we were doing. Now we were in a position to answer back carelessly: "Let it fly!" and in a mood to take the consequences.

First of all we slept all we wanted to, which was quite a good deal, after talking well into the early hours. Then, breakfast disposed of at the luncheon hour (more or less), followed a fascinating stroll back to M'Carty's, allured thereto in the first place by its extreme picturesqueness, which we wanted to enjoy again in the Inventor's company, with the added pleasure of his appreciation; and in the second by the prospect of possibly being able to furnish our supper-table with a luxury untasted since the memorable evening at Seligman—a chicken, to wit, of which we had seen a good many pecking about in those miniature yards on the mountain-side. Not easy to catch those Indian chickens! It took the united efforts of a little beshawled Indian mother and five or six of her children to capture the poor thing, after a chase which took them round and round every enclosure within sight, to the accompaniment of a deafening cackle varied by piteous squawks of remonstrance and terror.

I was asked yesterday what I thought on the

question of killing living creatures for food. As to the material aspect of it, the doctors—who ought to know—seem very much divided in opinion; but as to the moral side of it, when I come face to face with the facts, how much is clear? Personally, if I were asked to kill my own ox, or sheep or lamb or kid, or chicken or duck or pigeon—horrible thought!—I should without a doubt touch no flesh for the rest of my natural life. Who would among us civilised peoples? A few practised hunters, perhaps, but not many, especially not women. It comes to this, then, that we eat the flesh of animals because we are in a position to get some one else to do our dirty work for us—work which we indubitably regard as so revolting and degrading that nothing would induce us to undertake it ourselves. We have travelled a long way from our savage ancestors, with whom it was simply a choice between his own destruction or the animal's, and I cannot help thinking that the tendency is towards a more spiritual understanding of the Universe and our humble fellow-creatures in it, whom St Francis of Assisi used to call his "little brothers and sisters." We shall outgrow the carnivorous stage and the "fleshly" cravings and the needs which now seem so imperative, to

"Arise and fly  
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;  
Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die."

Fortunately seeing the cow milked for our benefit at the little Spanish "tienda" on the other side of the stream gave us no compunction whatever. When we had there spent an enjoyable half-hour inspecting the owner's goods and enjoying the cooling-off process offered in the refreshing shelter of his thick adobe walls, it was time for the return march, inasmuch as the preparation of supper would

on this occasion be a solemn and formidable undertaking, which must not be jeopardised by any unseemly haste. That is all I can tell on the subject of this debatable chicken supper, remembering no further detail of it except the dogs' enthusiastic consumption of the bones, which were later under suspicion for having caused poor "Don's" illness and death. I think myself they had nothing to do with it. His symptoms were identical with those of "Minx," which beyond doubt were due to the water alone. At the same time, it is admittedly dangerous to give dogs the legs of poultry to gnaw, on account of their tendency to split into sharp splinters and cause internal injury, and I have carefully avoided doing so ever since, and would enjoin my readers to do likewise. It's bad enough to lose one's delightful pets without the added misery of fearing that such a calamity has been due to one's own carelessness.

Our Indian neighbours in the little rancho below us were kind enough to treat us in the evening to a form of impromptu concert entirely in keeping with the surroundings in which the Wayfarers had pitched their moving camp. From the lighted windows of the cosy adobe dwelling-house began to issue strains fearsome and uncanny—the thrumming of the tom-tom, with all the cruel suggestions of malevolence that seem to vibrate in its insistent beat, accompanied by that direful minor chant with which we had become familiar at the Grand Canyon. Further sounds of shuffling feet, punctuated by sudden infuriate shrieks and yells, told us that certain members of the family—the younger generation probably—were practising the famous war-dance for the delectation of the rest, whose plaudits arose later in a confused murmur of approbation. How we resisted the desire to pry and peep I hardly know, for it was strong upon us. It was a fight between flesh and spirit, in which spirit got the

best of it, for the reason, I suppose, that these Indians had shown themselves very accommodating to us, who had inadvertently planted ourselves on ground to which the right was theirs and not ours, and we did not like to repay their courtesy by a display of intrusive curiosity. We managed to abstain from this indulgence, and instead strolled up and down, drinking deep draughts of the poetic atmosphere with which that savage music so admirably blended, and fusing into one ineffaceable impression the peaceful Indian homestead, with its twinkling lights, its yard and out-buildings, and graceful groups of shade-trees; the vast quiet prairie, dark beneath the stars; the now invisible stream, indefatigably gurgling and chattering, close at hand; the distant dog-like bark of the prowling coyote, and those untutored expressions of the red man's hate and the red man's courage, those notes thrilling with the lust of battle and the demon joy of vengeance, which alone survive to tell of the deadly days of savagery.

We "hit the trail" the next day, 22nd June, provided against the hardships of the road by the purchase of two tempting loaves of bread, which we had persuaded our good neighbours to spare to us. Bread is not always easy to get on the road in New Mexico—this we were beginning to discover,—and to secure such dainties baked in those enchanting Indian ovens was luck indeed. We made further provision against possible starvation in the course of the morning when we reached a little place called La Vega, where the Inventor insisted on pursuing vigorously at the store the policy indicated by the heading of this chapter. What we did not contemplate and examine and discuss in that very comprehensive establishment is not worth mentioning; and how comprehensive it was in its provision for all the possible needs of life, from bread and butter to china dishes and cowboy hats,



you must gather from some country similarly sparsely inhabited, and relying for miles around on a centre of supplies. Cowboy hats, I must tell you, and quaint Indian bridles and quirts and all the genus they belong to, invariably aroused the Skipper's acquisitive faculty; and whenever I happen to mention our visit to these captivating places, the first thing she confronts me with is some glorious antique bit, or ornamental spurs or picturesque headgear, which she yearned for and couldn't afford to buy. Well, there must be *some* annoying recollections connected with such a trip, I suppose; and it might be worse, for when at last our millions come in, which have been confidently promised for years and years by a date the Inventor usually fixed not later than "next Wednesday"—why, we shall know exactly where to go for the treasures our souls covet. What glorious Indian rugs and beaded bags and showy buckskin garments and baskets of quaint shape and queer designs—and a hundred other things—will then be mine. Jewellery I never wanted, but give me those beautiful silver belts and bracelets, turquoise-studded, in delicate hues of cloud and sky. I will soon find a use for them; and, above all, let me have those gorgeous jewelled trappings for my horse—or the Skipper's, which, as far as my enjoyment goes, comes to the same thing,—saddles and bridles gleaming in silver and blue; above all, those glorious beaded buckskin saddle-bags which I continue to hope will still be at my service when I send for them to that remote corner of the Navajo Indian reservation where we saw them, and which we shrink from thinking of too often lest desire consume us.

To return to La Véga, which we did eventually get away from, it supplied us amongst other delights with an assortment of chocolate creams such as it makes one's mouth water to remember. The craving for sweet things was curiously active during most

of our trip, induced probably by the needs of the system, for sweet dishes formed no part of our daily menu, being in every way impracticable, and opportunity was eagerly seized upon for making up the deficit, more extravagantly so now that the Inventor took a hand in the choice of supplies and made a point of including plenty of the luxuries beloved of women.

The only other settlement we passed in the day was a little Mexican one, Cubero, where we called for letters, but found none, and where, through some oversight of the driver, who, whichever it was, it will long ago have been gathered, is an excellent whip, the caravan missed by an inch only going over the edge of a wooden bridge spanning no less a wonder than another stream. However, "a miss is as good as a mile"! We took advantage of a green lane just outside Cubero to make our stop for luncheon, and were glad we had done so, for we soon found that the high round-topped hill of lava cinders which we had passed shortly before was the prelude of our return to the prevailing desert scenery. It was a refreshing spot, shaded on the north by a high green bank which shut out the San Mateo Mountains, the sight of which had been with us all the morning, but open on the south to a view of the Cebolletta Range, which passed gradually out of sight as we proceeded.

Considering the amount of loitering we had done, we were not at all dissatisfied at covering twenty miles and finding ourselves in good time at Old Laguna Pueblo, the home of 1000 Pueblo Indians, built on a high rock near San José River, and founded in 1699 by the residents of more ancient surrounding settlements. We were fortunate in finding accommodation for van and horses in a large sandy yard, overlooking a desolate sweep of brownish-coloured desert, broken by cruel-looking ridges of jagged rocks. Further privileges awaited us in the shape

of supper, to be had with no more trouble than was involved in crossing the road to find it at the house of the "schoolmarm" of the Indian school, who kindly acted as hostess. The labours of pitching camp, with no cooking and clearing up in the background of expectation took on a very cheerful aspect, and it was a jolly party that assembled in the comfortable sitting-room, where supper was royally enjoyed.

Old Laguna, as we were later to convince ourselves, is a conglomerate of strange, outlandish, arresting pictures, a very unique epitome of the Indian's life as he lives it to-day, and as he has lived it in times of peace for hundreds of years past. It kept us pleasantly true to our tactics (albeit slightly inclined to grumble at the heat) as we started on a saunter next morning, trying not to miss any of it, but finding that something of a task. It rambles and wanders and straggles all over the wide extent of rock on which it stands, giving us an occasional plod of a few hundred yards through heavy sand—vacant, of course,—then tantalising us by a cluster of dwellings, in whose characteristic streets and quaint corners we could easily have spent the day. We were fascinated and held captive by the foreign aspect of the low adobe houses with their queer loopholes of windows; by the unexpected courts, where played the pretty brown children; by the unfenced yards, where wiry Indian ponies kicked up their heels and goats seemed to pose for the charm of the thing. It demanded leisure to absorb the effect of those yellow sun-baked walls, and those half enclosures, rounded in outline and mellow in colour with the softness and richness time gives to adobe, in their setting of shimmering light and heat. Brightness and colour everywhere, from the radiant sky and the burning desert of rock and sand, in the midst of which perch the Indian homes, to the brilliant hues which the



Mission Church (Old Laguna).



Indians love, and with which they never fail to bedeck themselves. Splashes of scarlet and purple and blue and green—every colour you can think of—catch the eye every here and there; for the Indian women and maidens never go unshawled, and the draperies give them an opening for the indulgence of their child-like tastes and the impressing of their vivid personality alike upon the landscape and upon the stranger.

Old Laguna Church Mission—the oldest, we were told, in the country—is a building I wish I had written a description of on the spot, for I find myself entirely unable to do so from memory. Fortunately we got a good film of it—the outside, that is; and if the reader will imagine an interior stamped with the same character of rude simplicity and strength, he will be able in some measure to reconstruct the scene that met our eyes as we stepped within. The untaught art of the primitive Indian worshipper has decorated it throughout. There are the massive dark beams crossing each other overhead; there are the veined slabs of timber lining the ceiling. There, on the walls from porch to altar, are the paintings on elk-skin, in which the early converts strove to express their adoration and with which they laboured to dignify the House of God. It was a very extraordinary and impressive place, and we wished the “no hurry” attitude could have been maintained to the point of allowing us to stay over for a service in such a unique edifice, amid a congregation so strange and so interesting. But Sunday was three days off, and it was impossible.

Old Laguna has seen several battles fought with the Navajos and Apaches ere peace was made with the whites. It is the centre of a number of even older places—Zuni, Sia, and Acoma, the latter called the “sky-city,” built on a mesa 400 feet high, first heard of in 1539, and conquered by the Spaniards in 1599. It was a pity to miss the Rock

of Acoma, of which we never ceased to hear enthralling accounts as long as we remained within reach, but it would have taken too long to visit it. In spite of this we met two of its residents, for in our ramblings about the village we were directed to the home of the Protestant missionary, whose wife takes up the sale of Indian curios as a side-line, and who is in touch with the natives of the environs. A characteristic old couple of Acoma Indians called upon her while we were there, and brought vases and pots galore out of the rude cart in which they had made the journey, and where, in soft wrappings, lay the results of their recent labours. Acoma and Laguna Indians devote themselves to pottery and basket-making, varied by the tilling of the fields.

We carried on an encounter quite to the manner born with these good folk, who have a strict eye to the main chance, and never let loose the dollars if they can see a chance to hold on. Our good lady, however, took us under her wing, and refused to allow us to be fleeced, knowing values to a nicety, and giving us the benefit of her experience. Having made our modest collection of pottery, and satisfied with our inspection, the time seemed to have come for making a fresh start on our road to Santa Fé; for Santa Fé, let me explain, was to be the first object of our trek—"the most wonderful fifty-mile square in America,"—whence when we arrived we could make our choice among the seemingly numberless possibilities held out to us by that bewildering spot, from which we were distant at the start from M'Carthy's some 155 miles. But Fate had something to say on the matter: when we came to close quarters with the waggon for the purpose of moving it out of the yard on to the road, it was discovered that the sandy soil had once more played us a trick, and sunk two of the wheels so deep that horses could not move them. Jacks had to be

brought out and planks procured, and the two men put their shoulders literally to the wheel, and had quite an active time of it before the position justified putting in the willing gees and pulling out of the yard. Various other hindrances so mounted up the minutes that we had not laid behind us a distance of more than 50 yards before we awoke to the fact that it was lunch-time! Why waste energy to find a picnic spot in the blaze on the desert, when here, just at hand, was the shelter of the towering water-tank that supplied the village? The horses were unharnessed and fastened in its shade, for there was not a tree within sight. We each of us found a seat where we could escape the drip as well as the burning heat, and enjoy the mid-day distribution of food. No one can accuse us of undue hustle on the morning of 23rd June.

In the afternoon of that day, however, we put in eighteen miles of intensely interesting march, going through scenery the like of which not one of us had ever beheld before. From a wild plateau in the shape of an amphitheatre rose tier upon tier of terraced cliffs or "mesas," with a background of soft, blue, distant mountains—a striking and arresting theme. At another spot we found ourselves surrounded by the immense forms of what looked like prehistoric monsters turned into stone. Again we would skirt the dried-out sandy bed of what would be quite a considerable river if water ever flowed there: it looked as if it had been dry since the beginning of time. The waters of this country take on the character of the odd and the mysterious, which we meet in it at every turn. Here or there we may find a fertilising stream flowing gaily and making a green oasis on either side of its course. All is gay, lovely, and fruitful for a spell. Then we begin to perceive that the vegetation is dying out, and we have returned abruptly to desert. What has become of our sparkling musical com-



panion? The waters have disappeared, sunk underground to reappear perhaps many miles away, or to be lost for ever in the bowels of the earth.

Passing from the above extraordinary formations to a stretch of forbidding rocky desert, in the midst of which stood an apparently forsaken settlement called Old Indian Town, we found ourselves on prairie again for several miles before arriving at a lonely station called Suwanee, eighteen miles from our starting-point. Here we made camp. The station officials, courteous as ever in supplying us with water, had none for the horses, which, they said, could be watered at a canyon a little way off, where a spring gushed from the rocks in such volume as to form a considerable stream, where we might like to fish and bathe. This information sounded surprising, for on every hand nothing was to be seen but level unending prairie, and no one would have suspected anything of the sort. The horsemen followed directions, however, and sure enough, before they had proceeded far, the gorge opened at their very feet, a steep zigzag trail leading downwards to the brink of the stream, where the stock could drink its fill. It was an example of the phenomena described by our friend at Gallup, and by the Inventor's travelling companion, General Brown; and so enticing did it prove to the Head of the House that nothing would do but a few hours' delay next morning to explore and enjoy it.

This happened to fall in very fortunately with other unforeseen circumstances—to wit, in the first place, renewed effects of tinned foods and alkali water upon my humble self, which reduced me during the early hours of 24th June to a condition in which the caravan bed seemed of all places in the world the most delectable; effects, in the second place, upon both "Betty" and "Jim" of a too liberal supply of maize, which we had been compelled to substitute for the oats which we generally



Sandy dried-out River bed.



gave, and to which their digestions were unaccustomed. All this provided plenty of occupation to the hardier members of the party, for it is "some job," as they say here, to administer colic remedies to horses, even such docile ones as ours. It was safely accomplished, however, and with good results, for in a few hours all the invalids, human included, were well on the way to recovery, and there was still time to organise an expedition to the surprise canyon for lunch, nothing being asked of the gees but their assistance in carrying the luncheon bags. They were then turned loose to feed and water at their own sweet will, while the rest of us discussed tiffin under the shadow of a rock, close to which the waters of the brook so generously gushed out.

The rest of the party, after changing into bathing-suits, spent the afternoon in a series of dips and splashes, varied by restful moments on the banks, during which they dried off in the sun. I warned them of the likely effects of such a proceeding, to no avail as far as the Inventor was concerned, to whom the present joy was all that existed in the world, whereas to my mind, less actively and enchantingly engaged, rose uncomfortable recollections of the results of a similar prank of his on the shore at Santa Barbara, and the subsequent unhappy week in bed recovering from almost dangerous sunburns. The results in this case were not so severe, but bad enough to spoil much of the pleasure of many days.

These drawbacks did not make themselves felt until later, however, and the surplusage of energy in the male contingent was such that nothing would satisfy them but a further expedition by themselves towards evening to explore another canyon whose reputation for rattlesnakes formed an irresistible allurements, especially to the Sculptor, who had been pining throughout the trip for an encounter with one of that formidable family. They went

off with high hopes and returned disgusted, having secured nothing more satisfactory than the assurance of a neighbouring rancher that he had lost no less than five cows in that very place from the bite of those venomous reptiles, which to our party remained, as ever, silent and invisible.

An unlooked-for complication stared us in the face on the morning of 25th June, when it was discovered that the \$50 traveller's cheques brought by the Inventor were practically useless, no one being in a position to cash such a sum. Our cash amounted, all told and every cent collected all round, to some three or four dollars, with which we would have to reach Los Lunas, thirty miles away, buying food for ourselves and the horses. Stores of all kinds being nearly exhausted, and forage entirely so, it was distinctly soothing to find that the Inventor's ingenuous faculty for inspiring liking and confidence had won him the friendship of a farmer whom he had come across in the further ramble on the previous evening after our return from the canyon. This good man, whom we went to for milk, eggs, hay, oats, and the like, settled the difficulty by taking a cheque on New York for these useful supplies, which would keep us going until we should again reach civilisation as represented by Los Lunas. We departed cheerfully therefore, fortified by a sufficiency of immediate necessities, backed up by the joint scrapings from our purses.

The only place we struck that day is one we have good cause to remember. It was a little store by the roadside, where we carefully made such purchases as our limited means would allow, while the men brought water across from the section-house of Rio Puerco across the prairie on a borrowed wheel-barrow. When we were preparing to take the horses out and lead them across, some interfering fool prevailed upon us to relinquish our intention, declaring positively that there was plenty

of water all along the roadside upon which we should before long be making our evening camp. As the Puerco River was in evidence here—a sluggish uninviting dribble in a ditch-like bed with banks of yellow mud,—the tale that our road followed its course sounded plausible, and we were taken in by it. If it had not been for the needs of our horses we should, without keen regret, have seen it, as we did, winding farther and farther away, and disappearing at last in the distance. As it was, they were saved from parched throats only by the amiability of a passing cart, whose bucket of the precious drink eked out our own insufficient supply.

We drew up for the night on a high plateau, where we were treated to a marvellous sunset of cloud scenery, with far-flung veils of golden mist and double rainbow effects of magical beauty.

The morning's journey brought an entire change of everything as we approached Los Lunas, a little town on the banks of the Rio Grande River. Irrigation ditches, rich foliage, houses, stores, people instead of desert, and prairie and utter isolation. Quite cheerful the feeling was, and it was in high spirits that we hunted up the store recommended by our friend the farmer, and presented our introduction, which opened the shop to us in a twinkling, Sunday though it was. No trouble here about changing the traveller's cheques, or getting what we wanted either, a duty which invariably provided every member of the expedition with a strong and satisfactory reason for dawdling. I cannot recall exactly how long the operation occupied on this occasion, but it allowed time I remember for the good gentleman's wife to implore us fervently to visit Isleta as we went by, also to dilate upon the comforts and conveniences of her home in Los Lunas, where she told us not one of the housekeeping adjuncts was lacking which she enjoys in Brooklyn, New York—heat, electricity, water supply,

and all the etceteras. It also gave me a few minutes for conversation with the garage-man at the opposite corner, a Canadian, who pleasantly remarked that we were quite independent of him, but who nevertheless seemed pleased with the chance of a chat about the war, in which he had valiantly done his bit.

Advantages and their drawbacks follow each other about closely in this world, as we soon discovered once more when our attention was drawn to the fact by the swarms of mosquitoes disporting themselves in the neighbourhood of the dykes and marshes whose lush green looked so restful and inviting, and under the shade of the heavy-foliaged trees which we welcomed with so much enthusiasm. The heat, too, was greater owing to the loss of elevation, for we had dropped from 6000 feet at Cubero to a little over 4800 here.

When we had sufficiently contemplated the emerald tree-laden banks and horrid swirling waters of the Rio Grande, feeling—at least I did—that the very name conferred upon us the honours of characters out of a Wild West story-book, compelled to return to the prose of every day, we proceeded to search for a suitable spot for our mid-day picnic. On the farther side, about a mile on our way, we stopped under the shade of an immense tree, the chief ornament of a few Mexican houses which gathered round it. The shade was as delightful as it was unusual, but did not refresh us as much as might have been anticipated owing to the joint attentions of mosquitoes and flies, which demanded all the energy we could spare from the indispensable consumption of food. We were therefore not at all sorry to see the repast concluded, and the horses once more ready for the road.

Verdure is distinctly an exception in New Mexico, and it was not long before desert reasserted itself, and we saw the Rio Grande in a dreary setting of



*View of the Rio Grande.*





sand and sage-brush, in which for many miles we were the central figure. About five o'clock, in a still blazing sun, we reached a little Indian settlement distinguished by grass, trees, and mosquitoes, the outskirts of the Indian pueblo of Isleta, which, of course, after all we had heard about it, we considered it imperative to visit. Not so the Inventor, however, who, much exhausted and in severe pain from sunburns, declared that a deck-chair in the shade was preferable to all the Indians that ever were born, and Isleta being on the other side of the river, about a mile away, we could go there if we liked, but the refuge of the nearest tree was good enough for him, and there he would wait for us. We got out the chair accordingly, supplied him with every little accessory that we could think of wherewith to add to his comfort, and left him with a book to supplement what interest was needed in addition to observation of the novel activities going on in the dwellings and yards that surrounded him.

Going across a bridge sounds all right, of course, and had no apprehensions for us, who considered we were out on an easy and pleasurable jaunt. But we had not expected the immense hole which faced us upon reaching somewhere near the centre—an opening far too large to get the team across it, the rushing water below a terrible sight, and poor "Jim" quivering and quaking as he looked at it. What was to be done now? At first sight either advance or retreat appeared equally difficult, but the consideration that if we advanced we should still have the return journey to negotiate and should be no better off than now, concentrated our wits upon the question of retreat which we finally decided for. We took out the horses, two of which I led, while the invaluable "Betty" was cleverly harnessed to the back of the van and induced to pull it back-end foremost—a task requiring

no little docility on her part, and no small skill on the part of the three human performers of the trick, especially at the approach, which was a nasty little steep pitch even when taken forwards, and the other way was positively obnoxious. A motor-car or two, held up during these manœuvres, waited patiently, and the occupants smiled pleasantly as we passed. A hole or two more or less didn't matter to them, but how the farm teams got across pending repairs we did not stay long enough to find out.

We were so thankful to get safely out of this formidable scrape that we said good-bye to Isleta without deep regrets, though from all accounts it must be well worth a visit. A pueblo of 2000 Indians is a far larger order than anything we had seen or saw subsequently, and probably had features of its own which are not repeated elsewhere. But we were much too tired after our agitating labours to think of doing the distance both ways on foot, besides which it was high time to begin the tasks connected with the evening meal and quarters for the night.

Our first concern was to obtain leave to stand our van in the unenclosed yard facing the little Indian dwellings which stood on the slope of the hill. Here was shade from several trees dotted about, and a pretty outlook over the swampy green below, which sent up its swarm of mosquitoes in our direction in search of supper. Never mind, the spot was suitable in other respects—good water was to be had from a well over the way, where we soon obtained leave to draw it, the horses could water at the pond, and, moreover—attraction both practical and artistic,—some of our Oriental-looking neighbours kept a herd of goats, whose pretty forms and funny antics added to the picturesqueness of the Indian homes. As for the cleanliness of these Pueblo Indians, that was a constant source of surprise to us all, and removed all hesitation when it came to the con-

venience of pitching camp near them. The horses could be tethered to the trees, there was plenty of room to set up the tent-cot, milk was to be obtained without trouble, and in short Luck, as usual, was making favourites of us.

June 27th saw us all recovered from our fatigues, and keen for the short pull of thirteen miles which would land us in Albuquerque. We lunched pleasantly under the shady trees of a wayside ranch, where we were made welcome, and enjoyed some good milk. This fortified us for the blazing heat which we found ourselves presently obliged to trudge through, owing to the fact that the road was being made, and the horses had all they could do in pulling the waggon through the bed of sand and shingles which for the present made its surface. The sight of the approaches to the town, which greeted us about 3 P.M., was certainly welcome, though our early arrival was somewhat offset by a protracted search for suitable quarters. The Free Camp, which most places make a point of supplying, is often not available for horsed vehicles, and in this case would not have suited us owing to its distance from the centre. Eventually by persevering inquiries we came upon just what we wanted, once more a feed-yard, remarkably roomy, clean, and comfortable, and here we established ourselves. Supper at a cheerful little cafeteria of the Y.M.C.A. made an ending to the day, which every one enjoyed, myself least perhaps, being decidedly overtired and done up.

Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande, is a city of 25,000 inhabitants, founded by the Spaniards in 1701, and named after a Spanish noble, Duke of Albuquerque. It is an important point on the coast-to-coast route, being the junction for three Santa Fé lines—one from Chicago to Pacific, one from Oklahoma and Texas, and one from El Paso. Hence machine shops employing about 1200 men and many consequent activities, among which creosoting rail-

way ties cut from 100,000 acres in Northern New Mexico and floated for 150 miles down the Rio Grande and tributaries to White Rock Canyon, thence by rail.

This also is the headquarters of the New Mexico wool industry, gross sales of sheep and lambs running into ten millions annually; and, of course, there are a good many manufactures in a place of this sort, so that we caravanners felt half-bewildered and out of our element after having seen nothing like a real town for so long. This was the first place since Los Angeles in which we had seen a street car.

The University of New Mexico occupies a 60-acre campus on a high mesa, and there are many schools and kindred institutions. It is looked upon evidently as the great educational centre of this country, as I gathered later from our artist friends at Taos, who send their children there for their schooling.

We were more interested in the Indian aspect of it, which transients by rail have a good opportunity of catching a glimpse of owing to the enterprise of Fred Harvey, already mentioned in connection with the Grand Canyon. He has a Harvey Museum here, containing one of the most extensive collections of Indian and Mexican relics in the United States. Here again native artists may be seen at work, and all sorts of curios purchased. The Indians have quarters at hand in the town.

Fresh from the Indian villages themselves and on our way to others, we left the railway and its adjuncts severely alone, except inasmuch as they entered into the discussion on the following day as to whether or not the Inventor and myself should leave the younger members of the party to proceed alone, and ourselves condescend to avail ourselves as far as Santa Fé of the hitherto neglected railway. The idea arose from the fact that my head ached violently, my temperature was high, the Inventor was still suffering quite severely from sunburn and fatigue

induced by the various exertions of the trip, which ought to have provided a very much needed rest instead of hard work, and the heat on that day was something hardly less than infernal. All these causes combined placed the picture of ourselves as snugly ensconced in a Santa Fé hotel, while the others struggled over the intervening sixty-five miles in a very alluring light, on which we dwelt enjoyably during the sweltering hours of that interminable day, much to our joint consolation and relief.

It was all we needed to effect a cure. No sooner had an evening breeze, springing up, begun to temper the ardour of the sun's rays, and the little office porch, thrown into shadow, offered us a refuge where we could review our position, than the enthusiasm for the blessings of civilisation began to wane. I was on the mend, the Inventor felt rested, we need not hurry, and what was the sense of missing that interesting bit of road? The departure was promptly set for the following morning.

June 29th saw us on the march once more, not very early though, owing to many odd jobs, so that we were particularly grateful for the shade of the tree-lined road, which we followed for several miles, and by the side of which we took our mid-day rest and lunch, watering the horses at the ranch of a friendly Mexican, with whom I conversed in Spanish. Later we turned off from this road, which ended abruptly, and soon found ourselves once more in a bare and desert region dominated by the rugged imposing mass of Sandia Mountain (10,600 ft.), a pile of rock reminding us very much of the mountains in the neighbourhood of Oatman. Sandia, fourteen miles from our starting-point, was reached at about camping time, and afforded us an ideal spot overlooking the Indian pueblo, and just opposite the tower and well where they come to draw water.

We lingered next morning, 30th June, to visit the pueblo, which was exquisitely green and leafy,

with the loveliest little courts embowered in verdure and flowers, and spotlessly clean, no matter where you turned. We took many photos, but alas! with the camera which played us so many tricks, and all but one were a failure. We had, besides, the difficulty to deal with which Indians invariably cause by their superstitious fears of the camera. In the snap of the water-tower the man half-way up it could not escape, but a magnifying-glass will show a woman, inadvertently caught, shaking her fist at the intrusive stranger who had dared to try magic arts upon her.

Except with regard to photos, we found them pleasant and friendly, and not at all unwilling to allow us to inspect their charming homes.

Sandia Mountain continued all day the great feature of the landscape, until towards evening we began to leave it behind, and with it all the rest of that day's surroundings; for the road led steeply up the slope of a rocky ridge facing us, through which we passed by a narrow cleft, the new view of the wild vista of mountain and desert beyond bursting upon us suddenly as we emerged. A commanding plateau, prairie and brush covered, offered its inviting surface to us just below the summit of the mountainous range through which our road had so unexpectedly and strikingly led us—a scenic spot whence we could drink in at leisure the mingled strangeness and grandeur of that far land of wilderness and solitude which lay outspread beneath us. When presently the shining sun, in full view from the height upon which we were encamped, began to enwrap the vast landscape in all its lavish gorgeousness of crimson and gold, and to shoot its flaming shafts far across the fading blue of the summer sky, we watchers, in the absolute peace and stillness that surrounded us as we gazed, felt like the onlookers at some scene not of earth.

Santa Fé is at an elevation of about 2000 feet higher than that of Albuquerque, hence we were rising most of the time, though the greater proportion of the rise was yet to come, on the far-famed ascent called La Bajada, a fine piece of engineering. We reached the foot of this grade on the evening of the next day, 1st July, after losing a good deal of time through turning aside at San Domingo, in the neighbourhood of which we renewed our supply of water. The consequence was that our day's journey was short, bringing us to the foot of La Bajada, which we preferred to tackle in the cool of the morning and with horses well rested and fed. We made camp early therefore on the prairie, with the satisfaction of knowing that our horses had covered only twenty miles in the last two days, and should be in good trim for the ascent, against which we had been warned as very difficult, if not positively dangerous.

We met here other travellers making the journey to Los Angeles by road in a prairie schooner, with two horses evidently well cared for. A respectable family of working folk they were, pleased to meet fellow-travellers like ourselves bent on the same sort of enterprise; they were ready with information, the most encouraging part of which was their account of the Kansas roads, which (unlike the descriptions of others) they had found excellent.

We were up at four on 2nd July, and began our climb at six, all on foot, of course, except the drivers, one of whom drove the leader and the other the team. There being constant loops and turns, one above the other, it was a task requiring judgment and skill, but, granted these, there was nothing whatever to cause the slightest anxiety or uneasiness. The grade, though steep, especially at first, was not extremely so, absolutely nothing to the gradients we had been confronted with on more



than one occasion in Arizona, and here, instead of what looked like a river-bed, was an excellent road, wide enough for any reasonable requirements, and with plenty of room for the turns. Why it is looked upon with so much awe is rather a mystery, unless perhaps it is a survival of the impressions of the past, for the new road has only been built a few years, and from all accounts the old one was deserving of all the respect it gets. If it was anything like the rise out of the canyon before Williams, I can forgive all they say about it. The climb took us an hour and a half, the view comprehending an immense sweep of desert, prairie, and mountain, a fine panorama of the country through which we had lately meandered. From the summit it was easy going, all downhill to Santa Fé, which we reached after an early lunch by the roadside at about one.

Here our search for a suitable camping ground was rewarded by phenomenal success, for, after some delay, we were directed by an intelligent person to a shady road running by the side of the Santa Fé River, which intersects the town, and is really a kind of mountain stream babbling over a bed of boulders. The camp for motorists was on the opposite side of the road, and the spot indicated to us was a wide space under the trees by the bank, much used by men coming from the country to shop. It was an ideal place for a camp, besides being central, and far exceeded any expectations we might have had of the quarters likely to be offered us in a city.

I use the word "city," of course, in its American and not its English sense. We take it to imply size and importance, whereas here in the United States it seems to be applied universally to any settlement organised on the lines of a town. Hence its constant recurrence in the course of this narrative.

As we were likely to spend several days here, the camp question was an important one, and, that being settled so favourably, we felt that we had made a good beginning in Santa Fé, and could rest tranquilly upon our oars while the ensuing steps in the leisurely progress were being decided upon.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## ATMOSPHERE.

When the dullard descants in drear terms of the mart  
 On his deals, let him dread the derision  
 Of Time, for the wealth that endures in man's heart  
 Is inwrought with the dream and the vision.

SANTA FÉ, cradled in the lap of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, is a very unusual place for the United States. In fact, I should venture to call it unique. To me it has always seemed that American cities—once the necessary allowances have been made for differences of climate and vegetation—are more or less after the same pattern. See one and you have seen all.

But not so Santa Fé. It has an ancient flavour about it: crooked winding streets, quaintly beautified by the recurring picture of the pretty burros, carrying their primitive loads of wood; flat-roofed houses, with nothing of the modern about them; and among the passers-by whom we meet a mixture that is a constant reminder of the past—the Indian, the frontiersman, and the dark-skinned native whose language is Spanish.

The Plaza, or central square, with its grass enclosure and shade trees to be seen in most American cities, is dignified by the ancient palace of the Spanish governors, with its long low-columned portico, picturesque and foreign-looking, occupying the whole of one side. More interesting even within than it is ornamental without, for here are in the eastern end

the quarters of the New Mexico Historical Society, with its museum and library, while in the western end are the collections and offices of the Museum of New Mexico and the School of American Research. One set of rooms devoted to particularly rich archaeological fields has a very fine and arresting set of mural paintings deeply sunk in the thick adobe walls of the building, their subjects drawn from the regions of the cliff-dwellers and the homes of the Pueblo Indians. A compensation of no mean order to those—and they must be many—who take time for a few hours' run to Santa Fé, but cannot possibly devote the leisure which it demands to visit these outlying districts. They are thus enabled to carry away with them a vivid impression of the beauty and weird magic of these wonder-spots of the world.

After what has been said farther back as to the antiquities to be found in New Mexico and the discoveries which continue to be made of prehistoric relics, there is no need to enlarge upon the engrossing features of this museum, which it would take a much more learned person than myself to give an adequate account of. It left me with the general impression of having found myself, like Aladdin, in a chamber full of precious stones, only an insignificant proportion of which I was able in any way to appropriate, while coming away with a realisation of the incalculable wealth of the treasures there stored up. I retain in addition a sense of astonishment at the beauty and variety of the specimens of pottery unearthed from these amazing deserts—from immense jars and bowls of elaborate design and workmanship down to the tiniest dishes and spoons,—and of inability to understand how the makers and users of such things could be inhabitants of the primitive communal habitations in the surroundings of which their handiwork is found—still less of the cliff-dwellings reached, monkey-like, by the aid of hands and feet. Still, we must remember that the Indian

of to-day, with the beauty and freshness of his artistic creations, brings us face to face with something we find it hopeless to explain ; and if he remain inscrutable, can we expect less of these, his immemorial ancestors ?

Civilisation does not seem to accord very well with a cliff-dwelling, but it certainly does with those extraordinary relics of pottery, of which every broken piece we ourselves found and carried away with us hints dumbly at the activity of mind and the refinement of taste which strive after the decorative in daily life, even while it retains inviolate the spell of its impenetrable secret.

It will take the place of many words concerning the Oriental character of the country round to mention that Lew Wallace, author of 'Ben Hur,' drew from these surroundings his pictures of the Orient, which at that time he had not visited.

In this Plaza also, among several other historical monuments, is the one that marks the "End of the Santa Fé Trail." We could realise more than most of those who glance at it as they go by how much that symbolises of dangerous adventure and hardy achievement, in the days when the caravan of waggons drawn by oxen or mule-teams was the only means of carrying on the commerce of the prairies between the Missouri River and the West—days which, when the Santa Fé Railway reached Santa Fé in 1880, became a thing of the past.

Then, further, there is about the Plaza that indefinable attraction which springs from historic associations. From the time when the City of the Holy Faith was founded by the Spaniards in 1606 to the present day stirring events connected with the Indian, the Spaniard, the American, have culminated upon this plot of ground, where we can well imagine the psychic sensitive would react to the lingering vibrations from the thrilling chords of life—its triumphs and its tragedies. In a more or less degree,

I think we all do ; otherwise, whence that allurements exercised by the suggestions of things to which a history is attached ? It is as though we listened to the whisperings of some inarticulate voice of which we cannot hear the words nor define the language, yet whose pulsations we feel and call them "atmosphere."

Santa Fé boasts four old churches and many fine modern buildings, schools, hospitals, state offices, and so forth. The chief and most beautiful is the New Museum—the gem of the new "American Architecture,"—an art gallery in which the art colonies of Santa Fé and Taos (pronounce to rhyme with "grouse"), numbering some forty members, all of renown in the artistic world, first exhibit their pictures. A new art movement, we are told, is springing up here, and the statement does not surprise us. What other country in the world could offer to the painter's brush such a profusion of material, whether in the domain of Nature or in that of man ? The fantastic canyons and mesas and rocks and deserts of mountainous New Mexico, and in the midst of these the Mexican village and the Indian pueblo—a never-ceasing stream of warmth and colour and character and type ! And over all and behind all, and enfolding all that mystic something which speaks to us through the immemorial, that vague but pervading breath of the age-long past which can kindle imagination to a living flame, and with voiceless warning awaken the spirit to receive the sacred flow of inspiration.

Yes, there can be no doubt about it, Santa Fé has "atmosphere," not alone in virtue of its known history, but even more surely because of that unfathomable antiquity upon which the modern city was raised—the ancient Pueblo civilisation, and behind it who knows how many centuries, or tens of centuries, back to that vanished race which dwelt in the cliffs and caves of which so many thousands

lie scattered almost at its gates. A mystery, we are told, to the archæologist and the historian, which induces fantasy to wander to the works of art preserved in our museums to-day as the productions of Nineveh and Babylon, and to wonder, may not this beautiful pottery here unearthed come from an equally ancient people? It is an enthralling subject, on which the imaginative outsider loves to speculate, though in my case doing so without the slightest weight of scientific authority.

The profusion with which these monuments of an ancient and lost civilisation are scattered here has gained for the fifty-mile square area, with Santa Fé as its centre, the reputation—fully-deserved, I should judge—of being the most interesting section in the United States. Pages might be covered with an account of the discoveries made north, south, east, and west, of communal dwellings and cliff-dwellings, of kivas and ceremonial caves, and if this were a guide-book I should find myself indeed in a land of plenty; for, besides the ancient civilisations, I should have to tell of the Indian villages which lie on every side, each one more interesting and desirable a goal than the last, and when the list of these was exhausted I should still be faced with the necessity for describing the natural wonders to be reached within the magic distance—canyons and trails and mountain fastnesses equally desirable for their beauty and for their game in the Pecos region—the Pecos region of stream and forest, where there are a dozen peaks over 12,000 feet and two more than 13,000,—of which a summer would not be long enough to explore the half. Let me register my thankfulness for the fact that I have undertaken no such duty, for it would utterly bewilder me, and that all my task requires of me is to continue the straightforward story of what we actually saw.

And first, a few more words about Santa Fé, words which it is a kind of joy to be able to record. It

looks as though it were not to be spoiled by being modernised—as though here, in this far corner of the go-ahead American States, we have come across a community which sets a value upon its artistic possibilities, and is determined (in a way that we have met with in Europe, indeed, but never here) that the work of man shall continue to harmonise with the bounteous natural setting in which it is placed. What a perfect scene is made by the terraced Indian pueblo under the brilliant sky of New Mexico! How satisfying and full of repose the outline and the soft colouring of those Franciscan Mission churches! These are the kind of human habitations—like the Tyrolese *châlet* and the balconied Bavarian “*bauernhaus*”—which do not detract from, but immeasurably add to, the loveliness of landscape. Why? Because they have grown naturally out of their environment, like a tree or a flower, and so fit into their place in the universal order, their development appropriately and exquisitely expressing the virtues of the soil which gave them birth. Here is being fostered into vigorous growth the “*Santa Fé type*”—an architecture truly American, a very beautiful resultant from the combination of the Franciscan Mission with the south-western Spanish and the Indian pueblo. No modern atrocities are to be tolerated. Alike public buildings and private residences are to preserve to *Santa Fé* the character built up in its three hundred years of stirring and varied history. They will continue to grow out of the old root, or, in other words, to be reproduced from similar seed—environment, which has not changed and will not change within the measure of the mind of man.



## CHAPTER XV.

## A MERE GLIMPSE.

Imagination ! Guide to realms  
 Of Past and Future ! who for mortals  
 Slowly, while wonder overwhelms,  
 Dost open wide mysterious portals,  
 Leading to beautiful, strange, shadowy regions,  
 Where glide the ghostly ranks of phantom legions !

WHEN I spoke a little farther back of the sensations which would inevitably overwhelm me were I asked to write a guide-book of the environs of this centre of wonders, I must explain that I was speaking out of the fulness of personal experience. Though not under the distracting necessity of doing any such thing—for which once more may the Fates be praised !—it *did* fall to my lot to share with the Inventor the perplexities incident to making a decision as to which of these marvels we should devote our remaining time and energies to, and this, let me assure the reader, was no slight matter. It was, in fact, a brain-softening problem, its insolubility due partly to the *embarras de richesses*—the immensity of the choice reducing one almost to despair when antiquities were under consideration,—partly to the desire to combine with such sight-seeing reasonable satisfaction of the Inventor's craving to catch trout, and, lastly, to the inertia accompanying movement in any direction whatsoever, or, in plain language, difficulties of access. It is all very well to be told that a series of ruins here or an Indian pueblo or a romantic region of unsurpassed scenic wonders,

with trout fishing *ad libitum* somewhere else, is thirty, forty, or fifty miles away or more. When you come to inquire by what means you are to get there, and to calculate what that entails in the way of time and special arrangements, you begin to realise that facilities of approach have as much to do with the result as the actual mileage separating you from your desired haven. Our case, of course, was somewhat complicated by the nature of our equipage. A motor-car would have made short work of most of these journeys, as we knew by previous ocular demonstration, and though we possessed no car, they were to be hired, as elsewhere. But we suffered not one single pang on this account; our slow progress with horses and waggon was far more in keeping with the south-west than the modern machine which has taken their place. We were persuaded, and still are, that the leisure which a native writer of India has told us is "the only friend of high thought," the lapse of time necessary to drink in and absorb the atmosphere around us, is one of the vital conditions making of such a visit a true experience, a thing that will enter into our being and become a part of us henceforward. It means *feeling* as well as seeing, *in* sight as well as *out* sight, perception by the mind as well as presence of the body, and though this trip would be our only one, what in comparison were a hundred glances in a hundred different directions? As one genuine diamond to one hundred spurious ones. No, that did not worry us, but the necessity of fixing-upon a definite goal, and of making the arrangements which would enable us to get there certainly did—very much. The Inventor and myself—the rest of the party were only too glad to leave us the onus of settling these things—toddled round to make inquiries, which were answered with courtesy and patience by the owner of the stage and motor business, who had brought the organising of trips up to a fine art, and knew all about the kind

of roads we should encounter—the outcome of which protracted and puzzling labour materialised on the one hand into a definite belief that the best expenditure of the materials at our command would be a visit to the Rito de los Frijoles, which had the merit of combining the poetical prehistoric of cave and communal dwelling with the potent practical of pleasures piscatorial. Here, if we ever got there, we would camp for a week, exploring the entire canyon, saturating ourselves with the environment, yet grasping the invaluable opportunities offered by the stream which so obligingly gurgles through the canyon. It is about thirty-five miles from Santa Fé by the shortest route.

But should we go at all? was another alternative with *pros*. One a little difficult to understand at first sight, perhaps, by the reader, who has been occupying a restful couch or a luxurious arm-chair while following the truthful recital of our journey, but clear, even in retrospect, to me when I recall the relief and thankfulness with which we all, without exception, found ourselves established on a spot from which there was no immediate reason for moving. There is no getting away from the fact that we were tired, all of us—the Inventor after the stress and fag of following up problems of a critical and elusive kind throughout many months of unremitting brain work, winding up with the quite unnecessary miseries of acute sunburn, and the rest of us with the many months of the march. Our energies were at a low ebb, and the effort entailed in the requisite preparations took on a forbidding aspect. The waggon road from Buckman up to the Pajarito Plateau—three or four miles of continuous rise,—and the ten or twelve miles beyond of alternate canyon and mesa, were no places for our caravan. We must engage in a hunt for some more substantial and countrified vehicle in which to make the trip, then transfer all such belongings as we should re-

quire from the one to the other, lay in such supplies as we were likely to need and unlikely to be able to obtain on our way, and finally find safe quarters for our van during our absence. All quite feasible, and the sort of thing we ought to be accustomed to. Nevertheless, sufficiently against the collar for us others to sympathise with and understand the Inventor's hesitation, and to feel that it was no part of our duty to urge him to exertions which did not present themselves to him as an altogether desirable form of rest.

All of which was the state of affairs leading up to the conjugal dialogue which took place on the following morning, when the great question of going or staying had yet to be decided.

*Wife*.—"Well, dear, what is it to be? Do you want to go?"

*Husband*.—"No, not exactly, but I don't want *not* to go!" which weighted the scales in favour of the trouble of *going*.

However, having taken the plunge, arms and legs, so to speak, began to be agitated in good earnest for the purpose of getting forward, and it was not so very long before some one—probably the Skipper, who has a wonderful nose for scenting out such things—spotted a good strong ranch-cart which could be hired at a reasonable figure, would hold all we needed, and was in condition to stand the rough mountain roads over which it would jolt us and our various belongings to our destination and back. The invaluable tent-cot would be carried, supplying a bed for two, an extra camp-bed would accommodate a third, and anything further in the way of comfortable bed and mattress surface could be easily provided by the very simple expedient of filling as many sacks as desired with a good stuffing of hay. Lay these side by side and end to end, and you can quickly make as big a bed as you want, covering it with rug or blanket to make the surface

even; it's grand to lie on, and has the additional advantage of the pervading scent of it. Sufferers from hay fever might object; fortunately there was none among us, and the improvisation worked to perfection under the circumstances. By this I mean that it would not be a very practical plan for the march, when every minute counts, and the time and trouble involved would cause far too long a delay in the day's proceedings. But on a jaunt such as this we were taking no account of time, and doing only what seemed unto us best and most convenient. Half the rest of a holiday, it is my belief, lies in the absence of haste—in the feeling that time as a controlling element may be ruled out and forgotten. Such a revolution as that in the diurnal point of view *ought* to bear results of a very startling nature.

At any rate it succeeded grandly in our trial of it on this occasion. From the fact that we did not make our start till the afternoon of 7th July it will be seen that we had not hurried. Why should we? All had fallen out to admiration; the Inventor, as is usual with him, had made among the residents several friends, one of whom placed his yard at our service, and kindly offered to be responsible for the safety of our van while it stayed there; the Artist and the Sculptor had worked hard at the packing and provisioning; the Skipper had neglected none of her duties in connection with the beloved horses, and I had busied myself unremittingly with the growing pile of neglected correspondence, business and otherwise. No twinges of conscience, therefore, were at work in the background to mar a single minute for any of us. The only real worry was that felt on account of the dogs, who had neither of them seemed well of late. "Minx" yielded to treatment and got brighter, while "Don" continued dull and quiet, which we attributed to the summer heat and his heavy collie coat. Having sought in vain for the opinion of a veterinary, a

comfortable seat was arranged for him in the centre of the cart, while "Minx," as usual, sat on the driver's seat in front, into which three of us managed to squeeze ourselves, with much self-congratulation upon the fact that we could now enjoy an all-round view, and were not cut off from contemplation of what lay behind by the uncompromising body of the caravan. As an off-set against this was the fact that we didn't get any shade either, but this disadvantage we neutralised as far as might be by calling into requisition the large umbrella which had already so valiantly done duty for the Inventor and myself on a particularly hot and sandy stretch of the road into Albuquerque.

We took the Santa Fé-Taos highway, which though many miles farther round would give us views of magnificence unsurpassed, as it began to do from the moment we started the rise out of the city to the Heights of Cuma, where it passes close to the Cross of the Martyrs, commemorating the murder of twenty-three Franciscan Friars who lost their lives at the hands of the Pueblo Indians in the Revolution of 1680. A great divide is reached as the road passes out of the city limits, giving a prospect which alone places Santa Fé by itself in the pages of my recollection. The city, looking like nothing American, but as though dropped here out of an Oriental land, nestled in a hollow beneath us.

An immense range of summits of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, in whose midst we are travelling, stretches on our right hand from north to south, clothed with forests of pine and spruce and delighting the eye with the intensity of its shades of blue; bounding the horizon on every hand other peaks and ranges and rocks and summits, with that weird variety of intervening grouping which places New Mexico in a category by itself. The tiers of terraces, here bare rock, there dotted with sage-brush, the

sculptured walls and escarpments and battlements and gateways, the ridges sloping steeply to break off into a level plateau or mesa standing up conspicuously from the valley on either side—this is a rough jotting of the features of the scene which met our eye on every mile that we covered in those leisurely hours devoted to absorption of the strange beauties which surrounded us. To reproduce anything approaching the original impression is hopelessly beyond me, for I have not the valuable assistance of reference to something the reader is likely to be familiar with. If I remind him of alpine views that would to a certain extent represent the effect of the vast Sangre de Cristo—though even there I should fail, because of the marvellous clearness of this atmosphere producing an intensity of colouring I have never seen in Europe. But when it comes to combination of these softer glories of distant scenery with the colouring and characteristics of the desert and the mesa, accentuated at every turn by the appearance of something unexpected—some fresh sample of the savage or the ornamental or the peculiar,—the sum total is absolutely different to anything else within my experience.

Mountain scenery is more or less similar all over the world—it can be duplicated within limits whatever example of it you choose to visit. But this marvellous land—no! Once appreciated you have gained a series of unique impressions and invaluable recollections which will never become mingled with others—they are too unlike, as are oil and water—they will not mix.

Having started at 3 P.M. it will be seen that we had not a very long day before us, but what of that? The road was absolutely perfect, and being the Taos highway, which had been described as an excellent road, the prospect of possibly visiting that celebrated pueblo later on took root as a very

reasonable possibility; seventy-five miles of such a surface as this would be a thing we had never approached since we left California!

However, I anticipate. We were not on our way to Taos, but to Frijoles Canyon, which did not prevent our appreciation of as much of the road as we got, nor hailing with much satisfaction a delightful spot which we presently came upon a few yards off the main track, by the bank of the River Tesuque. River is what they call it, but it is more like a chattering mountain burn or a brook murmuring through the meadow, and gave us the most ideal conditions for our first stop, on a wide open space sloping down to the pebbly margin of the stream, green with prairie grass and dotted with sage-brush, also with cactus, with which we made here our first intimate acquaintance, owing to the Skipper tripping head-first into a clump of it. Lucky none of us had done so before, we all thought in the intervals of helping to clear away the innumerable tiny thorns, of which ever since a picture springs instantly to my mind if I see or hear the word cactus, previously associated solely with big delicate blooms of the most gorgeous or exquisite colours, although if asked I should have told you I knew all about its thorns.

It's an odd thing to discover, as one does over and over again through life, how little information means to us without the added credential of experience. We may attach weight to what we are told and believe, in a way, but when the practical experience comes we realise that we never understood. Which may or may not be of very grave consequence in the case of cactus thorns, but has formed the basis of many a time-worn lament by the middle-aged and the old, over the errors and failures of the young. "Ah, he wouldn't listen to me! He wouldn't be guided by my experience—now let him take the consequences!" Is there not



something in human nature which forbids it to grow its character at second-hand? Though some are more wilful and unwilling to listen to guidance than others, still in the main it is not possible to learn or to grasp the things that matter except through one's own experience. So let us be comforted as we see so much invaluable experience apparently going to waste, or so it seems to us, just because we cannot alter the nature of things and make it do duty a second time. The object of experience is evidently not in the main to further our material welfare—though that happens to be a by-product,—but to furnish the conditions of growth for the invisible Self which is all we can carry away with us when we die.

A faithful chronicle of the doings of 8th July will convince the reader that the underlying determination which it had been agreed would justify the expedition was being heroically maintained. In other words, we loafed—all except the indefatigable Skipper, who spent the morning of a perfectly glorious day in riding back to Santa Fé (some six miles) to fetch a rug which the party expected to need and meant to have brought. An oversight not by any means regarded as a contretemps—on the contrary it facilitated and forwarded the underlying spirit of our progress, by encouraging an unhasting and peaceful exploration of our surroundings which were found to lend themselves admirably to the needs and desires of the loiterer. While the hill which rose to the west of us was speckled with the green and grey of the sagebrush and suggested desert, all immediately around us was fresh and green. On the right a bank sloped to the water's edge, on the left a fenced field marked by a border of cottonwood trees which we followed up and down a few green humps and hollows, till turning the angle of the fence there was the most inviting green sward you ever saw, lining the bank

of a little rivulet diverted from the main stream, with kindly sheltering clumps of willow and bush ready-made for a disrobing chamber. Resistless, of course, and the Artist and myself lost no time in answering the obvious invitation of Nature and enjoying a delicious satisfying dip. The Inventor and the Sculptor acted likewise elsewhere, the former availing himself of the idle interval to try his hand at cutting his own hair (which desirable operation might have been done for him in Santa Fé), which he did at our little camp table, the indispensable glass propped up by some device of his in a convenient position. One of us admiring spectators took a snap of him unawares at this rather unusual occupation, the success of which elated him for hours afterwards.

The return of the rider, and an early lunch, enabled us to make a successful start at 12.30, through the lovely Tesuque Valley, with its thriving orchards of plums, prunes, cherries, and apples, its meadows and its fields of Indian corn, surely one of the most ornamental of agricultural products, a beautifier of the landscape wherever it appears. These and the constant reappearance of the adobe dwellings, whether Mexican or Indian, helped to dispel the illusion of home produced by the shady winding lanes, the admirable cultivation of the little farms, the profusion of verdure and the home-like stream. We could not help thinking ourselves back in England as we plodded at our leisure through these enchanting places, out of sight for the time being of the vast forest-covered mountain range with its glistening summits of eternal snows. But a Mexican settlement or an Indian village broke the spell—once more we would feel like the wanderers we were,—distance and a sense of strangeness and separation from all that attached itself to the recollections of home would gather about us as though by magic at the sight of one of those quaint characteristic dwellings.

We turned aside presently to visit the Tesuque Indian pueblo—a remarkable example of “protective colouring,” for it shades exactly with the soil and the general tints of the surrounding hills, and would hardly be noticed at a distance. It is a fine type of the Indian pueblo life of to-day, and is we are told a prehistoric pueblo. A couple of hundred years ago it had five hundred inhabitants; to-day it seems there are no more than seventy-seven. Here they make pottery idols, of which we saw a pile waiting for their turn in one of those fascinating ovens, while others were being taken out, and among these we made immediate purchases of a dear old Indian woman in charge. They took us also—I forget why—into one of their homes, where we saw one of those magnificent head-dresses of eagles’ feathers which the men wear at the ceremonial dances. Its owner—a fine tall fellow—exhibited it with pride and told us he would soon be needing it again.

That was one of our trials on this trip. To pass through these unique places and know that in every one of them, some sooner, some later, would occur those weird, brilliant, savage, ceremonial dances expressive of the Indian nature and the Indian tradition, and to be unable to wait for them, was a bitter pill indeed! Here there are three specially celebrated dances—the Eagle, the Deer, and the Buffalo. The fiesta at which they are performed comes late in the year, in November. Others take place at other pueblos on dates scattered through the calendar from June to November; most of them in the early fall, but not one so dated and so placed as to make it possible for us to visit it. Hence a lack in my account of the Inexhaustible South-west, which I trust our in other respects unusually intimate touch with may serve to redeem.

The glimpse of the interior of the Indian home here gave an impression confirmed subsequently

wherever we were privileged to repeat it—rigorous simplicity and rigorous cleanliness. The Pueblo Indians were looked down upon of old by their more warlike brethren, who considered them effeminate because they lived in houses. But they were evidently the furthest advanced in the arts of civilisation, and it is suspected that the prehistoric communal dwellings are the ancestral homes of many of them.

Back again to the main road, through the Mexican settlement of Cuyahungue and on to that of Pojuaque—once Indian, now chiefly Mexican,—just before which we turned westwards, still following the Tesuque River, now called the Pojuaque, still in the most delightfully green, cool, familiar surroundings of orchard and paddock and inviting leafy lane, for some miles. Then the scenery began to return to the grand strange style which my diary records as “weird in the extreme,” and that being a jotting of impression on the spot I let it stand as probably nearer the mark than I shall get to-day.

The place on which we finally pitched our camp was a combination of the two. Verdure and softness and beauty immediately about us in the stretch of velvet sward bordering the belt of golden sand, down the centre of which danced the musical waters of the stream, and in the park-like lands on our left, tree-studded, and the buildings of the ranch itself embowered in great branching cottonwoods. The blue and purple vistas of mountain that closed the horizon seemed infinitely far away, and between us and them lay half a mile or so of level sand over which in times of flood the waters roared, and beyond that more pastoral land, and then once again foothills with oak and cedar and juniper and grotesque cliffs and plateaux and terraces, one above the other, a profusion of the wild and the strange and the magnificent which held the eye and the imagination entranced and astounded.

The owner of the ranch made everything easy for us first by giving us leave to camp, the ground we had selected being his, and further by supplying our needs in the way of hay and forage. The place was up for sale, his wife having tired of being so far from town, though he himself was attached to the home he had made, he having, as he explained to us, planted every one of those grand luxuriant trees with his own hand. A perfect spot it seemed to us, who regarded it from a scenic point of view, but even scenery does not satisfy every craving of the human spirit, and I can well imagine the isolation a woman might feel there, and the kind of melancholy associated with the solitary contemplation of so much beauty.

We were up at six on 9th July to enjoy as much as possible of this exquisite and dream-like spot which it seemed a crime to forsake: the soft bright green turf, so inviting to our feet and so attractive in more ways than one to the horses, who, staked out close by, completed the character of the scene; the clear waters of the brook gurgling over its sandy bed; the rich, luxuriant verdure about us—all this should surely have been enough for the delights of one camping place. But when you add to these kindly charms the overpowering strangeness and fascination of those wild vistas of distance, in stern contrast with all that lay close at hand, it surpassed in its comprehensiveness all that the most sanguine imagination could have pictured, and gave one the feeling of something materialised out of the combined ideals of a painter's dream. Horsemen soon began to clatter by, Mexicans on the ornamental Spanish saddles, and Indians on their wiry ponies, some of them from across the wide belt of sand, others from the direction we had come from, all converging upon the Indian pueblo we should pass through a few miles farther on, of San Ildefonso, where some special service or mass was to be per-

formed. This added local life and colour to a day which repeated pretty well all the features of the day before, in rural pastoral scenes alternating with the unique grandeurs of New Mexico's wild mountains and desert landscape. Dwellings and little settlements of the Mexicans were frequent. As we drove along I noticed more especially, fringing the gardens or grass plots ending in the wall that lined the higher side of the lane, rude stone tablets or crosses, each marking a grave, inscribed with the petition common to Roman Catholic countries, to the passer-by to pray for the soul of the deceased. From this I gather that here they bury their dead in their own grounds, of which probably a little corner is consecrated for that purpose, and so placed as to win for their loved ones all that may be had in the way of sympathy and prayer.

San Ildefonso has an immense Plaza, shaded on one side by a couple of huge cotton-trees, otherwise bare of foliage, leaving this fine sample of the Indian homes, like Tesuque, fully open to view. What must it look like when crowded with magnificently-robed Indians, ablaze with colour and laden with weird ornaments, with trophies of the chase and the decorative jewelled weapons with which they secured them? We could imagine it just enough to bewail our lot in having to leave it! We were lucky to see as much as we did and carry away so many vivid impressions, though these Indian dances by themselves will drag me back there, given the chance! Let the friends who read this make their trip to New Mexico in the fall, and so arrange it as to be free to jump at whatever opportunity brings within their reach. We might have seen one here or there if we had been ordinary travellers, to whom mileage did not mean so much, for several of these fiestas occurred while we were in New Mexico at distances that meant to us several days of delay.

We were obliged sadly to renounce the enjoyment of a sight which will probably never come within our ken again.

While resting in the shade of the big tree in the square at San Ildefonso, trying—unsuccessfully—to do some shopping, and visiting the kivas, of which there are two, a fine old Indian came up for a chat. He told us with pride that he himself had visited New York on the occasion of some exhibition, he with several others being chosen to represent the type of the Pueblo Indian. It was the great event of his life, as was easy to tell from the way he talked. He managed to carry on quite a comprehensible conversation with the Inventor, the appropriateness and vivacity of whose gestures and the self-explanatory character of whose intonations have stood him in good stead more than once when it comes to foreign tongues, of which he professes himself—with some justice—to a great extent independent. Gestures were made before words, and serve just as well, if not better, on occasion, as we had had proof of in unforgettable incidents on the continent.

A kiva is a sacred chamber built in the long ago for the purpose of religious meetings or discussions pertaining to the tribal affairs. It is constructed in the shape of a perfect circle of masonry, the greater part of which is underground. Access to it is to be found only through a circular hole in the centre of the roof, which is reached by an external stair of stone, the descent being made by means of a ladder. Every ancient Indian pueblo possesses one or more of these ceremonial kivas, which seemed to me in their weird suggestiveness to strike the key-note to the varied play of inarticulate feeling that dominates the thoughtful traveller who ventures to immerse his being—conscious and subconscious—in that atmosphere of savage antecedents and untraceable antiquity.



Cave Dwellings (near Los Frijoles).





San Ildefonso lies at the junction of the Pojuaque River and the Rio Grande, at the foot of Battle Mountain. We turned away from the Rio here, however, our road leading once more on to a high mesa of the wild prairie type, overgrown with cedar and juniper, with here and there a delicious whiff of the scented pine, all the green homeliness of the valleys we had left behind us vanished with the streams that beautified and enriched them. Here was wilderness once more, mile after mile of it, until about mid-day we were astonished by the appearance of what looked like a toy railway, puffing quite unexpectedly past, and looking queer and out of place in a spot so rude and so remote. We were approaching the little mountain station of Buckman, with a few scattered shacks about it, lying in the desolate hollow beneath us, where the Rio Grande and Denver Railway threads the canyon. Here was a store, at which we laid in a few provisions, and made inquiries as to the forwarding of letters, but were not tempted to stay as there was not a vestige of shade, and this we hoped to find for the purpose of the indispensable meal-hour. We crossed the wicked-looking Rio Grande, more treacherous and repellent here than at Isleta or Los Lunas, and outspanned at the foot of the four-mile ascent by the waggon-road which was to take us on to the Pajarito Plateau that leads to the Frijoles Canyon for which we were bound. We succeeded in securing shade by transporting our lunch and ourselves under the hither arches of the bridge where at the present moment they rose out of a wide reach of shingle, no doubt a roaring flood when rains or sudden cloudbursts swell the angry waters. Rivers—except at a distance—have no fascination for me, except an unpleasant one; they suggest too many dangerous possibilities. But I think the Rio Grande takes an easy first place in its power of giving you the shudders, run rather

close though by some of those horrible turbid volumes of water that pour between muddy banks through the valleys of the Cumberland Mountains in Virginia.

"Don" acted strangely, going off by himself, and evidently ill. "Minx" was sick, too, and the heat being considerable, we attributed the trouble to that cause, plus the weight of their coats.

We were here in Pajarito Park, a reservation thirty-five miles in length and fifteen in width, where lie the greater number of the archæological mysteries and wonders of which the exploration is only begun, and which seem inexhaustible. To the north, on the Puye, large sections of a communal building of twelve hundred rooms have been excavated, giving countless specimens to the national museum. Decorated pottery, spear-heads, arrow-heads, stone axes, these are some of the treasures to be picked up by the visitor who can spare a few priceless hours to explore on his own account. Everywhere the cliffs are honeycombed with caves, some of them natural, others hollowed out of the soft volcanic tufa when the increase of population called for more dwellings than Nature had prepared. The appearance is as though interior gases pent-up within the bowels of the mountain had exploded, bursting holes on every hand. And in every one, unless too small, as we found on our return journey, are the indications of human habitation.

To the north, I said, the Puye; to the south, the Rito de los Frijoles, with its circular communal dwellings, its cave dwellings, and its great ceremonial cave one hundred and fifty feet above the stream, for which we were bound, and on our way thither signposts impressing upon us how much there was that we should be unable to see! The Painted Cave, the Stone Lions of Cochiti, the Tent Rocks, Tsankawi, Otowi—we could have spent a whole summer happily in wandering and exploring! Still,



Cave Dwellings (Los Frijoles).



I am glad to be able to record that we wasted no energy on what we were denied, but on the contrary gave ourselves wholly to the full enjoyment of what lay around us: first, the four-mile walk up the waggon-track, a passable road, especially as we had no caravan to worry us, but only a nice, strong, clumsy cart which made little of jolts and bumps and was not easy to damage. We all walked, but I have no recollection of fatigue, only of unceasing wonder and admiration at the magnificent scenery of mountain and cliff, and the strangeness of those pierced and perforated walls of rock.

No one had told us anything about the beauty of the water canyon which a signpost presently announced, and which involved a detour of a good many miles. Fortunately the needs of the horses decided us for that route, and took us through a wild wooded glen, carpeted with wild flowers of soft and brilliant hues, some of them familiar—such as the blue lupins which grew in profusion,—many of them strange. One, for instance, that I have never seen elsewhere grew in large patches—clustered blooms of a rich deep strawberry colour, extremely decorative; numerous flowering shrubs of delicate white and pink, amongst others spirea and one resembling an azalea, gave a luxurious hot-house appearance to our surroundings. The brilliancy of the many yellow, of which there were several varieties, and especially of the scarlet, three kinds, the most numerous and conspicuous being the “Indian paint-brush,” gave an exotic touch to the lavish verdure, the firs, oaks, and pines and numberless others, reminding us that we were indeed in New Mexico and not in some isolated valley of the Highlands or the Alps. I have always regretted the absence of a naturalist among our party who could have named flowers, shrubs, and trees, and given definiteness to the mental picture the reader makes and to the information conveyed.

We camped in the canyon on an open grassy plot not too closely encroached upon by timber, with the stream accessible close by, and a couple of tree-trunks conveniently placed for the disposal of our acetylene lamp, by the light of which we supped. A perfect episode of delight and romance, clouded, alas! by our anxiety for poor "Don," whom such remedies as we were able to apply seemed powerless to relieve. He wandered off by himself and refused food, stretching himself finally at the foot of a tree where he lay immovable till morning.

July 10th brought us to the camp of some lumbermen at the foot of the rise and provided us with another arduous climb, steeper and more difficult than that of the day before—in fact more of a feat, though not nearly so long a distance. Once more we were on the plateau, where the scenery changed to the aspect of a wooded park of firs and pines, great stretches of grass-land with fine trees scattered about it, and in one spot grazing cattle; for all the world like a European forest, except for those brilliant scarlet blooms which caught the eye perpetually and accentuated the foreign note among so much that seemed familiar. But, then, the canyons! nothing European or familiar about those, cutting suddenly into the level stretch of forest, and facing the traveller abruptly with some dizzy descent after the style of the Grand Canyon, though of course on a comparatively insignificant scale. We passed Ancho Canyon unvisited, going straight towards Frijoles, on the brink of which, occupied by several motor-cars whose owners were evidently making the descent, we stopped for our mid-day halt. An open forest, with wide spaces and inviting glades, perfection for the camper, but for the one great lack—water! But in the canyon we should be all right; plenty of water there, and grass, and space for our camp anywhere up or down the miles of the gorge from the spot where the Rito leaps over ledges one

hundred and sixty feet high in two exquisite waterfalls, to any of the quieter spaces where we should be lulled by the gentle murmur of the stream and go to sleep under the rocks with the ghosts of their long-vanished inhabitants hovering about us.

Such were our day-dreams, destined, unlike their fellows of the Grand Canyon, which blossomed into such perfect fulfilment, to remain dreams only!

With very considerable labour we unloaded the waggon, made all the necessary paraphernalia into suitable packs, and loaded these on to the backs of the three horses for transportation down the steep winding trail that led to the canyon below; and this, let me explain, was no slight exploit for people unaccustomed to the loading of pack-animals. We did all this encouraged by keen anticipations of the poetic nature of the temporary home we were about to seek, and the splendid opportunities it would afford us for leisurely explorations of a place so teeming with ancient relics and hoary associations. And when we reached the bottom, where stands the pretty ranch-hotel surrounded by overflow cottages and tents for the accommodation of visitors, the Inventor having occasion to approach its owner for the purpose of making inquiries, was politely informed that the latter paid rent for the canyon, and allowed *no one* to camp therein.

Whatever doubts may have assailed us—and as far as I was concerned they were very strong ones,—I argued, did one man really rent the whole of this canyon of many miles in extent? And is this not called a “National Monument,” therefore the property of the nation? However that might be, it was perfectly clear, as the Inventor put it, that we were not in a position to start a dispute or even a keen argument with a person at whose mercy we practically lay. Only at his resort could we purchase whatever might be needed to replenish our stores, only through him obtain facilities for correspondence



and suchlike conveniences, and to attempt to oppose him and take an antagonistic attitude to one on whom we depended for so much was out of the question. There was nothing for it but to turn tail and return to the top, nor could we contemplate a stay of any duration, for to load our horses up and down the admirable but steep and fatiguing trail from the rim to the stream 1000 feet below twice a day was out of the question. Had it not been for those two insuperable difficulties—water and stores!—we might have spent the projected week in exploring the rest of that marvellous plateau. But an uninhabited wilderness, however beautiful and interesting, and though provided with direction posts here and there, might prove unkind to a party of five dependent for their progress upon the exertions of three horses, the eight requiring both food and drink. It was too difficult and too risky a proposition, especially having come away with the express determination of giving the Inventor an easy time of it, and involving him in no fresh adventures; therefore we wasted no time upon such a plan, but switched our minds on to the next best thing to be done. That, it was agreed, was to put up for one day with the inconveniences of a camp on the summit, and to see all we could see between morning and evening in the canyon below.

By the time this decision had been reached, and certain needful purchases made at the hotel, amongst other things a bottle of oil which we hoped would benefit "Don," it was time to make the ascent if we were to have comfortable time to unpack, rearrange everything, and make camp for the night. As those of us who were walking were about to start, we were accosted by a courteous rider in charge of several mules, who very kindly offered us the use of them to take us to the top, an offer which we declined, little knowing how near we had come to a possible materialisation of our plans! Months

afterwards I found out that this man was himself the custodian (with which office we had credited the hotel-keeper), who, had he known of our wish to camp in the canyon, would have made it his business to see that no obstacles were put in the way of a wish which we had every right to carry out. But we remained in ignorance of the facts, and so did he, fate not choosing on this occasion to intervene in our behalf, but behaving in what looks like a rather spiteful fashion in snatching away from our very lips, albeit unknown to ourselves at the time, the very draught for which we were thirsting. All of which is explained by the correspondence, of which I here give the copies.

ST LOUIS, Mo., Jan. 11.

MR STEPHEN T. MATHER, Director, National Park Service.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed card will explain the novel method of travel adopted by myself and party in our desire to gain a more intimate knowledge of the States passed through on the journey from West to East than is possible in the ordinary way.

It is in connection with a visit to Frijoles Canyon in July last that I have long intended to communicate with you. The party consisted of myself and husband (who spent a month's vacation with us—I enclose his letter-head), two daughters, and son-in-law. We had planned to camp for a week in the canyon itself, being desirous of thoroughly exploring the caves and absorbing the atmosphere of the ancient place, which cannot be done in the hurried visits generally paid by tourists.

To be able to make the steep pass above Buckman and negotiate the narrow trails we hired a strong farmer's waggon, leaving our own more cumbersome and less sturdy vehicle in Santa Fé, and carrying all the necessaries for establishing our camp in the canyon. As you are probably aware, a steep trail leads from the rim into the canyon, and it was necessary to carry our outfit down on the horses' backs, leaving our empty waggon at the top of the trail. To do this involved much trouble and considerable time, and you will easily understand our feelings on being informed by the custodian,

whom we encountered at the bottom, that he paid a high rent for the canyon, and allowed no one to camp there.

We were, of course, not in a position to dispute his word, nor would it have been advisable to do so, there being no other person to turn to for stores and so forth, which we ourselves were glad to purchase from him, the traveller being practically at his mercy. The only way left by which we might carry out our exploration of the canyon was to take rooms at his hotel, and this, for a party of five for a week, would have meant an expense which we were not prepared for; moreover, it would not have given us what we wanted. Camping on the rim was entirely unpractical owing to the difficulty of having to lead our horses down the steep trail to water at least twice a day. Any stay, therefore, was put out of the question. We saw what we could in one day, and left on the morning of the third day, greatly disappointed at having been led to take so much trouble and come on so toilsome a journey with so little result.

From the fact that this place is called "The Bandelier National Monument," and from the further fact that in the parts of the canyon beyond the farm where there were many places that would have made ideal camps, I saw affixed to the trees several notices to the effect, "This is your park: take care of it," or some such words—from these facts I was led to doubt seriously whether we were rightfully hindered from making our camp as we had intended in that unique spot, so difficult of access that only those who have a genuine interest in its wonders will face the inconveniences which must be faced in reaching it. It seems also inconsistent with the idea underlying the National Parks, and strikingly at variance with our experiences in other places such as the Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forest, where we were offered every facility calculated to make our stay easy and pleasant.

It is in the interest of other travellers whose enjoyment of the Bandelier National Monument may be curtailed as ours was that I write this letter. If I am mistaken in my supposition, and we really had no right to camp there, then no harm is done. If, on the other hand, our purpose was legitimate, and tourists *have* a right to camp, as we desired to do, the authorities may think it worth while to take such steps as will protect the rights of the tourist in that respect. I shall long think with regret of the lost opportunity, for it is a far cry by road to New Mexico, and I do not suppose such a chance will ever come my way again.

Will you kindly let me know how the matter stands, and set my doubts on the subject at rest?

It may interest you to know that my two daughters and

myself did the trip from Santa Fé to St Louis by ourselves, and hope to complete the transcontinental journey in the same manner in the coming spring. Should you be able to send any papers or maps which would be helpful, they would be greatly appreciated.—Yours very truly,

G. E. METCALFE-SHAW.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,  
FOREST SERVICE,  
DISTRICT 3.

*February 24.*

Mrs GERTRUDE E. METCALFE-SHAW.

DEAR MADAM,—Your letter of 11th January, addressed to the Director of the National Park Service, Washington, D.C., has been referred here for reply.

I regret very much indeed that your trip in Frijoles Canyon was brought to such an unsatisfactory conclusion after the great amount of trouble and effort which you made to take in the canyon, and that you were prevented from camping in the canyon, as you were properly entitled to do.

A brief résumé of the situation in the canyon will be necessary in order to furnish you the proper background for the situation as it now exists. The National Monuments which are located within the exterior boundaries of National Forests are administered by the Forest Service, therefore the Frijoles monument, since it is located within the Santa Fé National Forest, is under the administration of the Forest Service, Department of Agriculture, and not the National Park Service.

It has been the plan of the Forest Service for a number of years to inaugurate an extensive development plan of the canyon for the accommodation and enjoyment of its visitors. One of the improvements contemplated is an administration building at the foot of the trail, where a custodian will be located to furnish information and assistance to tourists visiting the canyon. Owing to a retrenchment in all Government activities following the war, we have been unable to obtain through Congress the necessary appropriations with which to put in the desired improvements. As it is, the present custodian is really not the custodian; in fact, since he has to take care of the Improvement work and Fire Protection of a considerable area adjacent to the Frijoles, and at the time of your visit to the canyon the custodian was employed in doing road maintenance on the Buckman-Frijoles road, and you may recall that on the morning the party left Frijoles he offered two members of the party the use of

the team of mules to take you to the top of the hill. Of course, you did not know at the time that he was the custodian, since if you had known he would have been able to furnish you with the necessary information.

The party whom you met in the canyon is not the custodian, but is the proprietor of the little hotel under lease from the Forest Service. A portion of the canyon necessary to meet the needs of the hotel in furnishing accommodations to the guests of the canyon are operated by him in part, and, of course, he had a right to prohibit camping on that particular area. However, there was ample ground either above or below this area, above the custodian's house about midway to the Ceremonial Cave or below the hotel in the canyon, and he should, of course, have told you that, although you could not camp on the ground for which he was paying rent, there were ample other areas, either above or below his tract, upon which you were entirely welcome to camp. In order to avoid similar circumstances in the future, it is planned to place at the foot of the trail a sign for the information of tourists stating where camp grounds are available, and referring them to the Forest officer for further information in this respect.

In conclusion, I wish again to express regret that you were unable to carry out your plans, which you were wholly entitled to do, and to assure you that the very greatest effort will be made by the Forest Service to see that similar experiences will not re-occur. I am very glad, indeed, that you have written the letter in regard to this matter, so that better provisions may be made in the future to avoid such occurrences, and for an opportunity of informing you of the facts regarding the situation.—Very truly yours,

FRANK C. W. POOLEE, District Forester,  
By JOHN D. JONES.

Now all this, though a satisfaction to me and to all of us eventually—since we now feel that benefits are likely to accrue to others through our misfortune,—did not in the least assist in soothing our ruffled feelings at the time. Our only means to that end was a call upon the reserves of philosophy which the caravanner should never allow himself to be run out of, and which as far as my recollection serves were equal even to this occasion. Plans were swiftly

revised, and we gave one day to that for which one week would have been little enough. As far as I was concerned the zest of the thing had departed, and I joined in the round of sight-seeing of the following day in a very sober frame of mind, for which the prohibition to camp in the canyon was only to a slight degree responsible. That reverse was thrown into the shade by the death of poor "Don," whose sufferings we had throughout the night made vain efforts to relieve, and who died in the early morning. From what I ascertained later through the similar illness of little "Minx," the trouble was peritonitis, due to conditions produced by the water. "Don," being always a quiet animal, little in the habit of lavishing attentions upon us, the seriousness of his state was never realised until too late. He was a beautiful creature—a sweet gentle fellow, and I was deeply attached to him, though doubtless he was not missed so painfully as might have been the case if he had been as "doggy" as some of our canine friends.

We buried "Don" under a pine and marked his grave with stones which I hunted up in the forest and carried to the spot. I suppose there are few of the people in my circle of acquaintances outside the family whose death would have caused me so much pain. Even now, as I think of it, it hurts. That is the worst of adding to our intangible wealth the friendship of animals. It adds so much to our possible causes of distress, and surely life is difficult and painful enough as it is; it is the old problem—the rose and the thorn.

However, fortunately no one cared as much as I did, and I hope the rest can look back with more enjoyment than I can upon that day in the Frijoles Canyon. We climbed up to the caves and crawled from one to the other, contemplating through the odd setting of the opening the ruins of the communal dwellings below, with its background

of rock and verdure. We sat on the stone platform—the beds—and peered up the hole that had been the chimney, and tried to reconstruct the scene when those quaint shelves cut in soft walls had held all these forgotten people needed for the purposes of home. Strange that a race who could be contented to occupy holes in the rock to which they must have climbed more or less like monkeys, should be the same who left such wealth in the shape of decorated pottery, and spent their leisure in carving symbolic adornments on walls and rocks. Everything here is weird and strange and starts the imagination going by suggestions of age and mystery. Even in the bright sunlight and bustle of the day it has that effect. What then might it not have been in the night hours when we had hoped to experience its spell? There were grand places for a camp farther up the canyon—lovely grassy glades among the scattered firs, with the stream on the one hand and the grey honey-combed rock shutting us in on the other—ideal by day—how then by night, when darkness and silence bring the subconscious to the surface, and the material, falling away from us, leaves the Self to grapple with Time and Space, and the inexplicable elusive consciousness of the Mystery of being?

However, we were to make none of these ghostly experiences, but to sleep sanely like other people in our camp at the rim. Meanwhile there was the ceremonial cave to be visited, reconstructed as it used to be when votaries of vanished gods climbed up the face of the cliff and worshipped in this, the centre of their mysterious empire, to the murmur of the stream and the sougning of the wind in the firs. The same stream, and (who knows?) some of the same firs, their forbears, certainly. Very little has changed, only it is *now* instead of *then*. Thinking of the lapse of Time gives me the same sort of feeling as looking at the stars at night; one has to turn away from it, overwhelmed.

The following day, 12th July, saw us on our return journey camping once more in the lovely water canyon. On our way to it we met, in true up-to-date western get-up, two young riders, brother and sister, who turned out not to be the fierce bandits they might well have been taken for from a distance. Compensation for this disappointment was afforded when we found that they were charming New Yorkers, seeing New Mexico in the finest way, on horseback. This little pause and chat gave a sort of flick to the day's enjoyment.

We stopped for the second night at Buckman, where a hospitable old fellow in charge of the service for supplying railway ties from the mountain timber offered us the use of his kitchen to cook our supper, and opened a little store he ran, to meet our needs. The Inventor indulged in a long gossip over his evening pipe with this old-timer, who had been many years steward on a transatlantic liner, and was quite a character, living alone except for a large family of kittens, which romped all over the place and elicited piteous howls from "Minx" every time she put her nose inside the door. Before it got quite dark I was told off with the Skipper to take the horses to water, a task which could easily have been improved upon as far as its agreeableness went. Hearing tales about the treacherous quick-sands of this horrid-looking river, and the number of fatal accidents at this very spot, you may be sure we were pretty careful to hunt out the trails where the cattle were in the habit of watering and to venture on them gingerly, and we were both glad to turn our backs on the Rio Grande, and wander back along the half-mile of sandy track which brought us to the village where by that time the lights were twinkling, and where in our camp on the prairie the Artist was making ready for the night against our return from the shack where we were to sup. The old man's welcome was so hearty,



and his recollections so curious to listen to in that remote corner in the mountains, that we accepted with equanimity the fate of sitting beside a roaring stove on a hot summer's evening, with only a breath of air accessible through a very small and very much becurtained window.

Next day, 14th July, saw us back at our old camp at Santa Fé. This was accomplished by taking the quickest road, which boasted very little in the way of scenery, being a kind of compromise between prairie and desert, which though interesting when it is a novelty has a way of palling when you get used to it. One ranch comprising I forget how many hundred thousand acres lay on our way, and arriving conveniently about the mid-day rest hour, we proceeded to follow the instructions of a couple of cowboys whom we had met in the course of our morning's march, and make ourselves at home there. Water, and shelter from the blazing sun were luxuries not to be despised, and our horses no doubt enjoyed their comfortable stable as much as we did the shelter of the kitchen unprotected by lock or chain where we disposed of tiffin; in the midst of which satisfying performance in walked two or three of the cowboys in charge, to find their premises coolly occupied by a party of strangers. We, unused to the hospitable habits of the West and slow at assimilating them, had very much the feeling of being caught trespassing, until the first words of our self-chosen hosts made it perfectly evident that was not their view—we were heartily welcome, as they quickly gave us to understand. There is something very refreshing about this spirit of comradeship with the passer-by, the lack of suspicion, the helpfulness that takes itself for granted and thinks no more about it. Simplicity and warm-heartedness go a long way towards making up for the absence of the extras of civilisation in human beings, only one must get enough of them to square

the account. In these far-away spaces you never do: the loneliness must be crushing. Why, even at the Grand Canyon, which is a gay and crowded pavilion compared to this sort of thing, the management takes infinite pains to make things pleasant for its cowboys, so that dullness may not drive them away!

The only other incident of the day was "Gray's" loss of a shoe and pad, necessitating five miles of a snail's pace for the Skipper, who came in very much in the rear, to find us re-establishing ourselves in the same old camp by the stream. Here, in a spot that was beginning to assume a peaceful, home-like aspect, we lingered on with occasional excursions into the lovely surroundings when the frequent storms and heavy rainfall permitted, until one fine day the Inventor electrified us by declaring that he had had enough holiday and was spoiling for some real work once more. This meant that things were going to move pretty quickly, as we all realised, and the Sculptor lost no time in reviewing his own position and coming to a similar conclusion, with the added goad of knowing himself in urgent request for practices for the forthcoming Oberammergau Passion Play, in which he had taken part regularly since the age of three years.

July 23rd, therefore, saw us bidding our men-folk farewell at the station with as cheerful a mien as we could muster for the occasion, the Artist consoling herself with visions of Christmas at Oberammergau (which materialised punctually and delightfully); those of the Skipper and the others of her family with their counterpart in New York did not materialise. All of us, however, placed our confidence in the immediate future, lured thereto by the first fifteen miles which we had personally made acquaintance with of the "good" road to Taos, which we had decided to take in preference to the direct Santa Fé trail *viá* Las Vegas, which travellers complained of bitterly and declared to be downright

unsafe. We could thus enjoy a visit to that most interesting place—Taos—and save ourselves the encounter with this bad piece of road, reaching Raton another way across the mountains. Such was the plan of campaign jointly agreed upon, and carrying to its credit the untroubled minds with which we took our separate ways, assured beyond a doubt that before us caravanners lay the safest and easiest seventy miles of road that had ever fallen to our lot.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE RIO GRANDE CANYON.

Though beauty's sense, on every side  
 Gazing, be amply satisfied,  
 Unfortunately by itself  
 That fact supplies no larder-shelf,  
 Nor saves him from confusion who belittles  
 The charm of safety and the lure of victuals.

It is a kind dispensation of Providence that starts us off so gaily, little knowing what lies before us. I don't think there is any price you could mention that would induce me to go through that same trip again under the same conditions. But we all agree we are glad we did it, though never again! Next time, if we want to enjoy the extraordinary scenery of the Rio Grande, which has a type entirely its own, let it be on horseback, or even in the despised motor-car, but not in the rumbling caravan.

However, we had not reached the canyon—indeed, we knew nothing at all about it,—for the sketch-map supplied by the guide-book gave no more particulars than did the various friends to whom we owed our views on the subject. We were expecting a lovely smooth surface such as had so surprised us on the first lap of our trip to Frijoles, winding amid glorious scenery, which we should be able to enjoy without let or hindrance for the seventy miles which lay between us and the place which of all others we were told was worth visiting in New Mexico—Taos. Our departure, therefore, was shadowed only

by the melancholy that accompanies a farewell to a spot where we have been happy.

We were awake very early, and got busy with our final preparations for getting away, which sounds easy but involves more than most of my readers can realise. To be sure that no necessary item that it would be difficult to get *en route* has been forgotten, to stow everything neatly and accessibly, to attend to business details as to the despatch and forwarding of correspondence—in short, to think of everything and do the hard work of packing as well, especially after a spell of rest during which one has had time to get out of the routine—is no small task. The consequence is that our early rising did not avail to secure an early start, and it was 11.30 before we got off, taking a few snaps on our way, and cheered by a kindly farewell from some girls on horseback who used to ride past our camp daily, and who would miss, they said, the sight of our gipsy group by the stream.

Up the hill as before, past the Cross of the Martyrs, to the summit, where we took our last look at Santa Fé, dreaming in the encircling shelter of its mother mountains; then down the incline to the little Tesuque, and past the place where we had camped before, and which tugged unkindly at our hearts with its too keen recollections of the summer days all together while the family was yet unbroken. On with the river at our left singing along between rich fields of Indian corn and alfalfa, and orchards ripening to the ingathering, or great clumps of cotton-woods or willows, against which stood out so attractively the quaint flat-roofed adobe houses. And beyond these a high ridge of red rock, and farther away still a plateau crowned with bright green mesa and forest, between which and us flows, invisible to us, the Rio Grande. It was that plateau we climbed by that four miles of corkscrew up the face of the cliff on our way to Buckman. On

our right looms a series of rocks carved into fantastic shapes, like a monster pillared gateway leading to some gigantic castle, renewing the old sense of unreality that haunts New Mexico; and ahead of us and all round, at all times, the exquisite rich blue and purple of the distant mountains.

This time no turning aside on this side of Pojoaque. Our road runs straight on, and we followed it across the bridge and along the sandy bank of the river, finding a charming camping ground under the shade of a huge cotton-wood tree, and outside the fence enclosing a good-sized ranch. Here the surprise of our lives awaited us, when, making our way as usual to the nearest house—the ranch—for water, we were accosted by an elderly man in farm overalls and big Mexican sun-hat, and nearly knocked flat by hearing fall from his lips the most perfect English speech, accompanying the refinement of manners to be met in a drawing-room at home. This prepared us for the son, a young man who had served in the Flying Corps, and was only recently over from England. Captain Burton's sister was married to an American of Santa Fé, hence the presence of the family there on some joint venture connected with ranching.

We made the acquaintance of Mrs Burton on the following day when recovering from an attack of a sort of malaria, for which I had prescribed my unfailing remedy of carbolic acid. She was able to receive us in her bedroom, and offer us a real English afternoon tea. People who have been all over the world generally have something to show for it, and to us perennial picnickers a lacquered Chinese tray from Shanghai carrying a delicate Japanese tea-service, redolent of some special Chinese tea, transported us into almost forgotten regions of luxury. Honey in the comb, made within the last three weeks, gave the finish to this delightful repast, which cheered us almost as if we had had a glimpse of home and friends.

The reason of our staying over for a day was threefold. First, I woke with one of my tiresome attacks (doubtless due to the water, as they vanished with the alkali country), and could not have travelled anyway. Secondly, there was said to be a sort of fiesta at the neighbouring pueblo of San Ildefonso, which we had passed through on our Frijoles jaunt, and probably the dances would be worth seeing. Mr Burton would escort the girls on horseback. And thirdly, we were sorry not to have the opportunity of making better acquaintance with these new friends, and were glad of an excuse to linger a little.

Consequently it was not until 11.30 of the 26th that we started once more, after a last pleasant chat with them, and the inspection of a unique collection of war photos, among which snaps of the Kaiser and excellent views of Zeebrugge Mole. A pot of Mrs Burton's plum jam, brought from B.C., was pressed upon us at the last moment, and accepted with a pleasure which would have gained in depth had we guessed its value to us before we should reach our destination. Plum jam is a stand-by which only those can appreciate who are in a place so tight as to provisions that bread, butter, and meat have failed them, which was to be our situation before very long.

Our friend, Captain Burton, did not like New Mexico—too much desert, he said, which was a state of affairs we did not quite realise, having of late followed so constantly the course of streams, and found everything fresh and green. But we soon verified his remarks, for we had not been five minutes on our way, turning from the course of the river and from the village, before the aspect—the familiar aspect—of desert scrub and sage-brush made its appearance once more; also a road, first of sand and later of mud, very, very heavy, likewise in keeping with our host's latest predictions, though

*not* with the statement as to a "good" road which we had heard so much about and had once more been foolish enough to believe. Why do people, as a rule, give so little thought in counselling their neighbours? The road we were to follow was passable for a motor-car, which can travel quickly and has a chance to whisk past the dangerous places; but we took too much for granted in supposing the inhabitants of the country, whose business was on the roads and who knew every inch of the way, would take account in giving information of the difference between a motor and a horse-drawn, cumbersome, and somewhat unwieldy vehicle like a caravan. They didn't. We were evidently in for it, for the road got worse and worse as we proceeded, the trouble of the steep pitches being multiplied many times by the horrid slant in the width of the roadway, outwards, of course, so that the caravan conveyed the impression of being on the verge every minute of toppling over. Although we were no longer on the edge of a dizzy precipice, a somersault or a roll of a few feet to the bottom of whatever little canyon or depression we happened to be skirting was not a delectable prospect, and was likely to do quite damage enough, and it was within an ace of happening more than once. Steep grades and bad slants, all on a surface of wickedly slippery mud, do not make for comfort or ease of mind. Well, on one of these pitches the hind wheels, owing to the slipperiness, skidded toward the outer edge, which skirted a gully, and brought the outer wheel twelve inches nearer the edge, at which point the ground gave way, and down went the wheel into a deep hole. I, walking ahead and looking back at this point, saw the sudden drop, and concluded something important—probably a wheel—had broken, and hurrying back was more than relieved to find the only problem with which we were faced was how to get out of the hole! The weight of the van



being thrown on one side and forward brought the entire load on to the right front wheel, and effectually braked it, so that for the horses to pull it out as it stood was impossible. An Indian with a team passing at this moment, we pressed his team into the service, but the van remained immovable, and it was evident that we must find a way of raising the weight off the front wheel. More easily said than done, and our Indian, joined presently by another with another team, had no suggestions to offer, but was quite willing to work under direction, as also his friend. We set these two to jack up the wheel in the hole, and meanwhile the Artist hit upon the brilliant idea of digging out under the fellow wheel, so as to lower while the others raised, which manœuvre resulted in course of time in leveling up to such an extent that the load was taken off the front wheel. Easing the van of some of its load was the next step; and when the five horses were put in they pulled it triumphantly up the hill, thus ending our first adventure on the never-to-be-forgotten road to Taos.

Our second was not far off, if you call it an adventure to be faced by a steep hill of slippery, dangerous, clayey mud, almost as risky for the horses as ice, to find at the foot of this pitch a slant of the road downwards from left to right to the edge—entirely unprotected—whence a drop of a great many more feet than we cared to contemplate. Let the van skid, as it was almost certain to do on that surface, and over we should go. To be obliged, in consequence, to build up a temporary parapet with stones and mud on the right hand, so as to minimise the danger of slipping over, and on the left to dig out the earth in such a way as to decrease the slant and so increase the factor of safety. All this accomplished under a deluge of rain, we pulled ourselves together for the task, and reached the top, breathless but thankful, and praising the Fates for not sending



Rio Grande Canyon (Santa Fé to Taos).



us anything resembling this as long as the Inventor was with us. He has quite enough to do in tackling his own problems, and is better without nerve-racking ones involving the safety of his family.

Here something fresh awaited us in the shape of a heavy truck, whose driver stopped to give us the latest. We must not take the road by Santa Cruz, he told us—the shortest,—as he had just come from there, and found the bridge down and had to come round by Espanola, as we should have to do. Further, he had heard by 'phone that there had been a heavy cloud-burst, which had carried away the bridge at Pojoaque and flooded the valley. As we had camped within a hundred yards of the bridge, and less of the river, this was interesting news. Our friends the Burtons wrote to us later regretting our departure just in time to miss so extraordinary a sight. We, however, had not much time just then to indulge in regrets, having many miles of unknown road before us, and not too many hours of daylight in which to cover a distance of which every foot would, it seemed, be excessively heavy and toilsome.

The track which we were now to take led us along the wide river-bed of the Santa Cruz River, keeping on the left bank and thus avoiding the bridge leading across into the village of Santa Cruz, and rejoining the main road on this side of the bridge over the Rio Grande into Espanola. At this point another bridge spans the Santa Cruz on the main Taos road, and by this we should be able to cross. The map makes this quite clear to-day, but at the time I must admit our comprehension of the case was rather vague, though the urgency with which the kindly truck driver enjoined upon us the necessity for following his directions left us in no doubt whatever. Still, when mile followed mile, still on the sandy track, dry occasionally, but very frequently inches deep in water, owing sometimes to rills from the low hills that bounded the valley, sometimes to

stray runnels from the main stream, we began to feel distinctly uneasy. It looked like a mere cattle-track across flooded sands; and when at last we found ourselves faced by a drop of a foot or so into a swift rush of water, I own we did not like the look of it. But what were we to do? Reviewing the situation, it was clear we could not stay on the spot; if it rained more heavily we might in the end be swept away, or at least the van, for we could escape with the horses to the hills. It was miles of awful road back, and darkness would overtake us long before we arrived. There was no help for it; we must go on. At this point the inspiration seized me to try the terrifying stream that barred our way, and wading in boldly and, moreover, in comfort (thanks to my waterproof boots), my spirit gave a leap of joy to find firm hard sand beneath my feet, and to realise that the passage was perfectly safe. So we plunged in and got across, with the further encouragement somewhere along the way of meeting a couple of buggies, with whose drivers we exchanged a few cheerful words that assured us there was no mistake. And so, after hours of hard work on the part of the horses, alternately tugging and resting, and all the encouragement we could give the dears, who were so willing and brave, we emerged at last on to prairie once more, where a few scattered cattle were browsing—a welcome sight after the anxieties of the day and the desolation of that watery waste, which had a horridly unsafe appearance, and never ceased to be suggestive of calamity. Then, better still, a nice, narrow, commonplace lane, fenced on both sides in the style beloved of ranchers, whom heaven bless, for their homes must be near, and we are no longer adrift upon the desert. Our hearts warmed to the Mexican we met on horseback presently and practised our Spanish upon. We just longed for human beings and houses and every-day civilised things. And we

found them before long, for there, right by the roadside, came into view a couple of clean pleasant-looking houses opposite each other, each standing in a garden brimful of flowers, and the one boasting in addition a yard and a barn. Should we be so fortunate as to obtain shelter here? It seemed too much luck to be allowed not only to draw up under the shelter of the barn but to get stabling for our horses as well, and so give them a good comfortable night, for we hated to leave them out in the rain after their harassing toils. But all fell out to our desire: they were kindly, obliging people, the man spoke good English, we got all the hay and all the milk we wanted, our movements forming an absorbing interest to the small fry, who surrounded us with eager eyes. The return entertainment was given by our hosts later, when they set their victrola going with numbers of pretty Spanish airs and dances, winding up in our honour, I suppose, with English songs, among others the familiar "Silver Threads amongst the Gold," which carried me back to wanderings with the Inventor on horseback in the Tyrol over thirty years ago. "Port after stormy seas, rest after toil doth greatly please," expresses our frame of mind on that first evening of our journey of eight miles only on the road to Taos.

We got off in good time on 27th July, going slowly, on either side fields of fine Indian corn and ripening wheat, a wealth of gold and green, thanks to the rivers, the Santa Cruz and the Rio Grande, which fertilise this lovely valley. Espanola lies on the other side of the Rio Grande, but we, leaving the bridge on our left, turned to the right, keeping parallel with the river bank, though out of sight of it. The road was heavy and progress slow, but not anxious, so that we were able to enjoy the beauties of the weather and surroundings, and felt sufficient interest in the details of existence to stop at the entrance to a little ranch which announced

the sale of honey. We secured a pot of it, and have never since ceased to allude to it from time to time as the most delicious specimen of that article that we have ever tasted. I forget how many thousands of pounds the man told me they sold in the year, and I don't wonder at it. Heather honey and orange-flower honey are supposed to be the *ne plus ultra*, but give me sage-brush honey as produced there!

About six miles of alternate sand and mud brought us to the Indian pueblo of San Juan, otherwise Chamita, where we had planned to replenish our stores and have our horses shod, a process rendered unexpectedly necessary by the pull of the sand and mud on their feet on the preceding day. We had been told that we should there find a large store, and be able to get whatever we needed, and this information fortunately for once turned out to be correct. "Eldodt and Rueth" is a fascinating place for the wanderer to come across in so remote a spot—a light, spacious, inviting resort, in which the only difficulty was to refrain from spending money. The need for shady hats being urgent at the time, conscience left us obligingly in peace whilst we selected those—great wide-brimmed Mexican-looking ones of straw,—and we quickly snatched the occasion to put in a few extras, such as cowboys' silk ties, gauntlets, and gloves. Mr Rueth, the owner, showed himself extremely interested in our undertaking, and asked us many questions, telling at the same time of his own journeys in South America. The further story tells of how, being ready to start, we remembered at the last moment to ask for fresh vegetables, how Mr Rueth sent us to get them from his wife out of their own garden; how the Artist and the Skipper, proceeding there for the purpose, found that Mrs Rueth had been to Oberammergau and knew the Artist's father-in-law and family; of how we were invited to camp outside their house,

dine with them and make an evening of it; how we strolled together through the Indian village by starlight, and talked late into the night by the light of the lamp in their charming drawing-room; how we were invited to a luxurious breakfast and sent on our way rested and invigorated on the following morning.

It was a wrench to tear ourselves away from the green spot by the stream, where Indian children had made such picturesque groups about us, and bright splotches of colour—shawls, scarlet and pink and blue and purple—kept enlivening the path between us and the village. To say good-bye to our kind friends, whose hospitality lingers among the warmest of our recollections, was a big thorn on the rose. But on jaunts like ours something generally crops up to interfere with the designs of Melancholy, and it did not fail us on this occasion. Mr Rueth had advised a detour across the mesa, northwards, as the road proper was a quagmire in which a car had just stuck all night—this was the “good” road to Taos,—and we turned off, therefore, as directed on to the desert, but had not proceeded a quarter of a mile before we stuck—stuck hopelessly—in the heavy sand. After efforts which soon showed us we were there for good, unless we took further measures, one of us returned to the store to beg for planks, and armed with these to reinforce the assistance of jack, pick, and shovel, further encouraged by the sympathetic scrutiny of a number of Indian bystanders, and the help of a select few, we managed eventually to pull out and get a fresh start. Delay, two hours! As we had started about eleven, it was now past lunch-time, but of that we never even thought. Once going, the only object in sight was to *get on*, which we did, through endless heavy places, caught once more in the sand and having to dig out—struggling manfully, one of us ahead to review the track and point out the safest and easiest places—oh! it was good



exercise, I assure you, and by the time we reached the outskirts of Alcalde we were all exhausted. A heavy day's work, without even lunch to fortify us, and it had brought us, how many miles, do you think?—*three!* That was the amount we were to the good on the direct road, our track through the sandy mesa being a detour, thanks to which we had had sand only to cope with instead of sinking deep in sticky dirty mud, which would have been our fate on the high-road.

Alcalde is a Mexican village wherein lies a large ranch for the reception of visitors and for the arrangement of lengthy camping trips into the surrounding country. In the main road, outside the wall of this, where there was ample space, we thankfully drew up our van, with an eye to shelter from the threatening rain, saw our horses bestowed in the ranch corral, and with the welcome addition of a little milk spared us from the ranch, proceeded to prepare supper. A visit from two of the ranch ladies, who brought the milk and took stock of our travelling equipment and home, helped to fill in the evening, which after all remained fine, and allowed us to spend a few pleasant minutes roaming about the village, besides giving time to write up diaries, for which never again did we have a minute of energy on the remainder of the road to Taos. I have heard a good deal about Mexicans being dirty, and in the class that migrates to do the heavy work that may be the case; but there were no conspicuous features of that kind here. It was orderly and it was picturesque, as any dwelling built with adobe in the Mexican style cannot help being any more than the Indian. At first sight one is not always sure which the place is—Indian or Mexican.

The following morning, though we started early, brought us a visit from one of the boarders at the ranch, whose acquaintance we were to have the pleasure of extending later at Taos, a lady who

came from New York, spoke English that it was a delight to hear, and begged for leave to photograph us. It was quite a cheering send-off, and in spite of our misadventures of the day before we started in good spirits, undashed by yesterday and as hopeful as ever of better luck to-day.

We *did* have better luck—six miles instead of three in the course of the day was something to boast of, and a total delay of about one and a half hours as against those of the day before put us to the good also on that score. Besides, there was variety in our contretemps—although the inevitable sand through which our poor horses toiled and tugged and I plodded, leaving to the younger ones the touchy task of driving, one taking the team and the other the leader—although this, I say, displayed much the same characteristics as the sand of the day before, the manner of our encounter with it was after another fashion—namely, on this wise: our road, if such it can be called, being nothing but a slightly hardened sandy surface ploughed into deep soft ruts, led us beneath an arching green roof formed by a row of magnificent cotton-wood trees, which bordered one side of the highway. Delightful to drive under on that hot summer's morning for any one with a vehicle of reasonable height. But——! Before we had finished our eulogistic remarks on this unexpected bit of luxury, behold a huge bough—not a branch, mind, but a *bough*—reaching across at the level of the upper part of the doorway, forbade our passage with a fine show of fluttering yielding leaves, but a barrier absolutely effective. Brought to a halt in so peremptory a manner, the Artist and the Skipper bethought themselves a moment, and then backed and swerved to the right, off the roadway on to the sand, at the side which looked no softer, if no harder, than the path we were travelling along. The horses floundered, the vehicle lurched, groaned, and came to a standstill. We

were stuck again in that confounded sand! The same old performance — jacks, pick - axe, shovel, planks; by slow degrees, raising here and lowering there, all hands to the pumps, we got her off again and back on to the much-abused road, which we found after all it would pay us to stick to with a rigid adherence, paying no heed to the deceptive appearances beyond. So we vowed, and within fifty yards were brought up short once more by a mightier bough than the last, and this time with no fancied alternative of turning out of our course. That was not to be thought of, and the only way of escape for us lay in getting rid of the impediment, a task which the Artist proceeded at once to undertake by climbing on to the roof, whence she could best reach the enemy, while the saw was handed up to her by the admiring family. I took a snap of this thrilling scene, but, owing to the thickness of the foliage and the fact that she sat in the midst of it, the centre of the picture is nothing but a dark shapeless mass looming over the backs of the horses, and the sight of one of the most unusual of our adventures is lost to posterity.

The road on this day was of a much more friendly nature, there being numerous little ranches, outside of one of which we lunched, while at another we drew water for our horses by means of a bucket let into a very deep well. This drawing of water was one of the most toilsome of our labours, as will be readily gathered when it is understood that generally the operation was of a very primitive nature, the bucket being let down and persuaded, by sundry wriggles and jerks, to get itself submerged. It was then drawn up. To supply three thirsty horses after this fashion, in addition to our own needs, was something of a task. While the girls made free with the water I went on to the cottages, and found the owner, an old Mexican woman, who gave me a sketch of her family history, and told



*In the Rio Grande Canyon (New Mexico).*



me how she, with her son's help, had run the ranch since her husband's death some five years before, and showed me over a home austere simple but most conspicuously clean. Human habitations never very far off, and words exchanged with a fellow-creature here and there, give to the recollections of that day's travel something reassuring and comforting that must have entered into the experience. One gets weary of remoteness and desolation and distance, and I remember well the surprise and pleasure with which we greeted this welcome change. In spite of all this we arrived, as my diary records, "worn out," and rejoiced exceedingly to find that the storekeeper's daughter at Velande would get supper for us. We pulled up on a grassy plot by the roadside, surrounded by green fields and the sweet home-like aspect of scattered cottages and barns, made our horses comfortable in the barnyard belonging to the store, and quickly sought the suppertable, where we sank with thankfulness into our respective chairs to enjoy in repose the good things provided for us by some one else. It would have been a happy evening but for "Minx." She had for some days been developing the same symptoms as poor "Don," and my remedies taking no effect, I was exceedingly worried about her.

None of us will ever forget the descriptions we received here of the canyon, to be entered on the morrow and followed for a distance of about thirty-five miles, until we emerged from a precipitous hair-raising gorge along which the road wound, into the Taos valley. The account of it was so terrifying, and the storekeeper's daughter, who had once only been that way herself, was so evidently sincere in her horror of it, that I must own my heart quailed. If these people, whose home was in the midst of these mountains, looked upon it as so dangerous and undesirable an undertaking, what about us with our cumbrous caravan? The girl was a chatterer

certainly, and for that reason we discounted a good deal she said ; still, a modicum of truth must remain, and we recalled also some casual remark let fall by the Rueths about the canyon, which we knowing nothing about it, had not understood. We considered seriously for a few minutes the possibility of retracing our steps, for we had no desire to be foolhardy. Still, great hay-waggons came that way, we were told, in addition to the motor traffic which must follow the only high-road between Santa Fé and Taos. It could not therefore be impossible. The road, by all accounts, was very narrow, but as usual on mountains roads there were cut-outs in the side of the mountain where vehicles could pass each other, and all that was needed would be care to have an advance-guard who could prevent an encounter in the interval. So, all things considered, and with a lively recollection of the episodes which lay behind us, we decided for the advance.

This took place after lunch on 30th July, there having been a long delay in removing the right front wheel and clearing the bearings of sand. We were not long in verifying some of the descriptions, for the road, as soon as we entered the canyon, was certainly alarmingly narrow, and that sinister-looking river swirling so silently at our left was a sight that I drew my eyes away from as much as possible. Silent rivers are horrible and treacherous and snake-like, and driving a caravan along an extremely bad road, with such a threatening companion on the one hand, only a few feet away down the steep bank, and beetling crags on the other, is a kind of performance which, proud though we may be of it in the retrospect, not one of us wants to repeat. Moreover, the cut-outs were infrequent, and too far apart relative to our rate of progress to make negligible the chance of an encounter in between, as was shown before long by the appearance at the top of a rise facing us of a motor-car driven by a

girl. A very skilful chauffeur might possibly have succeeded in backing, but she was unequal to the task, though she seemed to think it quite on the tapis for us, in some miraculous way, to thread our big vehicle among the huge boulders which lay at the foot of the cliff on our right. Whilst we were engaged in dispelling this sanguine illusion, up came two jolly young fellows in a car from behind us. They had to stop, of course, and helping us was their only chance for getting on themselves; but they did it so pleasantly and good-naturedly as to give a likeable twist to the adventure, and make one for the time being feel at peace with mankind. What with changing the horses about, backing, digging out the road, moving such stones and boulders as several of us could with united strength handle, and generally manipulating the situation, we got past each other at last, and, with the added experience of the last few days, succeeded in freeing the van from the boulder against which it had got jammed in the process of getting to one side. Free once more and safe, we pursued the vile road through the dark forbidding canyon which we all equally disliked, not at all happy at the prospect of thirty-six miles of it ahead. This period of depression, however, was promptly relieved by encountering, this time in a convenient place, a motor-car whose driver cheered us amazingly by declaring that this was the narrowest bit, and that it would improve before long, which it did, eventually leading out of sight of the river to the little settlement of Embudo, opposite which on the other side of the river lies its station, inaccessible at the present moment owing to the sweeping away of the bridge by the recent floods. We passed the broken bridge and one or two others, likewise down, and kept catching glimpses of the railway-line across the river, which gained nothing in attractiveness by this latest exhibition of its ruthlessness. In this



little place we drew up for the night, securing a corral just beside us for the horses, but no chance of any food except what we had brought, and that we were almost too tired to prepare, which conveys much as to the nature of our journey, seeing we had travelled for half the day only, and covered about six miles.

The owner of the corral, a Mexican widow woman who worked the ranch with her family, delayed me a good while with friendly chat next morning. Her horses were fat and tame, and evidently well cared for, and she showed me her spotless adobe house, and lingered long over a portrait of her son, who had died of influenza in France, and was recently brought home at the State's expense for burial in his native village. A good many youths seem to have been drawn from this neighbourhood.

Before we had proceeded far we were brought to a halt half-way up a rise in the extremely narrow road by the unexpected and startling appearance of a big agricultural machine topping the hill just in front of us. Everybody stopped, of course, to consider the situation, which looked decidedly hopeless, inasmuch as a dangerous-looking handle projecting outwards from the driver's seat brought to nought every attempt at a solution of the difficulty. In vain the dark-skinned jehu pulled his team into the fence, tilting his waggon at an alarming angle, and exhorting us to do likewise on our side. Certainly not—that villainous excrescence would ram a hole in the side of our van in less than no time, and we were not to be thus cajoled. Seeing which, what is our friend's next move? Calmly to turn round and unscrew the objectionable piece of machinery, which only his inveterate laziness had prevented his doing at the outset—a good sample of Mexican indolence. We grazed past each other with great skill and even greater satisfaction, and so disposed of the first of the day's episodes.

The road now left the river and wound through most beautiful mountain scenery, partly diversified by a tributary torrent possessing all the enchanting attributes of running water without any of its terrors. Our track, though difficult, was not in any way alarming, so that there was a short time at least which we can look back upon when the canyon road allowed us to take in its character unharassed, and to realise something of its wonder and charm. As to the latter, its chief feature seems to have lain in the withdrawal of that awful river, and the substitution of a stream with a change from grandeur and gloom to the soft outlines of distant mountain and intervening valley. We breathed again away from the enclosing walls that frowned upon us so grimly.

However, such good fortune could not last, of course, and presently we found ourselves back once more by the river bank, with more sand and mud and steep declivities, and shouting drivers and straining horses. Lunch at a little settlement called Rinconada, where we secured some supplies, but no bread nor meat nor butter, which we had now been without for about three days, Velande being short of all such things. A large tin of plain biscuits fortunately helped us out. The storekeeper at Rinconada, repeating advice given in preceding places, urged us to get through the ensuing part of the canyon as quickly as possible, and not on any account to spend the night in the deep part. This canyon is, in fact, a dangerous one, for two reasons. First, the precipitous rock slides, which extend for miles—but which we had not yet reached—at such an angle that the jar of wind or rain is quite enough to start a slide on to the road below, and then woe to the passer-by ! Rocks, stones, and enormous boulders lie loosely on that treacherous grade, and leap or roll down to smash to pulp whatever lies in their path. Secondly, the frequent cloud-bursts occurring

on the heights and rushing with lightning suddenness down the little side canyons and gullies across which the road passes. Look carefully, we were told; and though you see no sign of anything, cross quickly, for before you know where you are, down comes an immense wall of water from which, if you happen to be in its way, there is no escape. I don't know how our friends thought we were going to get through quickly with our caravan—it couldn't be done, that's all, and we had to take the risk.

As a matter of fact, we were fortunate to get through as we did, as will be seen by the fact that a day or two after we passed through the canyon a man was caught in his car in an arroyo by a cloudburst. His machine was smashed to pulp, but he escaped with his life. A similar accident occurring just then near Denver impressed upon us how lucky we were, for in this case the water, rushing upon a car with four occupants, drowned two and severely injured the others. If a motor-car is helpless, where would our caravan be?

At Rinconada water was scarce and difficult to get, and as we were assured there was an excellent spring a few miles farther on—our road being now at a considerable elevation above the river and out of reach of it,—we decided to trust to that for our night's supply. The situation of the spring had been carefully described, but alas! we looked for it in vain, and in our search passed a most beautiful camping ground on the hill-top, a green expanse of smooth turf with most glorious view, and perfectly safe, where, had we known what was coming, we should have stayed, even at the cost of letting the horses go thirsty for one night. But all looked at that time inviting—the spring must surely disclose itself in a moment; and so we went on, and before we knew where we were, we had turned a corner, and were out of sight of the wide smiling green on a narrow road and downward grade leading to the

river. No turning back, of course; that is the worst of this sort of travelling—once in for it there you are. You can't change your mind even if you want to; forward is your only chance. It seemed miles before we came across anything again that was a possible spot for a camp, and we must find one soon, for evening was coming on, and alas! our road was leading us lower and lower to the level of the hated river. There we landed at the bottom of a steep switchback, a grassy plot on our left offering all we needed for our van and horses, but beyond it the river, and on our right the most alarming and threatening rock-slide, reaching hundreds of feet above us. One enormous boulder lay in the roadway. If it had struck our caravan when it fell it would have made matchwood of it. However, there was no help for it. Stop we must, for the grade we had just come down was long and difficult and not to be thought of, while in front of us, after only a few yards of level ground, rose another equally steep, and leading who could tell to what further dangers. There was water and space to draw up in, and we must hope for the best.

We discussed the other alternative, though, determined to be ready whatever happened, and decided to sleep ready dressed, and in the event of a storm, or a sudden rise of the river—the former seemed more than likely—to escape with the horses up the hill we had just descended, leaving the van to its fate. The gathering clouds began to descend in rain by the time we were in bed, and gnawing anxiety—for the possible results of a heavy rainfall were not pleasant to contemplate—kept me awake until little by little the rain ceased and there was quiet.

Not for long, however, for soon arose a succession of snorts from "Gray," whose habit it is to announce the unforeseen in this manner, and who is as good as a watch-dog. Up got the Artist and the Skipper,

armed with pistol and gun, to do battle with the midnight intruder, wolf or bear, or whatever it might be. Yes, there it was in the road, not far from the horses—a skulking grey shape, moving towards them. Very large for a wolf, they thought, and flashed a beam of their flashlight for a better sight of their quarry. Nothing more exciting than a donkey, blinking sleepy eyes, and wagging long mobile ears—several donkeys, in fact, for a couple more came loitering up to join the first. Here in this desolate wild gorge, miles away from anywhere, we might surely have been justified in expecting something better than this! To be dragged out of one's warm bed in the middle of the night, courage screwed to the sticking-point, conscious of fine nerve and tingling for adventure, to meet a trio of harmless burros! It let us down from our attitude of high emprise with a jolt and sent us all back to bed with a hilariousness well adapted for the relief of overstrung nerves. Whatever you may say—bandit, bear, wolf, or donkey—the initial effect was the same, and we shall recognise the sensation if real wild carnivora ever come prowling round at night to make amends for the unneighbourliness of these others, whose acquaintance we have so vainly longed for.

Further disturbances made my night seem long, for “Minx” was worse, and I was up with her several times, thanks to which the sight of the canyon by starlight, under a crescent moon and in the grey of dawn. A solitary spectator of the Indescribable—I felt before this silence of mingled loveliness and grandeur the realisation which comes to me often in such a presence!—the utter inadequateness of our senses to absorb and deal with abundance of this order—the consciousness of some desired range of being which will some day make us capable of the depth of peace and intensity of joy, of which beauty such as this not only contains the

promise but gives here and now a hint as to the nature of its fulfilment.

Further benefit of my broken slumbers, I aroused the others as early as 4.15, receiving this time only gratitude for my thoughtfulness and no revilings. We were at one in our desire to get away from this very unsafe proximity to the rock-slide, and were hindered in our preparations only by a chase up the hillside in the grey morning light in pursuit of a conspicuously white object moving stealthily among the bushes. Here was compensation for the fiasco of the night before in the shape of an animal, which, though of modest size, was evidently a wild creature. So thought and said the Artist and the Skipper, hope springing unquenchable in their sporting breasts, and urging them up the steep incline, only to return in convulsions of laughter with the information that the beast was neither more nor less than a very wild domestic cat! How it got there was a mystery we could never explain. It was a good thing we took time by the forelock, and got harnessed up and ready for that tough-looking hill when we did, for this day easily took the palm for difficulties and delays.

First, the hill—an awful task. Road very narrow, very steep, very stony, just as much as they could do if they all pulled together, but, as happened occasionally when conditions were severe, “Jim” got fidgety and so failed to keep time with “Betty,” each alternately tugging and pulling back, wearing themselves out and getting nowhere. So “Jim” at last, after several false starts, had to be taken out, and good steady “Gray” put in his place, he being to be relied upon to pull his utmost under all circumstances, while “Jim” took his place as leader, myself at his bridle-rein. A few more efforts, till at last, fortuitously, they all started at the same time, the waggon moved, and we got up the hill at a run, two of us on foot, and all urging and en-

couraging the horses. To get stuck in these narrow places, unable to go forward and with no chance to get back, is very far from a joke, and the delays reduce our daily average to ridiculous proportions.

However, this was only the beginning of troubles. True, we got past without accident miles and miles of rock-slides. Some of these were entirely composed of stones of a bright pink colour, mixed with what looked like flakes of silver—an effect of delicate loveliness of which we could take only a few samples, to the disgruntlement of the Skipper, who was desirous of loading with them every available inch of space in the van. So far so good. But the road beggared description. I walked ahead so as to give the drivers good notice of what was coming, and thus stopped them in good time at a really choice bit. At our left a steep bank and the river; at our right, cleaving the mountain, a deep gully, down which evidently a cloud-burst had recently emptied itself, making of the roadway nothing but a yielding heap of loose rubble, stones, and sand, flung, of course, in the direction of the flood that brought them, and inclined at a startling angle towards the river. The edge of the road being broken away, and the slant in any case such that no one in their senses would have attempted it with a vehicle the size of ours, what was to be done? Nothing, except rebuild the road, and to this task we quickly settled ourselves, the Artist and the Skipper labouring vigorously with pick and shovel to level it, while I lugged the heaviest stones I could carry for the purpose of laying a secure foundation (afterwards filled in with sand and rubble), and also of building an edge on the side of the river solid enough to arrest a slipping wheel. All three of us toiled and panted and slaved as though our lives depended on it (as in a sense they did), and had occasion to chronicle a very tolerable success, for which we ought to have been, but weren't, commended by the



Rio Grande Canyon (near Taos).





county, seeing it is not every day they get their roads rebuilt gratis. Of course, we could have made our boast in much finer style could we have produced a telling picture of the situation; but with the perversity which I notice takes possession of the camera on these especial occasions, it refused to combine in the scene such parts as were necessary to produce the effect. Either we got the river and no road, or the road and mountain and no river, and that was not the worst of it. When we *did* get the road, with the labourers shown at work, it was a gradient to all appearances as level as a Californian boulevard, and we needn't have moved a step away from home to get it. For which reason it does not appear here.

Though we did our best as to photos, all this did not trouble us much at the time, our minds being more occupied with what would come of it. I went ahead and turned round to watch with my heart in my mouth, for it looked like touch and go. But they got across and all was well, and how relieved we all were it would take more skill than mine to explain.

The next episode, occurring at a spot where the road was wide enough to allow of our drawing to one side to make room for passing, was the necessity for removing and readjusting the front wheel. Owing to the frequent and violent jars and jolts the front clevice had jumped out of place, and was grating against the hub and grinding it away. This had to be attended to immediately, and was no child's play, for the wheel had to be taken off bodily and the van propped up meanwhile in such a way as to remove into as remote a distance as possible the likelihood of the support giving way and overwhelming workers and van with irretrievable disaster. Out, therefore, came the tools, and to work went the faithful drivers, sprawling in the roadway, most of the time on their backs under the van,

whilst the leader encouraged them by complimentary remarks on their skill as mechanics, and kept an eye to the three horses turned loose and nibbling an extra lunch up and down the side of the road. The delay entailed was of an hour and a half's duration, and it will therefore surprise no one to learn that the total distance covered since the start could not have been much about five miles when, across a rickety wooden bridge spanning a long-dried-up river-bed, we pulled up under the scant shade of some roadside trees in the little settlement of Segeduilla, the last place before Taos, and ten miles away from that desirable goal.

Segeduilla, consisting of a few scattered houses and a small store, suggests recollections of various kinds. First, the roasting mid-day heat, in which, baking, tired, and grimy, and looking like a collection of boiled lobsters (so says the Skipper), we unharnessed and left our faithful steeds contentedly (so we thought) munching hay in the shade of the caravan, while we went in search of a watering-place, at the same time prosecuting inquiries of a gastronomic nature at the store, the existence of which delighted us until we discovered it to be supplied with everything we did not want, and nothing which we did. Returning minus lunch, but with an excellent promise of water, behold the horses, tired of waiting, had evidently gone off prospecting on their own account, for they had disappeared! In their place stood an excited little Mexican boy, who, with vivid gesticulations and urgent exclamations, pointed in the direction of the river-bed, up which the Artist forthwith trudged off in pursuit, unaccompanied by the Skipper, who, wickedly rebelling at any more exertions, preferred to accompany me in, as she expressed it, "rustling some grub." In the course of this effort we were lucky enough to come across a Mexican family living in a little white-washed adobe dwelling, and to

persuade them to prepare us a meal, the materials for which—chiefly eggs—they had on the premises, and which would be ready in about half an hour. With this cheering news we were able to invigorate the Artist as we met her wearily trudging through the sand, the three truants meekly trailing in the rear, unsuccessful in their independent search, and eager for the ministrations of their devoted mistresses.

Having attended to their wants, and left them this time safely secured, we found our way back to the adobe house for dinner or lunch, or whatever you like to call the meal. This we ate in the living-room at a deal table set back against the wall, on which hung a number of gaudy and, I may as well add, frightful lithographs—they made that impression on us all three—representing various religious subjects. On one side of us stood a large bedstead; on the other was the roaring kitchen range, which, added to the heavy odours of cooking and to the blazing heat of an August mid-day, made of the experience something to be long remembered. Nevertheless the food was more than welcome after our deprivations in the canyon, although details escape me, except as to the tortillas, a kind of soda-cake dear to the Spanish housewife and used in place of bread, which I thought very palatable and enjoyed, but which the Skipper declares was a cross between an automobile tyre and a piece of chewing-gum, with the added advantage of not being sticky. Our presence evidently provided endless entertainment to the crowd of little Mexican children gathered about the doorway, making their observations without in the least disturbing our equanimity, for we have got used by this time to being objects of interest, and the kiddies were welcome to whatever fun they could get out of the contemplation of us.

The unwonted luxury of this ready-cooked feast makes the second note in my memory-book, and

the third is my success in finding a seat in a passing motor-car, and my reluctant farewell to the Artist and the Skipper. The rock-slides were now a thing of the past, and the road, we were told, comparatively easy but for the last climb on to the mesa out of the canyon, and for this we could get help from one or other of the teams always to be found at work at the foot of the rise. Thus encouraged I had to make up my mind to leave the girls and take the first opportunity of begging a lift from a passing motor, in order to get poor little "Minx" to Taos, where there might be a "vet.," and a chance of saving the dear little dog. We all loved her, and it was sad to see her going the way of poor "Don."

For the caravanners left behind there is a fourth hallmark of that day—namely, a narrow escape from what might have been a very nasty accident. I give it as described to me by the Skipper.

The road out of the village was gently graded, and led by a little bridge across a stream, doubling back beyond it in a close horse-shoe curve. The Skipper was driving, rather light-heartedly let it be added, for nothing so wide or so level as this road had she seen for many a long day, and care for the time being had been gladly consigned to the winds. The waggon was half-way across when she suddenly realised that she had failed to make allowance for the sharp curve of the road, and that though the front wheel would clear the bridge, the hind one could not possibly do so, and must inevitably plunge into the stream, tipping the van over. The Artist, walking ahead and looking back at this instant, likewise perceived the state of the case, and emitted a whoop of warning, simultaneously with which some subconscious instinct coming instantaneously to the rescue, the Skipper seized the whip, and, yelling at the top pitch of her lungs, urged the horses into a gallop, wherein lay the only chance.

Thanks to the speed and the impetus, the hind wheel leapt the interval between bridge and road, and landed safely on the level surface, to continue as before its useful and efficient service.

A quite passable road, bordered for miles by the most beautiful flowers, yellow sun-flowers, and a lovely pink blossom—this is the chief impression I gathered as we flew along the level of the canyon until we reached the rise out of it, a wide, steep, well-graded roadway, allowing for the comfortable passage of two vehicles, but winding along the edge of one of the most terrifying precipices I have ever been asked to skirt. No wall, or parapet, or protection of any kind, so that the unaccustomed mind keeps picturing the result if one of these motor-drivers should make a mistake, or something should go wrong with the steering-gear . . . well, it doesn't seem to happen, for we heard of no accidents whatever, though I was told of a visitor asking to be put out of the car that connects with Taos Junction twenty-five miles from Taos, and allowed to walk up the hill! I can forgive any one for an attack of nerves on that giddy track, and quite agree in preferring to walk it, hugging the cliff and declining the view over the edge. But I was whisked safely to the top, though bumped pretty severely by the jagged rocks that stick up all over the roadway, washed clean by the recent rains; thence across five miles of mesa—mostly sage-brush—past Ranchos, with its ancient mission church, and so into the quaint plaza of Taos itself, my host entertaining me by the way with undiluted praise of the State of New Mexico and every one in it.

I soon secured a quiet little room, Spanish fashion, off a verandah overlooking a home-like garden full of scented blooms, and ascertained to my chagrin that there was *no* veterinary surgeon. So I pinned my hopes upon kind Doctor Bergmann—Dutch,—who courteously offered to do his best for “Minx,” pending

the advice which I was eventually able to get from a first-rate veterinary sixty miles away, who located the trouble, and whose treatment in time restored our little pet to health.

I sent notes to the girls by means of the motor stage which runs daily to the foot of the pitch, branching off there across the river to the railway—the Denver and Rio Grande—and Taos Junction. In this way I heard on the following evening, 2nd August, that they were up that last awful pitch, and encamped within five miles on the mesa, the relief and joy of which news stirs me even to-day as I think of it. Next day, about twelve, they appeared. A spiral spring was broken, the rest were too weak to trust further, the waggon was badly shaken up, and altogether there was something to show in the shape of needed repairs for the trip from Santa Fé, which place we had left in perfect order. But what did all that matter? They were safe and sound; we were together again, and we should be able to rest and recuperate in the pretty wooded field kindly placed at our disposal by our fellow-countryman, Mr Manby, whose large house and grounds covering several acres—the house native style, the grounds full of old-fashioned English perennials, reminding one of home—lay on the other side of the high-road. An exquisite cool climate at 7000 feet elevation, a country with a character all its own—scenery and surroundings of interest such as to draw hither some of the most celebrated New York artists, who find exhaustless subjects to draw upon in the atmosphere of the Indian and the Mexican,—could there be a better place in which to dream away the summer?

## CHAPTER XVII.

## TAOS.

Lo, Genius ! The instant vibration of thought  
 To the delicate touch of impression ;  
 The Intangible, by the Intangible caught  
 And clothed on with form, lest possession  
 Of Beauty be lost to the world—that is why  
 The artist must speak, though he die !

THE mention of Taos will always recall our attractive home in the inviting green of the field. On the east and south clustered many tall shade trees beneath which flowed a rill, brought from some larger stream and occasionally cut off, but refreshing us most of the time with a faint gurgling sound, besides lending itself to various domestic uses. A path led from the gate entrance on the east side through the field to the cottage beyond, where we drew our drinking water from a deep well and where dwelt a family of father and two daughters, the latter most kindly and helpful, and to be remembered for the occasions when they relieved us of our everlasting picnics by serving us meals in their parlour. To the north, with only a few miles of intervening mesa and fields, rose Taos Peaks and Pueblo Peaks—summits from 11,000 to 12,000 feet high, indescribably beautiful because of the intensity of their colouring and its endless variety due to the ever-changing cloud-scapes above them: the shadows on the mountains alone would seem to me enough to attract the artists to this beautiful valley. In the spring when the fruit-trees are in blossom, and



in the autumn when the willows and aspens take on the softest and most exquisite yellows, the inspiration must be inexhaustible. We could gather something of its nature from the various pictures we had the good fortune to see in artists' studios: Mr Phillips, our kindly neighbour on the south side; Mr Hemings, whose studio on the main street close by we visited, carrying away indelible impressions of his landscapes; Miss Grant, who from her native east has come hither to catch the spirit of the Mexican and the Indian, and a number of others whose finished works hung in the reception-rooms of Mrs Gusdorf, the banker's wife.

To return to the camp, passing from the peaks we would gaze west on to further mountains far, far away on the horizon, Colorado way, where we were treated on most evenings to a gorgeous display of sunset sky; the south, with Mr Phillips' beautifully-modelled dwelling, so perfectly adapted to its exotic surroundings, was veiled from us by the otherwise welcome screen of shade, and on the east ran the high-road leading to Taos Indian pueblo, two miles to the north. A fine avenue of over-arching trees shaded a track, which, owing to almost daily storms, was usually a kind of quagmire, somewhat inhospitable to the foot-passenger who had occasion to cross it but acceptable to the feet of the Indian ponies that so frequently sped past, generally at a wild gallop, the white sheet or bright-coloured blanket of the rider streaming gracefully behind him. Here, too, passed the carts and buggies of the Mexicans living in the outlying ranches, on their way to trade or shop in the town, with an occasional motor carrying tourists on their way to see the pueblo. The sight-seers meant little to us, and struck a rather incongruous note, but the Mexicans and Indians were an endless source of interest, and whether we lolled at ease on the couch which we had fitted up with camp-bed and cushions and



Street in Taos (Spanish).



on which we proudly invited visitors to be seated, or were loitering round the table at which we took our *al fresco* meals within a few feet of the gate, we could never be dull. The mind was constantly being attracted by the vivacity or the strangeness of the life that flowed along this mountain highway, or the eye caught by some striking glimpse of artistically flowing draperies and bright splashes of colour. Sometimes a curious group would cluster at the gate for a nearer view of us—for we, with our outlandish van and etceteras, and tame horses expecting to be fed from the dinner-table, were as novel to them as they to us,—and then there would be an interchange of nods and smiles and a few Spanish words while we took closer stock of the dark typical faces and the strange attractive garb. The Indian's eye for colour and love of it for personal adornment is astonishing, and the blanket and shawl style gives them plenty of outlet for it. They choose beautiful combinations of colour; for instance, one blanket I remember particularly was a soft grey lined with exquisite rose-pink. On the other hand, the mixture is not always harmonious, as in the case where the shirt was pink, the trousers blue, the stockings scarlet, and the slippers yellow, with a blanket striped in colours. The custom which the men follow of wearing their shirts hanging *outside* their trousers gives one an uncomfortable feeling of their having forgotten to finish dressing, and was a thing I never got so far accustomed to as to cease noticing. The women, in equally bright colours, do not look unlike the men, but are to be distinguished from them invariably by their boots of white buckskin, worn at all times regardless of the weather, and always spotlessly white. I can't think how they manage it, nor how they get used to walking with such an encumbrance as those boots must be, being so wide at the top as necessarily to interfere with walking at every step. They are all a great

feature in the landscape, with their brilliant shawls, shirts, or blankets, heads invariably covered no matter how hot it is, and looking alike in both the sexes, though the man is recognisable by the fact that he wears his hair in two long plaits down his back.

Walking through Taos for the first time gives you the impression that you are in the midst of a "movie" set, where everything has been arranged so as to strike the eye and arrest the imagination. At the first street corner we would come upon a group of gaily-garbed or white-sheeted Indians assembled about the store, talking, or discussing the wares on sale within; then on the sidewalks as we proceed to the Plaza, Indian men or women by twos or threes, each a bright splotch of colour or a conspicuous dab of white; or Mexicans, the men dark of complexion with wide sombreros, the women wearing a black shawl over their heads, something after the Spanish mantilla style, only hotter and heavier, an exhausting affair one would say, in the heat of summer, though they do not seem to think so, clinging as fondly to their black shawls as the Indians to their more cheerful-looking blanket-wraps. And so on, past the shops to the Plaza which comprises a rectangle of untrimmed grass and a few shade trees, fenced in, while to the railing are fastened all sorts of vehicles, carts of all sizes, buggies old and new—chiefly old and tumbling to pieces,—and here and there, of course, a waiting motor of resident or visitor striking a modern note very much out of tune with the rest of the surroundings. The owners are presumably shopping in the square, about which are to be found all the most important shops of the place.

Taos itself is picturesque, and particularly are its outskirts so, owing to the Spanish style of these adobe farm buildings, rarely more than 12 feet high, but sprawling afar not trying to economise space

and covering as much ground as they happen to fancy. Many of these are very old, with curious walls and gateways and arches, charming, even when quite simple, because of the soft colouring and rounded outlines of the adobe set off by a profusion of old-fashioned flowers which are to be seen in the poorest yards. Hollyhocks, as at Santa Fé, bloom everywhere, giving an attractive aspect of cheerfulness and well-being to the humblest labourer's shack.

The houses of the artists, carrying out the same style, which has been called the "genuine American" because indigenous to the soil but on a richer scale, are a great ornament, as any building must be which is in perfect keeping with the land in which it has sprung up. In the larger houses the ceilings are of heavy wooden beams, which protrude on the outside wall, and so become a feature not only of interior but of exterior decoration, for the shadows which they cast, varying from hour to hour, add an elaboration of ornamentation harmonising exquisitely with the heavy pillars and arches to which the adobe building material so excellently lends itself. The soft tints of fawn deepening to yellow, the irregular outline of pillar and wall often overgrown with creepers, and the elaborate appearance where the retreating second storey makes a terrace of the first in the manner of the Indian pueblo—it is a beautiful and arresting sight. And within, the thick walls into which all sorts of quaint niches and shelves can so easily be introduced, the deep window embrasures and heavy beams—it attracts and charms with a stamp of its own, harmonious with the strange old-world corner of which it forms a part.

Taos Indian pueblo is a place in which one longs to spend many hours, on many days; everything is too new and strange and full of living human interest, mingled with suggestions of a romantic

past, to be taken in except by slow degrees. A ride of two miles along a mountain road bordered on either side by fields of Indian corn, wheat, and hay, with brilliant borders of the ubiquitous sunflower which beautifies all this region, brings the rider to Taos pueblo. Old Bible scenes seemed to live beneath our eyes as we passed, for seeing these little groups of Indian reapers, their bright garments about them, busy with their simple implements of toil, how easily we could picture Ruth standing with her sickle "among the golden corn." No longer a pretty story out of a vague distance, impossible to visualise, but something that might be happening to-day! No new-fangled machinery is here—the gathering of the harvest is done in the same way as for hundreds of years past, and only the motorist, struggling through the muddy ruts on sight-seeing bent, reappears from time to time to remind us of the century in which we live.

An adobe wall surrounds the pueblo, and as we ride through, scattered to right and left are the quaint, straggling farm buildings—corrals of rough boughs, sheds supported at the four corners by beams, otherwise open to the air, the roof heavily laden with the season's hay, which is stored here in this fashion, and seems to keep perfectly dry, only the outer layer suffering from the elements. Here in the outskirts is the modern mission church which the inhabitants attend, and opposite it are the ruins of another church set fire to, in spite of the refugees within it, in one of the wars with the Indians, a dreary monument of the savagery of mankind. Personally I dislike these sort of mementoes; gruesome and depressing they seem to me and of no benefit to the survivors, to which must be attributed the paucity of historical data I am able to give about them. It was much pleasanter to turn one's eyes to the rustic buildings enumerated above, and to those curious bee-hive baking-ovens that



Taos (Indian Pueblo).





turn every Indian homestead into a picture full of charm, and help to make such a pretty approach to what is probably the most interesting of the upper Rio Grande pueblos.

In point of architecture Taos pueblo carries the palm for loftiness, one section climbing to a height of five and the other seven storeys. Imagine these pyramidal piles, built like everything here of adobe, with their thick irregular walls and little loopholes of windows, receding step by step from the base to the summit, their roof-terraces reached by rough steps from one section to the next; garments of many colours fluttering on a line here, strings of meat drying in the sun there, pretty laughing Indian boys and girls at play, groups of gossiping women in the gayest of shawls, while an occasional Indian, strikingly arrayed in those Grecian-like white draperies, moves gravely up or down one of the deep rude stairways. Place this extraordinary picture in its natural setting at the foot of the Taos mountains, ever changing their deep shades of wonderful blue, with the exquisite stream which divides the two pueblos, its twenty feet of width spanned by a rustic bridge, its clear, delicately-tinted waters rippling over a stony bed, and washing the boughs of the willows that bend gracefully over it, and the rushes that make its banks so green. It is too dream-like to be real, a vision of some ancient scene of legendary lore out of which you will presently awake. And when you find it is solid enough and does not vanish away, then you begin to try to account for the fortuitous creation of anything so perfect, and discover a further mystery added to all the rest that have accumulated since you set foot in New Mexico.

There are seven kivas in Taos Indian pueblo, each guarded by a tall draped Indian of grave aspect; these kivas, once an important feature in the Indian religious rites, are still in use for solemn

meetings and discussions, and within are still kept alight the sacred fires, burning in obedience to a decree given by the son of Montezuma, the legendary Indian hero or demi-god, who is to return some day to his beloved people, providing they faithfully carry out his trust. The fire in the Taos pueblo has not been extinguished for a hundred years.

Our friends, Dr and Mrs Bergmann, took us to visit the pueblo one day—he is government physician, and she, as his wife, has cultivated the Indians with rare tact and is very friendly with them, so that through her we were able to see some of the interiors and to chat to the inhabitants, with some in Spanish, with others in English. Most of the younger generation speak both languages, and having Indian as well are tri-lingual, while the older all speak Spanish like natives—at least the men seem to, though I am not so sure of the women, who live much more secluded lives, and mix little with outsiders. Generally speaking, these Taos Indians are not very friendly to visitors—they are jealous of their rights and hate intrusion,—and the Artist laid herself open one day to a torrent of vituperation when, on a sketching expedition to the pueblo, she was putting into her picture the home of a fierce old Indian who sat sunning himself without. Mrs Bergmann, to whom she told the tale, took us up to this same old man and introduced us as friends of hers, whereupon he became immediately metamorphosed from the raging being she had known him for into a courtly, kindly, old man, whose reception of us was both charming and gracious. He was full of questions about us, and was rather at sea first of all as to our dress—were we men or women? That point settled, he wanted to know *where* our men-folk were! This is a puzzle to the Mexicans also, as their queries have evidenced more than once.

The house which we were allowed to enter and

observe was spotlessly clean but very dark, owing to the tiny window space. A wall rose at our left as we entered, the height of it about half that of the room and reaching halfway across it, and behind this was built the fireplace, making a cosy corner for those who gather round the fire. Benches running along the wall are used as seats by day and form the bed at night. Extreme simplicity marks the home of the Pueblo Indian, and as far as I have been able to observe scrupulous cleanliness also. We noticed this in all the pueblos we have seen, wondering indeed how, with all the labour that is carried on outside—the goats and sheep, the burros, the mules, and all the paraphernalia incidental to farming pursuits,—the yards can be the models they are of neatness and order. No horrid empty cans and rubbish here! In this respect the modern American might well take a lesson from the savage whom he has displaced.

On this occasion, having to wait about for the doctor, who was detained by patients, the Artist filled in the interval with a practice in circus-riding, upon the steed which had brought her, a performance which she indulged in daily, one of the favourite stunts being to trot standing on the horse's back. Although she found for her exercises a secluded lane behind the village, it was observed by some loiterers on the roof, as Mrs Bergmann subsequently told us, for she was warned solemnly by one of her Indian friends who had been a witness of it, to have nothing to do with the rider—only bad magic could enable a woman to do such a thing!

The Indians retain many of their old beliefs and most of their customs; they are supposed to be Christians and they attend church, but the new religion is superimposed upon the old one, which reappears on certain festivals of the Romish saints in the extraordinary rites and dances connected with the great events in Indian life—the Snake dance,

the Buffalo dance, the Deer dance, and so forth. Unfortunately we saw none of them, being unable to go so far out of our way as would have enabled us to reach one taking place while we were in the country, and being compelled to leave Taos a month before the annual great event on the feast of San Geronimo. We did, however, come into close touch with one of their religious rites at the time of one of our visits to the pueblo, which we found to our surprise almost entirely deserted. Every one was at the dance taking place in the canyon which leads from the pueblo into the mountains, and from that direction came the sounds of weird savage music, now rising to a shrill yell of joy or triumph, now sinking to something between an entreaty and a wail, always suggestive of the rhythmic movement through which primitive emotions are expressed. On the wall which divides the canyon from the pueblo was posted a tall Indian conspicuous in his flowing white sheet, and of suitably formidable appearance to facilitate his duty of guarding the sacred precincts from prying eyes. Unnecessary in our case, for we did not care to appear inquisitive in matters which these people keep a close secret, and preferred to depart without so much as crossing the bridge, lest we should seem to be intruding. This particular festival is still a mystery—not one of them will even mention it in conversation, and when alluded to by the whites the others affect to ignore its existence. Nevertheless it counts for more than any other with the Indian, who saves up money throughout the year for this great occasion, the ceremonials of which occupy several days. The chief rite takes place high up the mountain not far from the 14,000 feet summit, at "Blue Lake," a beautiful mountain lake in the depth of the forest. It is as much as any one's life is worth to attempt to witness what they do; guards are posted with care to prevent such a disaster, and as far as we have heard there is

no one foolish enough to take the risk. This part of the festival was over, and no one was aware that dances were still going on in connection with it in the pueblo, hence our good luck in seeing and hearing the little that we did, which, slight though it was, had a flavour of the wildness and strangeness of savage life.

But the evening visit to the pueblo was the most memorable. About six o'clock, when the workers have returned from the fields, and the families are assembling for their evening meal, the War Chief, or Governor, appears on the scene, first at the south and later at the north pueblo and slowly and impressively mounts the successive terraces until the summit is reached, and there, his flowing robes streaming in the wind, his fine commanding form outlined against the background of mountain or sky, he strides to and fro, while, with grave mien and dignified gestures, he delivers in the Indian language what sounds like an earnest and impassioned discourse to the listeners on the roofs below him. Of old his subject was inspired by the counsels of the brave for courage and daring on the war-path (still to be seen are the loopholes in the walls through which his ancestors shot at the enemy while defending their ancient homes)—to-day, I am told, it is compact of precepts for the conduct of husbands and wives, parents and children, in the daily duties which now make up life.

Imagine the effect among these surroundings, with the glamour of sunset upon them—the increasing vagueness of outline of the piles of ancient dwellings, lights beginning to appear here and there in the tiny windows, and indistinct figures flitting to and fro. A sheeted form appears suddenly in a doorway near which I am standing—a tall dark Indian, who leans there looking out, entirely unaware of the eerie sensation produced by the sudden apparition clad in those ghost-like white draperies.

The noiseless introduction of his presence gives a touch so vivid, so theatrical, that it is hard to realise the entire absence of prearrangement or design until, through this unexpected touch, the truth sinks home: the conditions of life as we know it are reversed. Here the striking, the strange, the weird, the beautiful, the picturesque, in an extreme degree of each have become the common-places of existence.

I think I have mentioned before the strong objections which the Indians have to being photographed. Let a camera come out, as ours did, of course, when the opportunity was good along the way, either in our strolls through the pueblos or when a group of characteristic figures come up to us offering wares for sale—instantly they fly for shelter of any sort; rush indoors, if their home is near, or crouch behind anything handy, as for instance our camping-table or the chairs on which we have been sitting. We were met here by the usual difficulty, and being forewarned we were careful not to make our purpose conspicuous, and so succeeded in getting several good snaps of the pueblo, though of these only one which strikes the full note in having an Indian, sheeted in white, in the foreground. Even for these we were obliged to resort to underhand devices, one of which I remember consisted in the operator squatting innocently on the ground amid the rushes by the river-bank while her accomplice stood astride in a masculine attitude gazing at the view, the space thus afforded being sufficient to get a picture entirely unsuspected. But for the groups of figures herewith I am indebted to the Artist, Miss Grant, who, being a resident, had a hundred opportunities to my one, who takes beautiful pictures, and who very kindly lent me her films.

Do my readers realise that, while Taos Pueblo is Indian, Fernando de Taos is Spanish, and the Americans who inhabit it are outsiders? Of this



Courtyard (Indian) (Taos Pueblo).





the residents seem to be very much aware, for they tell me that the Mexicans are entirely in control, and no American has a chance against them if it comes to a case of law, which for him is simply a waste of time and money. This is the complaint of the poor man in the rest of the United States, where it seems to be accepted as a matter of course that the longest purse wins—in the one the Mexican gets the best of it, and in the other the Money, and between the two what becomes of Justice? In this matter I do not speak from personal experience, but from a good deal of that of others and of observation of current events, which lead me to believe that there is much room for improvement over here in this respect, and that, many things as I have found to like and admire about American democracy, the administration of justice is not one of them. In fact, it comes to this, I think that democracy in directions social is, generally speaking, loyally carried out here in daily life, with the result that the ordinary individual has a better chance of advancement, and maintains a continual hold upon self-respect in this country in a way impossible at home. On the other hand, directly politics begin to be mixed up with the question of democracy, alas! fine theories go to the wall—it is one faction against another, and who knows what goes under in the struggle?

Now, speaking of the Mexicans as we found them, the prejudice implied in the very name does not seem to be justified. We know nothing of the Mexicans at work on the railways and in contractors' yards—these probably come mostly from Mexico proper, and are not the Americanised people of New Mexico with whom our intercourse lay. With these we had occasion to do business, frequently purchasing from them food and necessaries as we travelled, and noticed no tendency to overcharge or take advantage of us in any way. Several times when

we were in difficulties on the road—as, for instance, in the Cimarron Canyon after we left Taos, and beyond the Raton Pass where “Gray” cast a shoe—a Mexican came to our assistance and spent considerable time on our work, courteously but firmly refusing any remuneration for his labours. I have mentioned already the pleasant friendly attitude of the women who asked me into their homes, and the thrift and cleanliness everywhere evident within. Many of the inhabitants evidently own their own farm and land, and are well-to-do.

I fear, from observation as well as hearsay, that the Mexicans share the Spanish characteristic of indifference to the sufferings of animals; that is a feature which is frequently effective in dashing one's pleasure and spoiling one's peace of mind. Ignorance is at the root of it, I believe, and a good deal of apparent cruelty is doubtless due to that cause, otherwise self-interest alone would induce people to treat their animals fairly well.

Certainly we seem to be taking a step backward into the Dark Ages when we hear of the practices of the Penitentes, a powerful religious secret society which has many adherents all over New Mexico, and which requires of them a fortitude and zeal which, however mistakenly applied we may think them, are a marvel in this luxury-loving age. The call to display in such Spartan fashion the courage of their convictions does not fall to the lot of many moderns, and to see it answered as it is here touches the imagination to a very genuine respect.

The Penitentes (a name which as it appears, and as I have also been told, is only a synonym for the “Flagellantes” of history), or to give them their full name “Los Hermanos Penitentes,” or “the Penitent Brothers,” are the historic descendants of the Spanish conquistadores who celebrated the success of their arms over the Indians about 300 years ago by a general penance. Ever

since then each spring sees the re-enactment of the Great Tragedy by members of the brotherhood, with rites and ceremonies the barbaric harshness of which savours of an age long ago past, and are at this date by no means approved by the Mother Catholic Church to which the penitents belong. Modern civilisation, however, takes a long time to reach spots so remote as these New Mexican mountain villages, hence neither the opposition of the civil law (which it must be remembered they themselves have the greatest share in controlling) nor the pressure brought upon them by the disapproval of the Church have so far had much effect in modifying the severities of the proceedings. I shall describe these later as related to me by eye-witnesses, we ourselves having arrived four months too late for the gruesome sight, which may be beheld by any one happening to be on the spot, though let it be well understood, the Penitentes shun publicity and do not wish to be talked or written about, keeping jealously the sacred secrets of their order.

A convention was held by the Penitentes during the time of our visit to Taos, and thanks to the kind offices of our friend Mrs Phillips, the artist's wife, who had Mexican servants, we were able to obtain admission to the evening service held in their morada which contains both the chapel and the secret chamber of their order for that district.

Our way led through the outskirts of the village, past an elaborately handsome home built in the Spanish style by a resident lady artist, through the outlying fields, now crowded with worshippers, hurrying past in the gathering darkness, and out on to the sage-brush, in the midst of which in wild and romantic solitude stands the chapel, which at a special time like the present draws its congregation from a circumference of fifty miles round.

It is an unpretentious building of adobe, of simple

contours, situated in a lonely spot a mile or more away from the village. A long ungarnished room, lined on either side with benches running the length of the wall, received the greater number of the gathering, comprising many women and children, relatives of the members, who are exclusively men. To our left, as we entered, the bare wall was broken half-way to the far end by another doorway, opening evidently upon the secret chamber, for the members of every fresh group, as they arrived, were admitted within, the door immediately closing again, lest the vulgar gaze should catch a glimpse of that which was for initiates only. To our right the far end of the hall disclosed the chapel proper, which was raised above the level of the body of the building and illuminated by the light of many candles burning before the images placed on an altar running the width of the chapel; there were ranged dolls, large and small, rows of them, dressed up in tawdry bits of silk or satin or velvet mingled with common lace—the oddest conglomeration of cheap finery ever put together; crucifixes, too, of various sizes, atrociously executed, but all sanctified by the veneration in which they were held, for before these primitive symbols of faith knelt in attitudes of adoration men, women, and children, taking their turn at their devotions from among the congregation in the main body, and oblivious of the sight of blanching horror which glared at them from one side. For there, life-size, seated in a sort of sedan-chair, garbed in a dismal robe of black, which clung tightly to the figure and outlined the skeleton limbs beneath, sat a grisly figure of death, in the act of speeding an arrow from the bow grasped by its fleshless hands. This image is an important feature of the greater festivals when it is carried by the bearers in the van of the procession.

After visiting the chapel, mind and bearing attuned to reverence by the solemn mood of the

worshippers, if not by the outward manifestations which represented it, we found places on the benches along the wall, where we sat for an hour or more, absorbing the atmosphere of our novel environment, and feeling once more, as we had felt in the pueblo, transplanted into a foreign country and into a distant age both equally remote from the hustle and materialism of modern North America.

There was no regular service, nor any officiating priest, for, as I have already stated, the Church does not at the present time encourage this order which originally sprang from it, and which appears to be guided by the religious and intellectual standards of several hundred years ago. The religious exercise consisted in the endless reiteration of a number of stanzas of Spanish verse, recounting, as I was able to gather, the seven stations of the Cross, and dwelling throughout in detail upon the sufferings of Christ for Man. This litany, set to a weirdly monotonous chant, was led by what were evidently elders of the society, and the singing was fervently taken up by the congregation, who kept it up undisturbed by the fact that each group of arrivals swelling the crowd of adherents every few minutes from remote points in the mountains were themselves intoning the same chant as they entered from the darkness of the mesa, their guttering candles in their hands, and also continued from whatever point they happened to have arrived at, independently of those within. The resultant medley of sound may be imagined, perhaps, but is beyond description; yet even this was not without an effectiveness peculiar to itself, especially when heard from the outside, the incongruous noises of our little world of human beings mingling there with the solemnities of the night sky and the desert. As we took our departure, making our way under the stars among the numerous horses and mules tethered in the sagebrush, the haunting minor melody that issued in a

volume of strangely discordant sound from behind, met us in varying degrees of intensity from every quarter. North, south, east, and west, where flickered wavering points of light, some nodding miles away on the foothills, others quivering on the edge of the valley, others again making a splash of brightness in the gloom of our immediate surroundings, from every direction, through every gradation of distance, from the faintest suggestion of it far, far away, to the rounded note of the pilgrim brushing past us on the prairie path, floated the same wailing melancholy strain. We heard it still when we reached the cheerful shelter of our waggon, and woke to it in the silence of the hours of sleep. The congregation we had left desisted not a moment throughout the night from its monotonous worship, and dispersed only with the dawn.

Few pious moderns would be willing to undergo a protracted strain of this sort, which to our ideas seems sufficiently severe. It is no more than an indication, however, of the trend of thought fostered here and carried rigidly to its logical conclusion.

This is to be seen in the Lenten season, at the date of the commemoration of the Passion of Christ, when a solemn procession, described to me by those who had themselves been present, wends its way from the church in the centre of Taos as a starting-point, to this same chapel, a distance of about a mile. At its head walk, in single file, some five or six men selected (only initiates know how or why) for the self-inflicted penance of the lash. In the bitter cold of that season of the year at that elevation (7000 feet), with snow deep on the ground, they wear no other covering but short, white, cotton drawers, which before the conclusion of the slow tramp are stained deep crimson by the blood which pours from their backs. The whip, or "disciplina" is made of a plant called "amole," shredded and woven like hemp, and so arranged that when held

in the right hand and brought down with force upon the left shoulder, this acts as a fulcrum and brings the lash powerfully down across the middle of the back, where, at the outset, a deep incision has been made (with one of the prehistoric sharpened stones) in the form of a cross. It is a horrible sight, the devotees often sinking to the ground before the sacred spot is reached, or falling in a dead faint within the morada. The dangerous exposure in that climate, in conjunction with such brutalities, means an imminent risk of pneumonia, which is frequently known to supervene and end fatally.

The actual crucifixion, by tying the chosen man to the cross, which is then raised and let into a prepared hole in the ground, although abandoned in most of the communities, is still carried out in several villages in the Penitente country, where it takes place at dead of night on Good Friday. This rite was witnessed only last year in the neighbourhood of Taos and was described as follows: "In front of the morada was a small clear space where the ceremony was to take place. A group of about a dozen Penitentes emerged from the morada, bringing with them the man chosen for the 'Cristo' robed in a white sheet.

"They chanted a few verses of a song. The 'Cristo' then dragged forward his heavy cross so that the end was near a hole in the ground. With a few quick movements he was laid flat on the cross and his wrists and elbows were tied to the cross-trees and his ankles to the upright. The tying was done with heavy hemp rope.

"All stepped back after the tying had been done. At a signal from the Hermano Mayor, the cross with its human burden was raised and the end dropped in the hole. The Hermano Mayor, with great dignity, read the 'Sermon of the Seven Last Words.' All then was silent.

"The man on the cross hung with his chin against



his chest. The strain could be seen in every exposed muscle of his body. At times men have been known to hang on the cross in this way for more than an hour.

"At a signal from the Hermano Mayor, who like the other Penitentes and native onlookers at the scene had stood with bowed head before the cross, the cross was lowered. The man's wrists and ankles were released, and he was carried into the morada to be revived."

We ourselves were told by an intelligent and reliable man whose waggon took us to the head of Cimarron Canyon, and who was much interested in the psychology of these people, that the year before, in a remote spot in the mountains, two of the Penitentes had been crucified and left to die. This he had upon the authority of his Mexican neighbours, who satisfied him as to the veracity of the story. The fact that this religious order is a powerful and extended organisation, to which the greater number of the lawmakers themselves belong, explains how such things can be done without the interference of the civil arm, though whether the horrible sacrifice really took place it is impossible to say.

We spent a month in Taos, persuaded thereto by the charm of the friends whom we there made, and whom we hated to tear ourselves away from ; also by the fact that the trials of the Rio Grande Canyon had made such havoc of my nerves that it was a couple of weeks before I began to feel rested and to enjoy anything at all ; and thirdly, by considerations of climate. Why descend to the sweltering lowlands, of whose sufferings by the summer heat waves we read such vivid accounts, when we could luxuriate, mosquito-free, at our 7000 feet of elevation, surrounded by resources which a month could not begin to exhaust ? Apart from the human interests of which I have tried to give an outline, and which

make it difficult to imagine oneself dull there, the country round is a perpetual temptation. There is splendid trout fishing to be enjoyed in the various canyons, and endless beautiful excursions to be combined with that sport if desired, or to be taken on their own account, in every direction—mountains, rivers, canyons, hot springs, their name is legion; and if we had not made up our minds to settle down very quietly for a much-needed rest we should have felt as bewildered as we did at Santa Fé. As it was, however, we felt ourselves free to loaf, and be impressed and exert ourselves only occasionally, as, for instance, when the Artist and the Skipper, leaving the Leader of the Expedition at home in charge, rode with friends to the hot springs—the farther ones, most difficult of access—in the Rio Grande Canyon.

It was a twelve-mile ride through wild and beautiful country—beauty may be taken for granted anywhere in the Taos valley, for you could not escape it whatever you did unless you travelled with your eyes shut,—and combined with the delight and exhilaration of the exercise on horseback, made a recollection worth having. I am sorry to have missed it myself, but at that time I was still too shaken with our Rio Grande experiences to care for twenty-four miles in the saddle. A quiet day in camp looked more attractive. The party of riders had an absorbing time and missed nothing, even to drinking the waters and bathing in them. There is a sort of shack for the accommodation of visitors, and from this a flight of what look like cellar steps lead into the bathing-place, half grotto, half dungeon. Walls of rock circular in shape, with a bottom of fine sand, enclose a pool of lovely blue-green water bubbling and gurgling from the centre, where the spring rises, and illumined by a shaft of light falling from a tiny window high up in the wall. Into this inviting liquid, at a temperature so hot as to be only just

bearable, but which became perfect when you were used to it, the girls plunged, and in it they revelled for what by all accounts sounded a long time, with benefits, it is to be hoped, in keeping with the reputation of the place. Most marvellous recoveries, especially from troubles of the stomach and bowels, are vouched for by Mr Manby and others as having resulted from a few days' treatment, which consists both in bathing and in drinking the waters. It seems a pity that waters with such medicinal properties should be hidden away in so remote a corner, requiring more time and trouble and expense than most people are able to afford for their utilisation. In course of time they will no doubt be developed and become accessible and habitable. At present, though there is shelter in a plain shack, the would-be patient must take his own bedding and necessities and provide his own food, which entails a system of supplies that he would have to organise on his own account.

An interesting article in the 'Taos News' appearing whilst we were there, gave an account of the legends connected with these springs, which may well have been the origin of the idea of the "Elixir of Life"—their Indian name for them "Wa-pu-me" signifies Spring of Life and Key of Life, and they have long been patronised by the natives, who make long journeys to be able to bathe in and drink of these waters in the heart of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains.

Large game is, of course, plentiful in such vast desolate ranges, and from time to time the government sends an expedition into the adjacent heights after grizzlies. At such seasons bear's meat is plentiful in Taos, and that is about as much as the ordinary tourist ever sees of that formidable beast, and is more than we did, for even that consolation was denied us, the annual hunt taking place this time after our departure. However, we fall back

upon the recollection of the timber wolf in New Mexico, and the magnificent eagles which we saw so frequently in that State, when we feel inclined to be dissatisfied with our experiences, feeling comforted also by the knowledge that we are not alone in our disappointment, for others besides ourselves make the discovery that to see wild animals they must seek them out in their fastnesses, which means turning into a big-game hunter, and that is another story!

One of the pleasantest recollections we have of Taos is the hospitality of the residents.

Mrs Walter Ufer, in whose house we spent many happy home-like evenings, devoted a whole afternoon to taking us out on to the mesa to hunt old arrow-heads and spear-heads. She knew the most likely spots and had an eagle eye for perceiving anything of the kind, so that the trophies we finally carried away were mostly of her finding. Wandering among the sand and the sage-brush looking for prehistoric relics has a savour of its own about it, connected in my mind with the glorious blaze of the field of sunflowers, six feet in height, through which we had to make our way to get there, and also with the unexpected appearance of two enormous St Bernard dogs as we passed the beautiful artist's residence before-mentioned. This lady has since electrified the community by marrying her chauffeur, a full-blooded Indian. "Minx" was so astonished and overwhelmed by these giant animals that she forgot all about her usual tactics of flying towards the intruder with fierce growls and bared teeth and every indication of meaning business, and turned tail instead, a comical picture, tearing back along the path as fast as her little short legs would carry her. My voice at last reassured her to the point of bringing her to a halt, and allowing herself to be carried past the danger-spot to rejoin the fine Airedale "Wee-Bear," a friend of hers and Mrs Ufer's constant companion.

At afternoon teas or sociable informal evenings we met many of the most noted artists and numbers of the visitors spending a few weeks of the summer there—in fact it was difficult at times to keep up with the number of our engagements. Our friends from Alcalde turned up later in Taos, and were domiciled not far from our field, and with them we solidly hoped to continue the friendship when we too arrived ultimately in New York, from which destination we never dreamed that anything could arise to divert us.

We managed to return these attentions in a primitive way by afternoon teas in our camp, where a camp-bed disguised with rugs and cushions made quite a comfortable couch, in front of which stood the table upon which tea was dispensed. This when the weather allowed, but the practice of Taos skies being to treat us to a thunder-shower or so every day, the ground was not always fit, even if the sun was shining, and the dry snug caravan then became the reception-room, the whole entertainment providing something, if simple, at least out of the ordinary. Lastly, we positively succeeded in giving a little farewell dinner in that remarkable vehicle, this being managed by having the meal cooked at the cottage adjoining the field, and brought in after the guests were seated quite comfortably, thanks to the excellent design of the caravan, which looked festive and pretty, table and shelves adorned with flowers and dishes of sweets and dessert ranged on the two sideboards, Mrs Bergmann having kindly supplied the china and plate required. A little variety was introduced into the proceedings by an offering of verse found by each guest at his or her place, touching a personal note reminiscent of our happy association. The evening was delightfully wound up at the home of Dr and Mrs Bergmann with music and singing.

This was our final bit of festivity ; we had now

before us the distasteful task of making all in readiness for departure, which involved more than usual this time, because I was determined to trust no more canyons, and to run no risk of such escapades as those we passed through in getting here. A canyon it had to be, for the excellent and sufficient reason that, hemmed in on every side, in no other way could we escape from this fastness; but we chose what by all accounts was the easiest way, and further, to facilitate matters, we hired for the occasion a heavy cart and fine team of horses, which were to relieve our own of the greater part of their load, and to see us to the top of the pass at the head of the Cimarron Canyon, after which there would be no more climbing. We should thus have a much easier task ourselves, and, moreover, feel supported by the companionship of the driver, whose team would be at hand to help ours over any particularly difficult places.

In spite of this happy prospect, it was with heavy hearts that we buckled to our work of transferring the load from the van to the waggon, of seeing to the shoeing of the horses, getting in stores, and finally going round saying "Good-bye." That is the worst of a pleasant stay among thoroughly kind sympathetic folk. You do so hate to leave them; and glad indeed should we have been to yield to the many wishes so warmly expressed that we would stay another month and witness the wonderful dances at the fiesta of San Geronimo. But it was impossible, a long road loomed ahead, and we dared not miss the beautiful September weather to which we trusted for getting us well on our way towards New York.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE LAST OF NEW MEXICO.

Friendship, joy akin to sorrow,  
 Rosebud to a brier-bush clinging,  
 Sunny gleam, its shadow bringing  
 With the thought so sure of springing,  
 "Comrades, yet we part to-morrow!"

SEPTEMBER 2nd dawned gloriously for our departure, after a day of equal perfection to precede it, which looked like a continuation of our good luck in regard to weather, seeing that we had not had one day without rain, and few without torrents of it during the whole of our stay. Now with two consecutive days of sunshine the roads would have a chance to dry, which they do very quickly on this sandy soil, and the toils of our adventure would be desirably diminished.

Everything looked beautiful—more beautiful than usual—in the light of early morning. We had intended to get off at five, but did not do so until about eight, the usual succession of delays arising to detain us. The last of these was a sudden inspiration taking possession of our new acquisition, "Taos," a sturdy medium-sized dog of mixed hunting breed, something like an English lurcher, whom we had secured at Fernandos de Taos, part as protection, part as companion to keep "Minx" lively, and part as recollection. He had settled down quite reasonably to his gipsy home, lured thereto doubtless by the unwonted luxury of regular meals, &c.

thing unknown to the Mexican dog, who, poor thing, is expected to forage for himself. "Taos" took it into his head at the last minute to go off on a tour of inspection of Mr Manby's grounds, having lured us by the exemplary behaviour of several days into trusting him and leaving him free. Once secured, collar and chain prevented any more vagaries of the sort, while still allowing his forequarters to occupy the doorway of the van, whence his beautiful dark eyes surveyed the changing scene with great satisfaction.

Our friends, Dr and Mrs Bergmann, gave us a cheering send-off, the latter insisting on accompanying us to the outskirts of the village in the capacity of driver of our sturdy team, which she would contentedly have handled all the way to Raton had not duty called too urgently in other directions. I have heard it said that this world is the place for the initiation of friendships, not for their development, and in my experience it is a true saying. What sympathy, what understanding, what fellow-feeling do we not stumble across among fellow-travellers on the highways of Life, people with whom we may spend a few satisfying moments, and must then part from often for the rest of our journey. There is little meaning in it indeed, unless it leads to something further; but grant a Beyond, which is the natural sequence of existence here, and at once all these apparently aimless accidents and irritating incompletenesses fall into line and become a part of the pattern, whose scheme will there become visible and comprehensible.

So we reflected as we parted from Mrs Bergmann, and looked good-bye on the pretty adobe houses with their adornment of bright hollyhocks, and turned back for a last glance at the place where human beings had been so kind and we had been so happy. And thus it comes that in my recollections there remains a tinge of sadness in the glory



of the morning sunshine upon the fields of Indian corn and wheat that lay on either hand, and upon the wonderful brilliant patches of sunflowers that sprang into sight so often, and upon Taos and Pueblo Peaks, and Wheeler Peak, whose summit, 14,000 feet high, was coming into view behind them. And when we turned into the dreaded canyon for which we had taken such elaborate precautions, and found nothing forbidding about it, only a friendly babbling brook and banks of softest green lawn, and masses of purple and yellow flowers extremely gay and lovely, and a perfectly pursuable mountain road, only reasonably rough, I let myself go to the work of finding expression for us all. Expression—it is the panacea for grief, the sedative for unrest, the intended means whereby we are to work out the best that is in us, whether in language or in action. Things suppressed are dangerous in the human body, and no less so in the human mind, as is beginning to be understood to-day by the average parent, who so often in my young days talked of youthful desires and urgings and ambitions as though they were sins to be repented of and overcome. Not so: they are the natural developments of the life within, and have to be worked out of the system somehow, or worse will come of it. And to sympathise with and help and thus influence that process in our children is one of the greatest privileges of the older generation, and one of the surest means of its keeping in touch with the younger."

As we plodded along, whether on foot when the track was rough, or balanced on the footboard when passengers were admissible, or stretched at length on the greensward on the bank of the stream where we took our mid-day rest—enjoyment of the exquisite and tranquillising scenery was interwoven with the effort to concentrate into tangible form the vague phantoms of recollection and of emotion, for which task an easy-chair and a quiet corner out of

reach of worldly distractions suits me best. Still, a good deal of thinking can be done as you go along, and the "Farewell" got itself done somehow in time to get it back by Mr Hume when he should return on the following day.

A gradual rise of several hours brought us to the top of the pass, 9045 feet, whence there was a steep but reasonably negotiable descent through a wooded gorge, opening into the Marina Valley, celebrated hereabouts for its wonderful fertility and admirable situation. Mountains on either side enclosed it, but at such a distance as to allow plenty of room for sunshine, whose effects were conspicuous in the rich fields of green alfalfa and waving stretches of ripening wheat. We made camp on the open prairie close to a friendly ranch, extensive as to land, but boasting for the time being only a shack as the home of the owners, who were recent arrivals, and much pleased with their venture. Three pints of milk for five cents was the value placed upon that article, which we pounced upon when on the road at every opportunity. You would be surprised to know how often we have to go without it!

Daybreak on 3rd September saw us afoot and making ready for the road which was to lead us through Cimarron Canyon to rejoin the Santa Fé trail a few miles this side of Raton. Flowers grew profusely at the roadside, and among these, to our surprise and delight, we found a variety of the large dark mountain gentian, almost identical with those which grow on the high Alps. It is something to chronicle, for of all rich and mellow and entrancing colours surely there is none to equal the gentian.

Towards the head of the valley the scene grew more lovely, thanks to the extensive dam built here by some private concern for the benefit of the lowlands. It had all the appearance of a natural lake, and added immeasurably to the charm of the scene, though not to our peace of mind, for the following

reason. It seems that this dam has a very considerable leak—a fact not known to outsiders, but common property to “old-timers,” who had taken the trouble to give us a special warning to beware of loitering in the Cimarron Canyon, and to camp on high ground (which could be found at Ute Park) if camp we must. We should thus have a better chance of escape if the catastrophe occurred which the heavy rainfall of this season rendered more than usually likely, and the dam burst. In that case there would be something in the nature of the Johnstown disaster, though on a much humbler scale, there being only small places on the Cimarron River. Still, there would be an immense wave, no one knows how high, sweeping down the valley, and carrying all before it. Tourists know nothing of this, and camp happily all along the Cimarron Valley, which is perfect for that form of enjoyment. But some day, if something happens——

Our man, Mr Hume, the true cowboy type—“Plumb Western,” as he would put it,—reliable, intelligent, and dowered with a fund of rough natural courtesy, took us to the extreme end of Marina Valley and up a last zig-zag pitch, where we stopped on a wide patch of prairie to tranship our load in readiness for parting, he back to Taos, and we down the hill into Cimarron Canyon.

The Cimarron Canyon is a gorge of very great beauty, widely known in this region for its scenic attractions, and well deserving of the reputation which it enjoys. We realised our peculiar privileges as caravanners, the more on this occasion from the fact that some of our tourist friends in Taos had been very desirous of taking this detour, but found that the cost of the motor-car transportation over a route where there is no public service would entail an extra cost of \$50.00, and had reluctantly relinquished the plan in consequence. Given time in which to work, there is no doubt that more can

be done in the travelling line with a given sum of money caravanning than in any other way I have ever heard of, and we got a good deal of satisfaction out of gloating over that fact. No fear of the world being overrun with them either, for the experience required to make a success of it and the hardships to be undergone will keep the majority out of the field.

Returning to the Cimarron Canyon, it was a dream all the way, except when the brake gave us trouble, and a good-natured Mexican came to our assistance, while motor-cars crawled past in the space we had been able to leave for them. That brake must have cut many miles off our day's record, and was an unceasing nuisance, to be remedied only by its removal and the substitution of a differently constructed device.

The canyon is twenty-five miles long, and exquisite throughout. A clear translucent stream wound chattering over its pebbly bed, which we crossed and recrossed continually by rustic bridges; steep pine-clad mountains hemmed us in, constantly changing their contours into fresh vistas of alpine loveliness. Purple orchids and yellow marguerites and golden sunflowers bejewelled the beautiful enticing glades, which strike a special note of their own in mountain scenery by the frequent presence of the rare and exquisite blue pine. Oh, it was a joy to experience and is a joy to remember, the only drawback being the realisation that so much escapes the treacherous record of conscious memory.

True to the advice of our anxious "old-timers," we camped at Ute Park—just a little settlement in the mountains, the terminus of a branch line of railway that helps travellers so far on their way into the high region of peaks and canyons. We drew up outside a store on a green patch by the roadside, renouncing the far more attractive vision of a camp by the stream itself, which we might have found a

little farther on. We should have felt stronger qualms of regret if we could have seen as we did next morning (4th September) the stretches of soft greensward under the wide-spreading branches of the cotton-wood trees, the dancing green wavelets gurgling and singing alongside. Strange that although we had enjoyed so much of this kind, we were so little tired of it that the loss of a few more hours spent under these ideal natural conditions presented themselves as almost a misfortune. We tire of artificial pleasures because they are external to ourselves, and brighten only the surface of existence ; but the sensitiveness to natural beauty unlocks the springs of happiness within. Ay, and of something enhancing happiness—a glow mingled of worship and aspiration and a foretaste of immortal joys.

This day we passed “The Palisades,” another of those New Mexican effects unexpectedly appearing in the midst of the pines and firs—a sheer precipice of chiselled rock with a solitary pine nestling here and there in a crevice, and a dark green band of waving green making the edge of the battlement against the blue sky. In some ways it reminded me of the celebrated cliffs of Cheddar in Somersetshire, but the resemblance was transitory, the whole surroundings here being much more rich and green and diversified.

We stopped for lunch in a shady spot by the stream, and indulged in a delicious bathe, arriving at Cimarron about three in the afternoon, with the intention of replenishing our forage supply and making a farther distance before the evening camp. But it was Sunday, and the shops being shut, there was nothing for it but to cut short our day’s journey and camp here, which we did on a convenient open space within easy reach of everything we needed when such should become attainable. This happy condition was reached in the evening, when the accommodating owner of a neighbouring store opened

up his place for the purpose of supplying our horses' supper—a really kind and charitable action, for which we remember him to this day. The neighbouring hotel, of a very modest description, was also memorable for the rest which it gave us from our kitchen labours, and the excellent meal which we enjoyed in company with a number of regular boarders at a long guest-table, the hostess plying us with questions as to our trip, and envying us our experiences with unusual warmth.

September 5th, after a considerable time spent in shopping at our friend "Matkin's" store, from which we carried away a gift mug which we still possess, saw us on our way to Raton, forty-seven miles. In the whole of that stretch only one tiny place called Colfax, and not a single house, which statement leaves me little to add to accentuate its desolateness. At Colfax we filled up with water for ourselves, the water being as strongly alkaline as ever and undrinkable for us, but plenty to be had by the roadside in the ditches, which were well filled on either side, and would serve for the horses. For many miles the road was bordered with broad bands of sunflowers, six to twelve feet wide, which, when they were in full bloom, must have been a gorgeous sight, for which we were unfortunately just a little too late.

We camped by the roadside this evening, prairie on either hand, which looked rich feed for cattle, but was so far entirely deserted. We derived a sort of companionship from the stack of road-makers' apparatus near which we had drawn up, and which suggested human propinquity, or the chance of it. And, sure enough, early in the morning they came along, making a pleasant bustle and stir, and cheering us to our tasks ere we made our fresh start towards Raton.

It was a perfect day, with delightful breeze and beautiful cloud effects, the restful green of the

prairie about us, the mountains of New Mexico receding by degrees behind us, while new ones appeared ahead as we approached the range which we had to cross to make our last pass and get on to the great central plains. Presently we cut into the Santa Fé trail once more, the alternative route which we might have taken from Taos, and which would have brought us to this point *viâ* Pecos Range and Las Vegas. It was like old times to be back on that familiar highway, with its frequent signposts marked in stripes of red, white, and blue (each trail has its own particular colour, as we found out later in Kansas), and gave us a feeling of security, partly due probably to the fact that our strip-maps here came into use once more, which means a great deal to any traveller by the trails.

Within a few miles of Raton cattle began to appear in the prairie pastures, which for so many miles behind us were to all appearance going to waste, and so little by little signs of habitation increased, until about mid-day we reached Raton, the gateway to the Cimarron Canyon and the beautiful Taos valley, so safely entrenched amid its mountain summits, protected by its bodyguard of canyons.

Our first care was to find a blacksmith who would undertake to put our brake in order, as far as that could be accomplished, this being no time for the long delay entailed in getting a new one made. Besides, the days when we depended so much upon that weighty adjunct were nearly over, for, according to all accounts, Kansas was as flat as a pancake, and steep declivities of the sort we were used to would soon be things of the past.

At the blacksmith's, then, we stopped, and as he was most conveniently situated at the end of a road abutting on the railway-line, where there was very little traffic, while he worked we did likewise, for we had determined to lighten our load and get rid of every conceivable extra that we thought we

could do without. We therefore were exceedingly busy sorting the entire contents of our home and packing superfluities into sacks, which were carefully tied up for transit: the cot-bed likewise, which was no longer needed now that our number was reduced to three only. The floor of the van, in point of fact, with the cot mattress as a foundation, makes a bed from our point of view excellent, and was occupied gratefully by the Skipper for the rest of the trip, with the alternative of making a third in our big bed should the temperature become such as to enhance the value of a little extra warmth.

These things were, with many expressions of relief and satisfaction, despatched from the freight yard not far away, to be added to the consignment sent from Ludlow to await our arrival in Brooklyn—despite which exuberance it was not long before such complaints as the following began to be heard on odd occasions during the day: “Oh, do some one tell me where the heavy halter has got to—it used to hang on this hook. Or, “I want the dictionary of synonyms—I’ve hunted all through the books, and it’s vanished.” Or again, “I’m so tired of these heavy boots, do reach me those light shoes we brought to rest our feet.” Each of which remarks, and many similar ones too numerous to chronicle, would elicit the unvaryingly monotonous reply, “Gone ahead by freight!” All of which goes to show that the caravanner has no monopoly of wisdom in everyday affairs; but, like every other unfortunate mortal confronted with the problem of packing, discards the precise thing he will want next day or the day following, and ingeniously lays up for himself a fund of irritation and annoyance to which the only antidote is philosophy—otherwise a laugh.

Our goods despatched, lunch enjoyed in a pleasant little restaurant, and the brake pronounced in order, we started for the Free Camp Ground, which here



flourished no restrictions with regard to horses, and was perfectly suited for humbler travellers like ourselves, as well as for motor-cars. It lay on the side of the mountain above the town (5000 inhabitants), of which it allowed a fine view, while the road up the pass could be followed curve after curve as it wound upwards past us. Quite a wild spot, in spite of the accommodations for tourists in the shape of a rough shack or so, and the arrangements for water-supply, which was provided a little distance away at the head of the camp, and which every one drew in buckets by simply turning a tap. While thus occupied that evening in satisfying the needs of the horses, we were accosted by a tourist who recognised us as having lived in Glendale, and knew all about our little five-acre place there. We were quite pleased to think there would be some one to report that, so far from turning back at the latest after sixty miles of it as some of our Glendale prophets had foretold, we had made New Mexico with its mountains and canyons, and were within reach of the plains! The gratification of realising that achievement is a very lasting one, for I find myself glowing with the thought every time I am reminded of it.

We did not get off very early on 7th September, for the brake job turned out a failure, and we had to send for the smith to rectify it. Meanwhile, the Skipper was rushing about trying to get a team to help us to the summit of the pass, the first couple of miles being a very stiff proposition. Finally, she succeeded in enlisting the services of a motor truck, the driver of which undertook for a fixed sum to take us to the top of the pass, and certainly got us over the worst in fine style, the horses having nothing to do but walk on each side of the pole. It was not a little irritating, though, to find—after he had dropped us on level ground at the top of a long grade, declaring that the summit was reached,

which I thought odd, as there was no notice of the fact—that he had perpetrated upon us a neat little swindle, and left us with a good two miles of ups and downs to negotiate alone.

Well, after all, it might have been much worse, for the remaining pitches, though they delayed us unnecessarily, were not alarming, and the most annoying feature of the deception was the loss of time in which it involved us, ups and downs necessitating frequent long rests to breathe the horses. It is by unremitting attention to such details that we have succeeded in bringing our animals as we have over these thousands of miles in condition much as when they started on the long trek from California.

At the summit of the pass—8790 feet—we were greeted by a magnificent view of the Rocky Mountains, far away, stretching their snow-clad peaks from north to south as far as the eye could reach, a range of view which I have never seen approached in any other panorama, and which struck me as amazing. Between us and them range upon range of fir-clad heights—the Raton range, which encloses the town on three sides,—intersected by countless enticing green valleys, down which rippled and danced rills, torrents, and streams, glancing in the sunshine, and inviting us to explore their lovely banks and the forests whence they issued so merrily. A charming sight, glimpses full of enchantment, yet with a touch of melancholy owing to their utter loneliness. I cannot remember seeing one single homestead or shack in that drive along the sky-line—miles and miles of it,—with that sea of rich verdure billowing below. This note of the isolated and forsaken runs through all our recollections of this vast country, whether it be the terrible desolation of the desert or the softer sadness of beautiful tracts like these, calling aloud for the human element to make them glad and fruitful.

Around us all was exquisite: flowers blossomed

profusely by the wayside—the Indian paint-brush splashed the grassy borders with its bright conspicuous scarlet, marguerites made clumps of pure white and clear golden yellow, purples of various kinds enriched the jewelled prairie grass, and sunflowers raised on tall stalks their rich blazon of gold. So on and on, crossing the border in Colorado, and saying good-bye to New Mexico with a pang, yet rejoicing in the excellence of the road which marked the transition.

About four in the afternoon we halted in a delightful green glade, with a stream purling through it, and, having missed our mid-day meal owing to the necessity for reaching water, we here made a sort of compromise between lunch and supper, and refreshed ourselves as solidly as circumstances allowed, no doubt having supplied our larder at Raton, though what exactly it contained I have at the present moment forgotten. Then on once more towards Trinidad, our next objective, which we desired to approach a bit nearer to before settling down for the night.

We were now in a narrow valley evidently devoted to mining, and were glad to accept the services of an obliging Mexican miner in one of the mining villages, and to get "Gray's" shoe, which he had just cast, nailed on temporarily, pending our arrival in Trinidad. A pretty green spot watered by a stream, on the banks of which rose a group of miners' cottages, offered a grand camping ground, and here, encouraged by the friendly interest of youthful onlookers from the settlement, we made our first camp in Colorado.

September 8th saw us up soon after daybreak, the Artist and myself sharing the labours of striking camp, while the Skipper, having given "Gray" time for his feed, got off the instant she had swallowed some breakfast, as, owing to his shoe, her pace would have to be slower than ours. Since entering Colorado we were able to jog-trot every now and



Alcalde (New Mexico) (Indian Village).



then on slight down gradients, and had been subject to no delays. Hence great hopefulness with regard to the pace we should be able to make in future.

We got off, my diary records, at 8.30, and accomplished the ten miles' enjoyable drive at an easy pace and with minds at leisure, for the perfect weather and surroundings, which if not exactly on the scale of those we had lately been accustomed to, had the charm of variation in addition to their own attractions. The chief incident the morning recalls is the pleasant surprise of coming upon the Skipper seated waiting for us upon a heap of stones by the roadside just outside Trinidad, her faithful "Gray" standing beside her. She had found a blacksmith, and, better still, a camping ground in the space upon which his shop opened. Here there was also a large open shed for general use, and a space where we most conveniently pitched our camp, within a couple of minutes' walk of the main street, shops, "movies," and everything we could reasonably desire for helping us to make the most of the day's rest, which the horses and ourselves had earned by our six days of steady travelling.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## COLORADO AND KANSAS.

Oh ! the beauty born  
 Of the curves of the swaying windswept corn,  
 Where golden acres lie mellow !  
 Where alfalfa to far-reaching fields of its blooming brings  
 Faint changeful flutterings of myriad fairy-like wings  
 To weave the delicate lace that flings  
 O'er the mantle of purple and green by the rich earth worn  
 Patterns of palest yellow !

SEPTEMBER 10th saw us once more on our way, the road continuing excellent—smooth and level—and views of the mountains absorbed with more than the usual assiduity, inasmuch as we realised sadly that they would not long be with us now. The sight of Fisher's Peak in the Sangre de Cristo range on the one hand and the Spanish peaks in the Rockies on the other accompanied us during the first part of the day, falling gradually behind us until by the evening there was hardly a glimpse of mountain visible anywhere, only the immense stretches of green prairie. We camped beside a little wayside store at a settlement reminding one of Ireland on account of its name, Tyrone, and recalling struggles with the water, which we now began to draw from deep cisterns, where in this part of the country it is everywhere stored : in some places rain-water, in others brought from a distance by rail. Drawing water in buckets by the primitive method of throwing the bucket in and wriggling it about until it happens to fill is not exactly expeditious, and used

to lead in our case to occasional loss of the precious utensil, which we would leave some one else to retrieve in due time. After thirty miles of the road, however, we were so glad to get into quarters and find the necessities of life that the Artist and the Skipper, whose business it was to wrestle with these little difficulties, generally met them with great sweetness of temper as part of the fun.

It must be explained that there is plenty of irrigation water, and no trouble about feeding stock in most places, but the water is still too alkaline to be drinkable by human beings.

There was an autumn nip in the air when we got off at seven next day, but exquisitely fresh, and weather absolutely ideal as soon as the sun got up into the blue sky, charmingly flecked with clouds. Nor was the prairie country as dull as we had expected, in spite of its uniform outlines, broken here and there on the horizon by low hills. The eye found pleasure always in the variegated carpet upon which it rested: the rich browns and reds of the flowering grasses mingling with the bright yellow blossoms of a low flowering shrub upon their soft thick foundation of emerald green; endless stacks of hay, either in process of being mown or ready to cut; immense areas of alfalfa, with its rich green leaves and purple flowers hovered over by countless thousands of delicate yellow butterflies. From green we would pass to gold—the gold of the waving cornfields awaiting the reaper, or of the stacked sheaves ready for the threshing, or the paler tints of the ornamental forests of ripe Indian corn. Cattle grazing, human presence and human activities, with the sense of fertility and profusion, these rested the mind with suggestions of prosperity and well-being.

Such were our surroundings during the nine days which it took us to cut across the corner of Colorado, our journey lengthened and rendered toilsome in places where it would not have been so by the terrible



June floods, traces of which we were continually coming upon. On this first day we had two steep climbs into and out of deep gullies, where bridges had been washed away and not yet replaced; and at the little settlement of Ayr, where the schoolhouse yard—with good barn and all conveniences free—was placed at our disposal, we heard from the store-keeper sad tales which brought the disaster vividly home to us. A friend of this good woman lost both her mother and sister in the pueblo flood, which seems to have been far worse than the papers ever made public. We heard this all along the line from many who themselves assisted in the work of rescue, and who say that hundreds more lives were lost than were ever mentioned in the press, chiefly, as usual, among the poor, whose dwellings, lying in the lower quarters, were in the path of the fiercest onrush of the waters.

On the following day we were turned aside by damaged roads, compelling us to make a long detour and plod for miles through heavy sand, which, however, could not rob us of the relief and enjoyment of finding ourselves in inhabited regions once more. How we delighted in the comfortable-looking ranches surrounded by clumps of shady trees, the wonderful great fields of wheat with threshing-machines at work, and the pretty rural scenes of harvesting, albeit of a character somewhat more up to date than those which had so recently charmed us at the Taos pueblo! Yes, everything was modern here, down to the ice-cream which we purchased from the German Russians at whose ranch we camped, and which they had prepared plenty of for their own delectation at supper. These people had worked three years in Canada and saved enough to buy a fine 40-acre ranch, fully stocked with horses, cows, and implements—an amazing result from three years of work. No wonder immigrants flock to this side of the Atlantic!

September 13th took us at mid-day through La Junta, where evidences of the flood were the most conspicuous we had yet struck, the bridge by which we crossed the fatal Arkansas River being in a half-ruined state but patched up sufficiently for traffic, while on the farther side devastation stared at us in the shape of broken-down tenantless houses and belittered fields. Later in the day we caught a glimpse of a place called Las Animas, which we left on our right, on the opposite bank of the wide reaches of the river, the broken arches of the bridge which led across once more eloquent of flood. How many times did we gratefully recognise the kindness of the impulse which had encouraged us to loiter and delay and enjoy the shining hour, and thus kept us so well out of reach of this terrible disaster, which at the worst would have meant destruction, and at the best could not have failed to involve us in endless dangers and difficulties!

Once more our camp was at a ranch, this being the most practical arrangement in this kind of country, where we could avail ourselves, and gladly did so, of the extra conveniences offered in the shape of farm produce, forage for the horses, and, above all, stable accommodation, which meant so much saving in the labours entailed by attendance upon the horses and consequently in time. At this place our host was particularly generous, and in his desire to give us abundance of the best, forgot that our horses were unused to green alfalfa, and put such a quantity in their mangers at night that all three were considerably upset next day, "Jim's" indisposition continuing quite severe, compelling us when we reached Lamar that evening to call in a veterinary and have a pill administered.

Resting here on that account, and also because of a sore which had lately developed on "Jim's" shoulder, and which made it unwise to harness him, we came suddenly and simultaneously to a rather

weighty decision, which was to purchase a fourth horse! Without this additional assistance we should be subjected to delays—for to have done so great a distance without any trouble of the sort was absolutely phenomenal,—and delays to people who want to get on would not pay! Moreover, we could not shut our eyes to the fact that the horses were beginning to show the effects of their long journey, and falling off slightly in condition. The fourth horse would enable us to rest “Jim” for a few days, while still proceeding on our way, give the others in turn the same privilege, if desirable, and in any case if all four were driven, relieve them all and make their task so much lighter and easier. Ours too, for to know your animals are never at any time overtaxed is an immense relief to the nerves of the driver, to whom hills were apt to be something of a trial; and also to the muscles of the leader, who hitherto had considered it an indispensable act of humanity to slip quietly off the footboard at the foot of every rise, and trudge manfully to the top, where she would resume her seat while the horses rested, or, if that was deemed unnecessary, vault lightly back into her place without bringing them to a halt. The Artist or the Skipper would do likewise wherever possible, but bad roads or difficult grades required the services of both, one taking the leader and the other the wheelers. Henceforth the load could be easily managed on any ordinary grade, and the rests at the top, which absorb so much time, could be dispensed with, to the very desirable increase in our daily mileage.

It was a very excellent plan: the question was, would it work out? For we had not forgotten our weeks of profitless search for horses in Los Angeles. Here again fortune favoured us. We were in the land of horses, and without the slightest trouble, or looking farther than a block away, we secured a beauty, exact match in size and conformation to

"Jim," in splendid condition and young, for \$40. It was a triumph! Feed had lately been going down in price, and we reckoned with satisfaction that in travelling through the farming country we could feed four on the sum that had hitherto been required for three, and so would feel it no hardship at all.

September 18th saw us again on our way after four days' rest, and landed us at a camp by the roadside, no ranch available, two of the horses, owing to lack of room, having to be tethered to the van. This, complicated by a terrific thunderstorm in the night, gave to the hours of rest a character rather more lively than desirable, but did no real damage, while it made the morning's sunshine and drying wind particularly acceptable. We had difficulty in getting off, however, on this 19th September. Things kept on going wrong, and last of all, just as we were all harnessed up and ready to start, the singletree snapped off, and we were stuck. No getting round that, anyhow!

Fortunately the ranch on the other side of the road, which had not lent itself to the purposes of a camp, had an obliging owner, who, hunting among his discarded farming apparatus, discovered just what we needed, and managed to adjust it to our requirements, so that after about an hour's delay we found ourselves once more ready for the road. "Jim" added an element of novelty and interest to the cavalcade, for, taking into consideration his extreme friendliness and tameness, we let him run loose instead of fastening him alongside one of the team. He behaved exactly like a great amiable dog, now careering in front, now loitering in the rear, when some particularly luscious morsel invited him to linger. On such occasions he would make up for lost time by rejoining us at a gallop, and racing past to pause again when some tempting spot was reached, and repeat the performance, which gave us a great deal of amusement, and was quite

a pretty sight. He was so evidently rejoicing in his freedom! A few days of this would soon cure the trouble on his shoulder.

Still surrounded with the richness of the alfalfa fields and inhaling the fragrance of their luxurious blossoms, we passed this day into Kansas, and made our first halt in that new state at a little place called Coolidge. Here, after laying in forage and stores in the village street, we found a charming camp on a kind of common, adorned by clumps of beautiful trees, around one of which we disposed ourselves well before sunset. The recollection is full of charm, because to its sylvan character was added later the wonder of moonlight, in which for me past scenes unforgettably live, and always with a returning breath of their original atmosphere.

Ten o'clock the next morning saw us arriving at a little place called Syracuse, which, with its pretty-sounding foreign name, raised unconscious expectations of something attractive, and did not disappoint us. It is extraordinary to realise what mental pictures gather about a name! Travel a few months as we did and you will find yourself, without in the least intending to do so, allowing your thoughts, your anticipations, and even your plans to be influenced by the spell of them. So we came, associating pleasurable ideas with Syracuse, and found pleasantly wooded surroundings, and wide, spacious, tree-lined streets, such as we discovered later to be characteristic of Kansas villages and towns, and friendly useful stores, and a convenient restaurant, where we took an early lunch, in the interval of shopping, finding letters at the post-office, and posting whatever replies were urgent in the shortest possible form.

After this spot the aspect of the country changed to long rolling hills with prairie on each side of us; ranches were less frequent, and the one or two settlements which we passed small and insignificant.

At these we were assured that it was entirely unnecessary to take up hay and thus add to the load of our horses, for we should pass ranches at intervals along our way, and should have no difficulty in supplying our wants. Alas! for the trustful confidingness of our natures! Once more they betrayed us into the folly of setting aside the dictates of our own reason on the uncertified advice of strangers, thanks to which we spent the period of sunset in stopping at, I suppose, not less than half a dozen ranches, at quite considerable distances from each other on the lonely moor-like expanse along which our road led. At each we were met by the same inhospitable reply—they needed their hay for their own stock, and could spare none for strangers. We were miles away from the next place—Lakin—and darkness would soon be upon us, so that in the end we were compelled to seek a roadside camp with water accessible for the horses, and to reward the faithful animals for their twenty-six miles' trudge with a short ration of bran, a little Indian corn, no oats (having been unable lately to procure any), and no hay! Deep and fervent were the vows registered never again to go out of a town without all the supply we could carry of hay and oats, no matter what any officious informant might say or what brilliant promises might be held out to us, buoyed by the knowledge that if these failed to materialise *he* would not be the sufferer. "Good advice," and what a bane it is!

We were up at 4.30 on 21st September, but gained little by our energetic behaviour, except the privilege of getting stuck in the sand in getting off the strip of grass on which we had drawn up. This delayed us for a considerable time, and necessitated calling upon a passing team for help, which was promptly and graciously accorded, and landed us safely on the road once more, and enabled us to reach Lakin by ten. Here we halted most of the

day to attend to various important matters, not the least of which was the replenishment of our supply of forage. I remember very well the large green space upon which we drew up, evidently the resort of teams driving in from the country, every convenience being provided for the bestowal of vehicles and the tying up of horses. Here our steeds refreshed themselves after their short commons of the previous day and the present morning, while we went about our business, part of which consisted in getting a breast-strap made for "Jim," so that he might with safety resume his share of the work. This meant several hours of waiting, part of which we spent in making a good lunch at a restaurant run by a dear, delightful, fat, jolly person, a widow who evidently regarded it as her mission in life to minister to the comfort and satisfaction of every one who entered her doors, and took the utmost interest in doing so. With her we entered into a prolonged conversation, soon getting on to sympathetic terms, which elicited an account of the four adopted children whom she had "raised" (as they say here), having none of her own for the outflow of her abundant kindness and motherliness. With the utmost enjoyment she dilated upon their separate histories, and with pride dwelt upon their successful progress through life. A good woman, a character whom if a Dickens had only met, would be known as a type throughout the world. One regretted her lost prosperity—her husband had once been well off; surely humanity would have been the richer for it. All that remained was the recollection of a rattling good time, which they had together on horseback in the wilds of New Mexico.

We could not get off again until five, and thus made only a few miles before it was camping time, and we drew up on a pleasant grassy spot at the roadside just before dark. A walk of half a mile took me to a farm, where I secured milk for the

party, and the later evening was marked by the request of motorists in trouble to borrow our fine gasoline lamp, which helped them out of their difficulty. Also connected with that wayside sojourn are the charms of poor "Taos," who had been growing more and more intelligent and friendly, and on this evening made himself particularly captivating, and expressed with pretty dog-like persistence his desire to join the circle in the caravan. He was run over and killed the next day on a quiet country road (where we thought it would be safe to give him exercise) by some speeding demon, the like of whom makes every road unsafe and impossible. Here were so few cars, but, of course, *one* is enough to do the job, which troubled this man not at all, as he scooted away in a cloud of dust, leaving us to deal with the damage he had done. Burying our canine friend was the last and saddest of the trials of delay which had kept us busy since 3.30 in the morning. A clevice broke, the breast-strap was wrong and had to be readjusted, the roads were bad and the sun intolerably hot, and now this! "Ted," our new equine purchase, also showed slight signs of lameness, all of which decided us to make our weekly halt at Garden City, which we should reach to-day, instead of Dodge City, a couple of days farther on.

We got in at one o'clock, our early rising having resulted in twenty-two miles to the good, which so early in the day was quite creditable. The run of bad luck seemed to have exhausted itself by this time, for we found a very good camp on a large open space, with shade trees at hand and a feed store close by, and only a few minutes' walk across the railway-line to stores and restaurant. The city deserves its name, having attractive surroundings of leafy gardens, orchards, and shady avenues, where at various booths honey was on sale, this being the centre of the bee industry, of which we



had become aware as we approached, by the sight of grounds devoted to apiaries, and the notices of the delicious product for sale within. We purchased, at a ridiculously low price, a large jar of it, which lasted us for months, though nothing I have come upon has ever equalled or approached the delicacy of flavour of that wonderful sample we bought near Espanola on our way to the Rio Grande Canyon.

The remark in my diary to the effect that we were "glad of extra rest," followed up by the statement that we got up at 6.30, gives an indication of the kind of hours we were accustomed to. My recollections of the "rest" are not of a very soothing order, for I remember distinctly that one of the reposeful episodes consisted in thoroughly turning out the van, also in scrubbing the same before replacing in exquisite and comforting order the thousand and one articles which accumulate and get so maddeningly mixed up in the course of camp life. Moreover, mending of various kinds got itself done on this occasion, while shopping and the writing of letters filled in odd intervals of this well-spent 24th September. Where the "rest" wedged itself in remains a mystery, unless somewhere between 5 and 6.30 A.M., at which hour, of course, under ordinary trekking circumstances we should be afoot and hard at it. This time we slept instead, and made a red-letter day of it.

Next day we got up at three by way of contrast, and were off before seven, finding the same character of country as the day before—lonely roads, with ranches long distances apart, and settlements scarce. We stopped at a village called Pierceville, fourteen miles from our starting-point, for repairs to the axle, which delayed us some time, giving us leisure for lunch at a funny little place in the village street. We prefer to have repairs done by a village blacksmith, finding their charges invariably moderate,

their work just as good as in town, and the rapidity of its performance very pleasant to the feelings of the Wayfarer, who hates to be kept waiting for hours at the pleasure of the lordly citizen, who, either because he can't help it or because he likes it, impresses thus upon his humble clients the importance of the smith's calling. Village blacksmiths figure conspicuously in the recollections of those days on trek, and there are probably few between Los Angeles and St Louis that we did not visit for some reason or other. Civil, obliging, resourceful, intelligent, displaying generally a keen interest in us gipsies and our undertaking, doing us excellent service at a most reasonable cost—where should we have been without the blacksmiths?

Desolate hilly roads, many detours owing to washed-out roads (the river Arkansas still flowing near, though out of sight), a cold wind, and surroundings entirely unfavourable to a night in the open, made a hard and long day of it—twenty-seven miles by the map, but probably at least thirty, owing to the compulsory detours. We trudged on after dark, knowing that our road led past a little place called Ingalls, which seemed as if it was a kind of *ignis-fatuus*, so often did we surmount one long sweep and descend the next—always in hope that the next turn would disclose its friendly lights. We got there at last, never more thankful for shelter, which we discovered for ourselves in the shape of a large disused barn full of stalls, with a convenient grass patch for our van. Here the Skipper disposed the horses comfortably, whilst I cast about for means of replenishing the inner man, and found them close by in a little eating-house frequented evidently by the working population, where we were offered and enjoyed an excellent homely supper, and where “Minx” was presented with a piece of sausage which we subsequently had good cause to remember.

September 25th saw us launched in a long and serious discussion as to whether or not we should take with us a little stray sheep bitch who had made overtures of friendship ever since our arrival last night. We decided against it finally, but not so the dog. We had not long got under way before we found she was following, and, moreover, that no amount of scolding, gesticulation, and threatening flourishes of the cart-whip would avail to drive her back. She knew all about our need for a watchdog of somewhat more formidable appearance than our sharp little "Spitz," for had she not been present at our talk with the neighbours who recommended her, and proudly allowed herself to be decorated with the collar which a change of mind on the subject later induced us to remove? She was going to prove that we were mistaken in refusing so good a servant and friend, and to stick to us willy-nilly. Her persistence was too much for us, and we presently gave in and adopted her. During the few days she was with us she showed herself an excellent guard and a docile and faithful companion, to whom we quickly became attached.

The grain elevators are quite a feature in the landscape here, and besides supply us with grain on occasion; one of them at the roadside served the purpose of giving us shade at the lunch-hour, and made our rest refreshing. We passed through Dodge City in the afternoon, and should have taken up both money and letters awaiting us here, but had not calculated upon arriving on a Sunday, which put a stop to that part of the programme. We went straight on, however, so as to lose no time, planning that I would beg a return ride on some one's motor-car next morning, and rejoin the party in the same way later, a device which we had found so feasible and helpful that it began to enter into our arrangements as one of the reliable practical features of our method of travel.

There is a very steep hill, with fine views, out of Dodge City, and our progress was consequently slow, so that we did only a few miles before drawing up to camp on a grassy side road, with a convenient corral handy for the horses. Milk also was to be had at a farm a little way off, whence I fetched it, "Minx," unlike her lively self, refusing to accompany me, and leaving that privilege to her new rival.

September 26th, "Minx" was sick in the night, and seemed really ill. "Ted" also was dragging his leg; and what with one and the other, we decided that wisdom would indicate a consultation with a veterinary, which could only be carried out by returning to Dodge City, where surely there would be one. We drew up at the top of the steep hill previously mentioned on a beautiful grassy stretch, and under the shade of a tall water-tower, with the city on the one hand and the open country on the other spread invitingly beneath us. I soon succeeded in securing the lift I needed to carry me back the mile or so to the centre, where I might collect the funds and correspondence, all of which fell out to desire; but alas! not so the contemplated assistance of the surgeon. He was away in the country for some days, and the only veterinary anywhere in the neighbourhood was many miles away at a place called Spearville. Although the poor little dog seemed quite ill and very sorry for herself, I diagnosed the case as one of stomach trouble, for which I had a very excellent medicine given by the man who saved her life at La Jara, and thus was able to apply a remedy, which as it turned out was exactly the right thing, and could not have been improved upon. The Skipper having ridden "Gray" into town for some purpose connected with harness, and we others having meanwhile purchased some delectable gooseberry-tarts from a passing baker, thanks to whom pleasurable associations hang about the name of Dodge City, we once more made ready

for the road, and got off about 3 P.M., getting several miles beyond our last night's goal, and camping between rail and road on an alluring grassy space, with good soft beds for the horses. Across the railway-line was a scattered village, whose name I forget, and which is not marked on the strip-map, but which, after some inquiries, hospitably yielded a sufficient supply of milk at the cottage of a stout, motherly, German woman, who became communicative and friendly after being assured that I was not a man! She had never been out of Kansas, yet spoke perfect German, and taking me for a fellow-countrywoman, thanks to my command of her language, which I have spoken from childhood, chatted in the most friendly way. With rare good sense and a display of peaceful practical patriotism worthy of the widest emulation, she was bringing up her family in absolute familiarity with her mother tongue, thus starting them in life with the immense advantage of two languages. What a sense of power goes with the command of tongues! And how easy to acquire them in childhood! To teach them by means of grammar is beginning at the wrong end, and wasting the imitative faculty so strong and natural in children. For those who have means at their disposal, a little more thought and ingenuity could easily contrive to give the children three or even four languages without effort or energy more than that required for the one with which most of us are satisfied. Grammar and etymology present slight difficulties when the speech they deal with is already a part of the mental outfit, and all the weary struggles with French and German that account for so many hours of study might be saved, and the valuable time devoted to one of the subjects which can be acquired in no other way. This is one of the changes in the system of education for which I look hopefully to the future.

Meanwhile to find it being carried out somewhere

was quite a refreshment to me, as seemed my warmly expressed approval to the recipient of it; so that we parted with a glow of mutual pleasure, which brightens that little episode in the telling. I often wonder how many of our brief helpful associates give us a sympathetic backward thought as they travel on through life. Many must, I am sure, from my own recollections, which, in some way that I cannot explain, are imbued with the current of kindness and fellow-feeling, due surely to something vital in their own nature answering to something in mine. It is good to be brought into touch in the simple relations of daily life with one's fellows, and is one of the charms and benefits of the caravanner's experience of life.

One of the pieces of good luck that we became aware of on this day as we scanned the signposts which made points of interest on our road and were read with avidity was the fact that Spearville, the abode of the unattainable veterinary surgeon, lay in our line of march, and would, with ordinary good fortune, be reached on the morning of the ensuing day. We retired early therefore, and rose at daybreak on the 27th in what seemed like a sea fog, so drenching and heavy was the mist, which dispersed gradually as the sun rose. We reached Spearville about nine and passed through, to halt at the much-desired house, which stood conveniently at the roadside a mile farther on, not asking us to turn a yard out of our way. Here, after being assured by our animal physician that I was treating "Minx" to admiration and that "Ted" was suffering from nothing worse than a trick due to laziness, we spent an interesting half-hour or more inspecting our consultant's lovely Shetland piebald ponies and magnificent cart-horses, which somewhat diverted our attention from his fine array of hounds. His pleasure and pride in showing them were, I hope, matched by our appreciation and admiration at the sight, which

was the only shape he would allow to our recognition of his services, refusing absolutely any fee for his advice. The "almighty dollar," clearly, is not all things to all men.

A roadside lunch, with water for the horses but no milk for us, was the only other break between Spearville and Kinsley, a pretty little place with tree-lined roads and a charming free camp for motorists, from which a notice at the entrance strictly debarred horses—a fact which few people seemed to be aware of, as we were effusively directed there for our evening camp. This complication arose from time to time, based doubtless upon the fact that most travellers by the old-fashioned horse equipage are either pedlars or horse-dealers, whose presence and impedimenta would not be convenient, and might be undesirable to the more luxurious motorist. Unless the camp is very roomy and spacious, it can readily be understood, moreover, that horses and motors might very easily clash.

It was an ill wind that blew us good, however, for seeing an attractive orchard surrounding an adjoining house, I went there to try my luck, and found that the family to whom the house and grounds belonged was away, and the place in charge of an amiable old caretaker, who gave us the run of it, besides selling us milk and eggs and doing everything to make us comfortable. We were able, therefore, to contemplate our motorist fellow-travellers on the other side of the hedge with much complacency, the horses having the best of it for once, and we enjoying the quiet and privacy of a secluded corner several notches above the public camping ground.

It was very hot on 28th September, as it had been for several days, and very glad we were at mid-day to find that Garfield, though such a tiny place (300 inhabitants), had quite a lovely park, centrally situated, so that to its railings we tied our

horses at the lunch hour, and under the pleasant shade of its trees they munched their oats, and we regaled ourselves on whatever the menu was for that day—probably bread and cheese and bananas, washed down with a draught of milk (if any to be had, which frequently there was not). Then forward towards Larned, the goal of our endeavours, for there we were scheduled to stop for the purpose of attending a great Western round-up which was in progress at this very time, and which we had by extraordinary good fortune managed to fit in with. I say extraordinary with good reason, for ever since leaving Trinidad we had come upon an incessant string of thrilling and fascinating notices of these exciting events, always either just over a day or two before our arrival, or to take place a week or so ahead in some place which there was not the remotest chance of our reaching in time. As the Western round-up is a very typical and characteristic display, which we were all keen to witness, although in point of eagerness the Skipper left the Artist and myself well in the rear, the satisfaction of making the connection at last was highly gratifying, and deserved to be put down as another item to the credit of the stars.

Although the distance between Kinsley and Larned is by the map twenty-six miles, and although there was a hot trying wind all day, we arrived in the town somewhere about 4 o'clock, and having found a blacksmith's shop supplied with outside rails for tying horses to, and a vacant space between houses opposite for our van, we disposed our animals safely, locked our van, and proceeded to make various inquiries with a view to deciding our course of procedure. The hunt for horse-feed and the toils of shopping having absorbed a considerable time, and the Skipper having made the discovery that the round-up was being held a couple of miles away, which made it out of the question to prospect



its neighbourhood as we had intended for a possible camp before to-morrow, we made one of our lightning change of plans. The horses were stabled at the blacksmith's, we took our chance at a little hotel which advertised meals for farmers and drovers, and was conveniently next our van (came off badly for once, nevertheless blessed the saving of labour and rescue from starvation), and finally, seeing no one interfered with us, remained in *statu quo* for the night in our retired emplacement where few people passed, and there seemed no danger of molestation.

An entire change of temperature on 29th September. The sun was still bright, but the high wind had turned cold, and it was positively bitter in the shade. This we promptly discovered by going about in the same garments as the day before, and shivering in consequence. The Artist and myself had further errands to do, while the Skipper rode off to find out how the land lay at the round-up. Presently she returned with encouraging accounts of a grass-lined road just outside the grounds, pleasantly sheltered by trees and admirable for our purpose. We arrived on this hospitable spot about 12, tethered our horses, swallowed a hasty lunch at a stall on the grounds (where we sugared our coffee liberally with salt, standing about invitingly in a tea-cup), and got in good time to our seats on the grandstand to witness the show, which was to last from 2 to 4.30, and was all too short for the Skipper, who enjoyed every minute of it, but more especially the items involving horses. Cowboys and cowgirls figured picturesquely, the latter, however, appearing in fancy silk and satin affairs after the circus style, causing us to lament unceasingly the true Western outfit, which surely gives the proper note to such an event as this, and which was strictly adhered to in the rodeos at Los Angeles. There, however, it was a matter of racing and bucking broncos only, whereas here we were treated to some excellent steer-roping,

demonstrating the skill required by the cow-puncher at the cost of one of the steers, which was killed in the process, and dragged out a melancholy trophy by one of the broncos who had assisted in its capture. Bull-dogging was a novelty to us all—an exhibition of strength, skill, and nerve, by a combination of which qualities the bull is caught by his horns and eventually thrown to the ground. Bucking broncos are altogether incredible in their contortions, but the feat of riding them is one of those things that I cannot much enjoy witnessing. The rider, however skilled he may be, must, and I am told does, suffer permanent effects through the frightful jar and strain, and inasmuch as sticking on a mount of this kind can serve no possible purpose of usefulness, it seems a waste of good human material and valuable pluck and energy. A competition for speed and perfection in the feats required of the cowboy in the execution of his arduous duties is a totally different order of exhibition, which did not worry my philosophising mind in the least, nor did the exhilarating and ludicrous race on unbroken horses with which the performance was wound up.

September 30th saw us starting about 9 A.M., the Artist and I in one direction, guided by a cowboy, who offered to put us on the right road; the Skipper on "Gray" in the other, inasmuch as she was returning to Larned to have "Gray" shod. We soon missed "Waif," but knowing her to be such a good follower, took it for granted she was with the Skipper, and did not return to look for her, an omission which we were sorry enough for later on, when meeting at lunch it was discovered that she was lost. She was such a nice dog, an excellent guard, and so attached to her mistresses, that I determined to make at least an effort to regain her, and, by begging a lift from a kind motorist, got back to the camping ground where we had last seen her. After searching the surroundings thor-

oughly, and returning on foot to the smith's yard at Larned, whither she might have drifted, I gave it up, and turned my steps rather sadly towards Great Bend, twenty-four miles away, where we had agreed to meet. Poor little "Waif"; she had a collar on and looked cared for, so that the chances were in her favour, and at this hour I still hope luck for her. Surely her taking ways, her ingratiating wriggles and grimaces, and the wag of her propitiatory tail won some one over to give her the home she so much desires.

Meanwhile I had my own cares to occupy me, which in this instance involved keeping a look-out for the assistance of kindly disposed motorists to help me over the distance between me and my party, which distance, devoted though I be to slow and old-fashioned methods of locomotion, it was no part of my plan to cover on foot. A little of it I did in that way, but not much. Three lifts managed the rest for me, and brought me past Pawnee Rock, the scene of many fierce Indian battles in early days, to the flourishing little city named from the great bend here made by the Arkansas River. This place, my latest chauffeur informed me, he had seen spring up within the last forty years in a country which at that time was by no means as safe and civilised as it is now—the Indians were dangerous, and the ambushes at Pawnee Rock meant something more than an interesting legend.

Great Bend has fine wide streets, beautiful avenues of trees, good shops, and attractive houses; also, as we can testify, a good blacksmith, who re-shod "Gray," putting right the bad job made by the smith at Larned, who had shod the hind feet so as temporarily to lame him.

Pretty farmhouses embowered in trees and surrounded by lawn-like grass were becoming frequent,

the country generally was losing its look of excessive newness, and the tall trees and shady lanes were reminiscent here and there of England, and everywhere struck us as full of restfulness and charm. Our long toilsome marches through deserts and forlorn mountain passes had certainly made us ready for what had been described to us as the dullness of Kansas, inasmuch as we were in a frame of mind to appreciate its calm attractions, and find pleasure in the most ordinary manifestations of simple rural scenery, permeated with the feeling of fellowship flowing from the neighbourhood of human beings.

A feeling not altogether without foundation, as was evidenced when we stopped for the night at a little place called Chase, boasting a charming free camping ground in the shape of two little woods with grassy spaces between, and *no* embargo against horses. We had barely pitched our camp, the trees breaking the force of a rather high wind and making a nice shelter for the horses, when we were astonished by a deputation of a couple of little girls, who presented us shyly with an offering of new-laid eggs and fresh milk, sent by a lady whose house we had passed two or three blocks away. Such thoughtfulness and kindness was a pleasure in itself, and added enjoyment to the very welcome additions to our picnic supper. Another sample of neighbourliness cropped up next day in the person of a kind farmer, who, though short of feed himself, spared some to our needs, and helped us out of a hobble, due to the continued difficulty in renewing our supply.

The country on this day—2nd October—departed from its character preceding, and became very flat and open, places being visible on the horizon at great distances, so that at Conway, a tiny settlement, the spires discernible on the distant verge at sunset

made me think of Jean Ingelow's description in "High Tide in Lincolnshire"—

"Full long the level sunbeams lay, .  
And not a shadow mote be seen,  
Save where, some five good miles away,  
The steeple towered from out the green."

Here we were allowed the use of an unoccupied barn, and got our water from a water-tower a few blocks away, water in this region being very scarce and only obtainable from wells, unless brought from a distance.

Nine miles away lay the good-sized town of M'Pherson, which we reached at 9 A.M., our success in making good time dashed as usual by inevitable delays for shoeing and shopping, so that in the end our record was nothing more startling than twenty-nine miles, the latter twenty of which led us once more through beautiful wooded fields, park-like grazing lands, and shady lanes, with none of which was the notion of newness very conspicuously connected. It diminished steadily as the days went by, until the wilds in which we had become so much at home began to assume the atmosphere of a dream in a past more and more remote. Which reminds me to make the remark that has often been on the tip of my tongue in regard to caravanning—namely, the immensely added length that it seems to give to life. Perhaps I should say actually gives, for, after all, it is our own perception of life that is the real thing, and the constant stream of fresh experiences so fill up every moment and give the mind so much material to dwell upon that the value of duration changes. Last week appears farther off than last month under the normal circumstances of ordinary life. Thus do royal personages—whatever may be said as to the doubtful advantages of their position—score over their hum-

drum subjects. One life so teeming with variety and incident must in point of seeming length of time and actual contents be a multiplication by who knows what number of those of humbler folk.

Talking of humble folk leads on to the Russian-German ranchers with whom we found shelter for the night; ponderously slow in movement and thought was the good woman to whom it became in the first place necessary to explain our presence and requirements, pending the return of the lord and master who was out in his fields. By degrees she managed to absorb the idea, and accepted us goodheartedly, as did her rather more lively husband, placing his stable at our disposal and supplying us with hay, while his spouse was generous with the milk. They had a number of healthy-looking children, the eldest a big boy who worked with his father, the youngest a baby in the cradle, the only one seemingly to escape the grind of continual work. It seems to have a deadening effect on these farm women, who struck us over and over again as unintelligent, dull, and lacking in individuality. There was hardly a question raised at any time between us that a woman could answer on her own initiative—she knew nothing until her husband came home. She must ask him! Ranching has a romantic sound about it, but when you come to close quarters with the ins and outs of it, the glamour fades in the dead level of never-ending drudgery that such a life entails. From the woman's point of view, let it be understood, though it is a hard and strenuous life for the man also; but he presumably has chosen the calling because it has interest and charm for him. He is repaid for his labour in the return it brings both in the actual doing of it and in the results which it is his duty and pleasure to be constantly watching, besides which he enjoys the variety and healthfulness of an outdoor life. The wife has none of these alleviations of the daily toil,

which on a ranch is heavy and continuous, unrelieved by human associations placed beyond her reach as much by the incessant claims upon her as by the isolation which is one of the unavoidable conditions accompanying the ranch. An officer's wife with whom I had a long talk on the subject assured me that after three years of it on a place in every way desirable, and not conspicuous for its loneliness, she could truthfully aver that she would prefer the penitentiary to another spell as the mistress of a ranch.

October 4th took us back to open country and wheatfields once more, and gave us a taste of something in human nature which so far we had not come up against. Arriving in the afternoon at a place called Marion, where we laid in stores and called for letters but found none, we elected to cover a few more miles before making camp, which we trusted to doing as hitherto at a ranch by the way, the nature of the country being such as to offer few sites suitable for the gipsy. This time we reckoned without our host, literally, for when the evening began to draw in and we selected as before a homestead to which to prefer our request for quarters, what was our surprise to be treated to the cold shoulder. An exception, of course, we would try again and have better luck. Same result, and the same again—I forget how many times. Distrust and an inhospitable spirit seemed to pervade the region, culminating in a refusal even to allow our horses to drink! “They never watered strange horses at their place.” But they were good enough to advise our return to a spot which we had passed about a mile back, which would be excellent for a camp, and where water was available, whereas in the other direction there was nothing suitable for many miles. Advice having in this instance more value and desirability than it usually achieves, we were glad to accept it, and make our way back

down a long incline, stopping to water our horses at a huge water-tank in a field as we passed. One of us climbed a fence and filled the buckets, which the others passed along to the thirsty animals. Our own receptacles were filled next, and thus supplied we turned on to an inviting green glade shaded by enormous trees, which we had noticed in passing but decided against, in the hope of curtailing our labours by the conveniences of a ranch. Luckily the weather was mild; it was a lovely moonlight night; the trees made a comfortable stable for the horses; our caravan was conveniently placed; and the only drawback was the extra work, for which, being unprepared for it, we had not allowed extra time.

Another delightful day followed this little adventure, or misadventure—delightful owing to the perfect weather, the shady roads, and the rich colours of the fields of corn and young wheat. We lunched in the shade of an elevator at a little place called Lost Spring, where once more we were the gainers by neighbourly counsel of real worth. We were directed to leave the Santa Fé trail, which here made the two sides of a triangle, in order to take in a place called Herington, which had no attraction whatever for us, and to follow a good road which made the hypotenuse to the same triangle, rejoin the trail at a place called Delavan, and save thereby some nine or ten miles. This was worth knowing, and the information having been verified as far as possible both by human means and by the map, which showed as large as life the triangle made by the Santa Fé trail, but did *not* mention the short-cut across, we altered our course accordingly, and made straight for Delavan, within a short distance of which we began to look out for quarters. We found them with charming old folk of the name of Hoag, who gave us the run of their big happy-go-lucky place, great rambling barns, and roomy



though rather deserted stables. How is it that the not very smart-looking nor very particular-as-to-details people are always the ones with generous ways and kind hearts? We have noticed this continually on our journey. If a farm looks especially prosperous, well-cared for, spick and span, you may be sure that is where you, even with your evidently well-fed and well-groomed horses and respectable equipment, will be looked at askance. It starts one to thinking about the experiences of life generally, and tracing something of the same kind running through them all. Extremes are dangerous things; and while order and neatness and all that sort of thing are desirable, they are very apt to degenerate into fussiness and faddiness, and the development of a point of view from which it is more important to be precise than it is to be kind. Which of us does not remember something of the sort in the past, spoiling opportunities of exceptional happiness and checking the exuberant joy of youth? The tendency of human nature to run to extremes and the difficulty of preserving a due sense of proportion are considerations that crop up with disheartening frequency whenever reflection turns on to the subject of character-building, which process, consciously or unconsciously, is bound to be going on in every one of us day in day out, and is worth thinking about.}}

It was evidently a great pleasure to these good people to meet some one whom they could talk to, and although we were up at 4.45 A.M. on the following morning, the long chats which we could not without discourtesy break up deferred our departure; also the task of taking photographs—their daughter, who is a professional photographer, of us, and we of them. They begged us to visit a brother in New York, and to give him personal news of them, which, had we ever got to New York, we should certainly have done, and when we parted it was like saying good-bye to old friends. They

charged us most moderately for farm produce, refused any remuneration for the stabling, and ended by making us a present of a fine sheep-dog, who had been left behind at their place and was superfluous. "Oscar," in spite of his protests, was lifted into the caravan, and became in a few days a trusted member of the party.

It was only eighteen miles to Council Grove, where we intended to take our weekly rest; therefore there was no hurry, and we "took it easy," lunching under the pleasant shade of roadside trees, where "Oscar" was tied up, and reaching our goal about 4.30 on 6th October. We found a fine public ground for the use of the farmers who came in from the surrounding country to market: a large grassy space with stalls built on two sides of it, abundance of water, and a delightful outlook on a park-like place on the opposite side of the road.

Attractive likewise to a horse-dealer and his family, who, with their stock-in-trade of half a dozen horses, were snugly encamped within hail of us, and regarded us as friends and comrades. This I gather from the immediate and kindly manner in which the man came to our assistance in the matter of obtaining horse-feed, giving us all directions, and lending us his cart to facilitate matters, while his wife, having observed the illuminating capacity of our gasoline lamp, later came to inspect it and to make inquiries with a view to securing one like it. They departed on the following morning, so that we had little chance of following up this unusual acquaintanceship, and had the whole place more or less to ourselves. Our day's rest was spent in jogging up and down the pretty, shady, grass-lined streets, shopping, on struggles with the laundry and fruitless visits to the post-office, which in the end contrived to mislay an important telegram, and hand it to me twenty-four hours late.

Refreshed nevertheless by the change of labours

entailed both by the odd jobs and by the terrific gale which, keeping us awake half the first night, was our excuse for very late hours the next morning, we got off on this 8th October at something like 10.45. The chief reason for delay was a little interlude caused by "Ted," who, harnessed ready to leave and tired of waiting, took this opportunity to fall asleep in his harness and measure his full length on the ground. Fortunately "Jim" has grown accustomed to his odd ways, and counterbalances this inconvenient habit of leaning outwards by bracing himself sturdily, and on this occasion he waited with great calmness until "Ted," freed from encumbrances, had struggled to his feet again. We secured a good snap, which will explain why it was necessary to watch carefully when this animal was standing at rest, to wake him up from time to time, failing which he would overbalance himself and fall flat, a performance with which he had threatened us more than once, and which he went through this time with the utmost sangfroid. The Artist and the Skipper seemed to think this idiosyncrasy something to be proud of—it was a fresh experience in the horse line, and as such not to be undervalued, but I could have done without it, especially the first time when we started at Lamar, and none of us knew exactly what was happening. I was seated on the footboard, which "Ted" to all appearances was desirous of sharing with me, and active though I usually am, I must have outdone myself that day in the speed with which I abandoned my favourite place on the van for *terra firma*. Unnecessary alarm, however; it was all right, only a little eccentricity calculated to give heart shocks to the uninitiated.

Two nights of heavy frost, which led us to bless the shelter provided for our horses by the stalls, had warned us that summer was on the wane, and to-day there was a seasonable freshness in the air

which made us regret the hour when the caravan would give us the shade which throughout our whole journey had lessened the fatigue of the afternoon. The aspect had changed back to something resembling Arizona, with steep and difficult hills, which brought our day's record down to twenty miles, and made a distinct trial of the necessity before turning in for hunting up the telegraph-office and station-agent at a distance from the friendly ranch where we were putting up. The line ran close by us, and the snorting monsters ploughing past in the night recalled the days in the desert when the sound of them was such a welcome link with the far-away world of men.

A pretty village this scattered one of Allen, leading onward to roads less hilly and scenery more charming of meadows and groves, where contented cattle were grazing. We lunched at Osage City, and camped at Burlingame—a total of thirty-one miles, which would have been more satisfactory if repairs had not compelled us to lose half of the following day and to defer our start to 12 o'clock. We made only sixteen miles by the time the lengthening shadows suggested the wisdom of beginning to look out for quarters, which we were fortunate in finding at a ranch commanding a fine prospect over rich-looking farming country. This time, in spite of the orderly well-equipped aspect of the place and the well-built two-storied house where the farmer lived, and which his wife told me they had recently built, no difficulty was made about taking us in, though a good deal was experienced by the woman in getting some sort of grip on the circumstances surrounding such an unusual phenomenon as ourselves, which penetrated slowly. However, she struggled to comprehension at last, and that point having been reached, she gave expression to the opinion that I was "a very interesting woman," and sometime on the following morning

became confiding. She told of the hardships in which the war and recent prices had involved the farmers; the hardest of work, and that incessantly, was barely enough to keep their place going, and it was evidently nose to the grindstone all the time. The children, with their really lovely ponies on which they made the daily trip to school and back, are getting the best of it at present, and must lead a life as enviable to a child as the parents' seemed to us somewhat the epitome of unrelieved toil. Still, toil where you are your own master, toil in the companionship of a splendid team of horses like this, with the open spaces of sun and air about you, and a spacious home of your own in which to relax when the hours of rest come—and for the wife surroundings suggestive of room and plenty as regards the necessities of life—there are harder lots to be found! It is the lack of brain stimulus, of intellectual food of even the simplest kind, that to me seems to be the most serious drawback, and to explain the frequency of extreme slowness of mind in these people.

There was nothing to distinguish the next day from other days in this neighbourhood, except the mistake we made at Baldwin, where we arrived about camping time. All inquiries at private houses failing to materialise anything suitable for a camp, we made up our minds to pass through and trust to our usual luck with a ranch in the country beyond. As it happened, however, we took the wrong turning, and found ourselves presently on a considerable rise in what was evidently no high-road at all but a country lane leading to some farm which might not exist at all. All things, especially the growing darkness, considered, retreat and return to the town seemed the wisest policy, and was carried out as soon as the width of the road could be induced to allow us room enough in which to turn. It was with distinct relief we saw the lights twinkling below

us, and knew that soon we should be able to exchange the forlorn feeling of being lost in the night for the solace of fellow-creatures, who would at least be at pains to suggest something that would help us. Fortunately our own good sense, which we might have consulted earlier, came to the rescue with the suggestion that the best place to have inquired at was the garage, a place where they generally know everything, and where they would certainly be able to direct us to a barn if there was any such place. Indeed there was, conveniently in the rear of the garage, and nothing could have answered our purpose better than the large yard and empty stabling, once the place of business of a veterinary surgeon, now utilised by the school children, who come in from the surrounding farms on horseback and here put up their mounts. I declare I could have wished myself a child again in the place of one of those lucky youngsters, part of whose life was the enthralling necessity for riding to and from school every day, and who had such delightful cobs and ponies to do it on. My life would have been made up of palpitating periods of heaven, with intervals only of the drab everyday, instead of what it was—a continuous tale of unsatisfied longing for horses temporarily dulled from time to time by the vividness of some more than usually successful day-dream, of which those creatures and myself were the central figures.

October 12th, and getting colder to the extent of making us thankful for the warmth of the bright sunshine. I got out my table, and typed at the roadside in the little place (Egerton) where we lunched, a practical idea both for diary and correspondence, the improvement of the shining hour being highly necessary for the accomplishment of duties of that nature. My struggles both against circumstances and the insidious tendency to indolence in the intervals of pause in the constant go of the

caravanner's life explain to me very clearly why the proportion of travel books to travellers is so exceedingly small. That bit of extra work—even on less strenuous journeys than ours—is just what breaks the camel's back, and camels disapprove of having their backs broken. I know I do. Which does not prevent me from regretting at this late date my slowness in discovering this or that device by which it would become possible to register impressions quickly.

Olathe was our goal on this day, to which, as we neared it, I made my way ahead by friendly motor-car, being desirous both of calling for mail and looking out quarters, which this time were easily found and extremely convenient. It was a novelty to put up in a well-equipped fine stable, with accommodation for a number of animals, doubtless due to the fact that Olathe is quite a considerable city, boasting a car-line, a thing which we had not seen since Trinidad; by this time, after all the intervening places we had passed through, that place savoured more or less of ancient history. Our van stood under trees at the roadside, a quiet side-street, where we offended no one and none interfered with us. There is no denying the fact that for the camper out the United States is an ideal country, and Europe—at least the parts I know—cannot begin to compare with it. What with scarcity of space and suspiciousness of disposition leading to being taken on occasion for a travelling show, and objected to accordingly, the evening hour was apt to be an anxious one on our European trek. Moreover, the manner of regarding your fellow-being is very different in this country. Being a circus or belonging to a show would not be against you as long as you behave as a respectable citizen. Any one may do anything to earn a living and not feel that he loses caste thereby. The progress from “log cabin to White House” is still the

ideal of the true American, and long may it so remain !

Having rested well after our twenty-five miles we were up at six—note the later hour, due to shortening days,—and before leaving were recipients of a cheering wire disposing of a certain business matter which had been worrying us for days. With our minds thus unexpectedly relieved, lovely weather, pretty country, and good roads, we jogged gaily along, thinking to cover with the greatest ease the twenty miles which lay between Westport—a suburb of Kansas City—and our starting-point. Lunch at a place called Lenexa, to which the car runs from Kansas City, impressed upon us the fact that we were nearing a great centre, and entering upon a novel phase of our caravanning life. This was our first big city since Los Angeles, which, however, had lain behind us when we started, so that Kansas City would be the first populous centre in our trekking experience.

We reached Waldo, within three miles of Westport, at 4.30, and could easily have found quarters there had any one been so obliging as to inform us what we might expect in the way of roads between that village and our destination. No one did, however, and we naturally argued that, allowing a whole hour for that three miles, we should still arrive at 5.30, in ample time to find quarters and settle in by daylight, in the place in which we expected to spend two or three days for shopping and rest. However, we had counted our chickens too soon, for the nearer we got to the city the more oily and glassy did the road become, and in proportion to its oiliness and glassiness did the grades up and down increase in steepness and the detestable surface of the roadway develop the raised centre with slanting sides, no doubt admirable for motor-cars, but the finishing touch to the trials of the horsed vehicle. At last on one of these—let me



keep my pen in check—slopes, complicated with a difficult curve, “Ted” fell flat on his side, and we had to take him out and put in “Betty,” who was more sure-footed, and was, moreover, shod with calkins, giving her a better grip on the road. Two horses were quite enough to draw the waggon, and more than enough to nurse down that ice-sheet, to negotiate which in anything approaching to safety it became compulsory to decorate the horses’ feet with sacks, securely tied on with string. This performance being far from an easy one and absorbing considerable time, having further to be repeated not infrequently owing to the fact of the wear being such as very quickly to reduce the sacking to a rag, while, in spite of this precaution, the animals were in fear of their lives and could barely be persuaded to move, the sort of speed we were making may perhaps be imagined by the reader. The Artist and the Skipper being fully occupied with the above soothing tasks, I turned my own endeavours to such assistance as I was able to render by leading the spare team—“Gray” and “Ted,”—at the same time keeping open an attentive eye and ear for possibilities of camping or of information which might lead to it. Of neither did there seem the slightest chance. The suburb of Westport, for which we were making and which we had selected from the map as conveniently situated for a halt, turned out to be the fashionable quarter. The fine wide roads were lined with mansions in many styles, some Elizabethan, others turreted and castellated, surrounded by spreading lawns and gardens, porticoed and pillared—most of them not too pretentious to be attractive, and all suggestive of very great wealth. But all this show of splendour was not of much assistance to us poor gipsies, who were much more concerned in finding shelter for the night than in admiring the luxurious exteriors which sheltered others. A camp was evidently out of the question,

and our inquiries after a livery stable elicited from a sapient policeman, to whom we addressed ourselves, directions to some place which we fortunately discovered in time to be in the heart of the city close to the station! Neglecting his counsel, we continued to make straight for Westport, where surely there must be stables to be found, and where at any rate we should be better off than wandering through the streets of the city.

It seemed rather hopeless. Some one, it is true, mentioned a stable somewhere, winding up with the remark that his information was three years old, and we could not rely upon finding one there now. No, the roads being as they were was quite sufficient evidence of the fact that horses were altogether out of it in this neighbourhood, and the motor-car had the coast clear, and if there ever had been a stable it had probably long since been turned into a garage. Finally, it being no joke to continue our wanderings with our heavy waggon under these conditions, we halted the van at a street corner, and accepted the Skipper's offer to ride ahead, prospecting by lamplight on "Gray," for it had long been dark, and was somewhere about 8 o'clock, and might have been midnight as far as our feelings were any guide.

I was very tired, for the whole thing was nerve-racking work. It is bad enough to be in momentary fear of seeing your horses, whose legs are slipping about in all directions, go down with a thump, which next time may mean some serious damage. But added to the actual dangers were the other anxieties of the situation, and I remember well as I utilised the interval to lie down on our comfortable bed the feeling of surprised thankfulness that came over me in the realisation that such repose was possible to the leader of an expedition straying in uncertainty in a strange city after dark. The comfort of a good rest, always available, means a great deal to body

and spirit, but I think it reached high-water mark on this occasion.

After about half an hour the Skipper returned with the amazing intelligence that she had found not only a stable but a spot where we could camp. All we had to do was follow her. In the course of her inquiries she had extracted from some local inhabitant (a darky, like all of them, teeming with reliable information) the statement that he believed there was a stable somewhere in that neighbourhood; whereupon, combing the place after a fashion peculiar to herself, she had come upon the entrance to a dark alley which had an appearance in all respects favourable to her search. She dived up it, and sure enough there, on the farther side of an empty grass-plot, was a barn-like building with all the look of a stable and coach-house. Locked, of course, and not a soul about from whom inquiries might be made. No one, therefore, could be surprised, said she, at her making investigations on her own account. This she accomplished by climbing in through a window, which she contrived somehow to open. Joy! her flashlight revealed two horses and several empty stalls, while beyond, in a further large shed adjoining, were express waggons and motor-cars. Evidently a business place. This would do. She opened the large doors from the inside, and leaving them unbolted for access from without, rode off in high glee for us.

Needless to say we followed her guidance obediently, full of hope and confidence, along the level, up a steep hill, down another on to a wide fine-looking thoroughfare which had surely not often seen a gipsy waggon cross its sacred surface, down a narrow lane, and so on to an empty lot backing a huge advertisement boarding, which faced the main road just described. The horses were quickly stabled, and before our work with them was quite done, one of the men belonging to the place made his appear-

ance, not in any way upset at the liberty we had taken but very helpful and friendly, as will be gathered from the fact that even at that late hour—and it must have been by this time well past nine of the clock—he managed to knock up a friend of his who kept a feed store, and obligingly supplied our needs in the matter of hay. Thus happily ended the adventure of Kansas City, landing us, as the Chief of Police assured us the following day when he paid us his first visit, in the only safe place in the whole of the city. The crime wave was at its height, and we should have been in danger, he averred, had we attempted to camp in any other place. Utter strangers and in the dark, we had managed to settle down within a stone's-throw of the police station on the one hand and the fire brigade on the other, both of which imposing buildings we perceived on the other side of the wall upon bestirring ourselves the next morning. Could Luck have acquitted herself better?

Various kindly neighbours were good enough to visit us during the three comfortable days we spent in this central yet secluded spot, which they had been wont to regard as inviolable. Their surprise at our "nerve" in venturing to camp upon ground in so fashionable a quarter was only equalled by their admiration of the daring of the entire undertaking, which, they declared, carried out by a party of women, explained our immunity from objections and interference. Never had any one in that select neighbourhood thought of such an unheard-of thing as setting up a camp in the midst of it, and never, they were fully persuaded, would any one ever do so again.

## CHAPTER XX.

## MISSOURI.

The world, so glorious by the sunbeams kissed  
 When Nature lays aside  
 Refreshed, her filmy veil of morning mist ;  
 Leaf-shadows lightly laid  
 Upon the lane, or thickly on the glade  
 Where of soft rustlings melodies are made.

KANSAS CITY is situated partly in Kansas and partly in Missouri; the former portion was, as we discovered on our arrival, the fashionable quarter where our succeeding in finding a camp was nothing less than a miracle, while the latter proved, when we passed through into the next State, to be the plebeian neighbourhood which would have presented no difficulties to the gipsy. Having made our start late—about eleven—and having something like ten miles of city to traverse, all of which had to be done at a slow walking pace, we had occasion to sample the conveniences to be found towards the east end of the city, on the borders of which we found ourselves at sunset.

It is an odd thing that the east end of a city seems invariably to be the unfashionable and less well-to-do district, and the west to be the haunt of the rich. As I go over the cities I have lived in and those we have passed through on our travels, the rule holds for every one. Why? It is a rather puzzling fact, and one which I should like to see explained.

The east end it was, prettily wooded and just beyond the city limits, where, thanks to the friendly

directions and guidance of some neighbours who took stock of us when we stopped, as usual, at the blacksmith's for some slight repairs, we found a very charming camp in a wood by the side of a railway-line. A nice little boy, who thought us most delightful people, agreed to run errands for us and so mitigate the inconvenience of our charming quarters situated some little distance away from the shops. The trees of the wood provided ample shelter for the horses, which we were able to fasten to them, and altogether we felt very much cheered by our first experience of Missouri.

October 18th modified that frame of mind. A few minutes of the boulevard out of the city was quite enough to convince us that it was Westport over again, only fortunately in the morning instead of night, which was a slight alleviation of our miseries. Stopped by a very steep hill with a surface like unto a skating-pond, we were engaged once more in tying sacks on the horses' feet, with the faint hope that it might give them some sort of purchase, when up came a big heavy traction-truck behind us, whose driver, seeing our dilemma, halted beside us, and offered to pull us to the top of the hill. "The boss is just behind," said the good-hearted fellow, "but we're not afraid of him," and sure enough the "boss" joined us in a minute or two and with his man took no end of trouble to get us over this bad pitch, and left us safe on the level, refusing pay with the smiling remark that he might want help himself some day. He has an express business a couple of miles out of Independence, which is eight miles out of Kansas City, and offered us the freedom of his place to camp in, but we must have taken another road, for we did not see it, though looking out for it so as to leave another word of thanks as we went by. Our first day's experience justified what we had been told of the friendliness of the Missouri spirit, and adds another episode to the

growing number of reminiscences which encourage us to think warmly of human nature.

Helped over this severest of our trials, we had yet a difficult day before us, the road continuing its character of exaggerated consideration for the motorist and entire disregard of the horse to such an extent that with the utmost labour we made only about eight miles in the day, or something like four miles beyond Independence. At one spot where a track which looked promising ran beside the road we took it, only to find ourselves before we had gone many yards sunk deep in a sandy rut, out of which it took us an hour to extricate ourselves for the pleasure of getting back on to the slippery surface. Glad indeed we were when the hour justified our beginning to look out for a camp, which we secured in the grounds of a school-house, prettily placed in a grassy enclosure, well-shaded by trees which would provide shelter for the horses, no barn being available. These country school-houses, always accessible and arranged for the convenience of arrivals by horse and buggy, are a great resource for the camper, as will have already been gathered in the course of this narrative, and this one was particularly welcome in its appearance at the appropriate moment. Opposite it was a small farm where we were able to water the horses, the old man and woman who occupied it coming to visit us later in the evening with an offering of milk, and an even more acceptable one of neighbourliness and friendliness.

The cold spell was over for the present, the night was mild and there was a lovely moon, so that we were not worried at having to leave the horses out—no, not even though we knew there was a leopard at large escaped from some menagerie, and seen at various farmhouses in the neighbourhood. “Gray” would give us notice of any strange approach without, and “Minx” within; besides, wild animals had

shown themselves so determined to give us a wide berth that we could not find it in our hearts to be nervous of them here in the haunts of civilisation. Nor did the leopard distinguish us by a visit. Our only approach to an adventure of an unpleasant kind was contributed by "Jim," who managed to get one of his fore-legs caught between two tight strands of barbed-wire fencing. He discoursed volubly on the subject to the Skipper and myself as we came up, seeing his plight, but had the good sense to obey our directions and remain absolutely quiet while one of us manœuvred the wire and the other the leg, getting it out without a scratch. It was a sample of obedience and intelligence which filled us with pride both in the animal and in our method of treating him, rounded with the satisfaction of escape from what would under ordinary circumstances have been almost certain disaster. It is the confidence of the horse in his master that keeps in check the natural tendency to panic and minimises every kind of risk.

We were travelling now upon the "Golden Belt" highway, recommended to us by the Motor Club of Kansas City as the best route as far as Marshall, where we should cut back into the Santa Fé trail. Our objective—*en route* to New York, of course—was St Louis, where we had friends whom we wished to visit, and which was as good a way as the one through Chicago for arriving at our ultimate destination. The red, white, and blue blaze of the Santa Fé trail was now exchanged for a yellow band, while other marks cropped up here and there, denoting other highways, which these blazed posts enable the traveller to follow with greater ease.

It was a beautiful farming country, the outstanding interest of the day being the great "Sni-a-bar" farms run by some millionaire for the purpose of demonstrating a theory of his with regard to the breeding of cattle. One of these we visited as we



went by, unchaperoned and unguided, for the men seemed to be all away, which did not prevent us from inspecting a section or two of the buildings and yards, run on a scale and to a degree of perfection of detail that told in unmistakable language of the wealth behind it. Sunshine, cool winds, open country, sparse habitations, are the impressions I retain of this soothing day, on which we took our lunch outside a blacksmith's at "Grain Valley," where I set up my typewriter in the shade. We stopped for the night at "Oak Grove," where we stood our waggon in the square used by the farmers to tie their horses during the day, and obtained from the obliging owner of a hardware store permission to use his barn, most conveniently enabling us to have our horses stabled beside us. Sixteen miles is all the record my diary shows for that day, a result no doubt due to the incessant hills.

On 20th October we initiated a modification in our day's programme, taking our lunch as we went along, so that the mid-day stop for feeding and resting the horses could be usefully employed in some of the extras continually crying out to be attended to. This was a distinctly brilliant idea, to the author of which I would gladly attribute the deserved credit if I could remember who it was. Many a precious hour did we thus add to the number all too small which the nature of our existence enabled us to devote to sedentary tasks, and much did my daily diary, especially, profit thereby. The mid-day stop on this occasion was made by a grain elevator at which we were purchasing oats for the horses, and which are an outstanding feature of Kansas and Missouri, and very likely of other states also. For the information of the English reader I must explain that these elevators are set up for the convenient disposal of the grain which is brought in by the surrounding farmers and distributed by rail. Every little wayside station has one, some taller

and larger than others, all arranged with mechanical devices for storing the grain at such a height that it can be delivered into the grain waggons by means of shoots.

At a little town called Odessa which we passed this day great interest was manifested in our equipment. A most intelligent young woman journalist, correspondent of a local paper, interviewed us brightly and brought out an unusually satisfactory little write-up a few days later sympathetically noting the salient points of our enterprise. Here too, an elderly man, the owner of a big store, held us a long time in conversation, pleased to find interested listeners to whom the scenes of his youthful adventures were familiar. As a construction engineer for the Santa Fé railway he had known all the places we passed through in Arizona and New Mexico at the time when the first railway was started in 1882, when trouble with the Indians was so frequent that the work had to be carried on under a convoy of soldiers. This man had an understanding of our journey such as very few evidenced anywhere; moreover, at this stage, the States so far back were more or less foreign soil to most of the people we met here; participating in each other's experiences we were doubtless mutually cheered by the flow of the spirit of comradeship which does so much towards easing the load of life. For ourselves I know we continued on our way in a very contented frame of mind, wishing that the effect of heartening words and a sympathetic outlook on the affairs of others were better understood and more frequently put into motion, for surely human beings could easily be made thereby a great deal happier than they are, and a little more happiness is a thing there is plenty of room for in the world.

Our afternoon's adventure brought us into touch with two further samples of the human genus and with a specimen of matter not hitherto met with,

though heard of under the denomination "Missouri Mud;" which we had been told stuck like glue. It did, as we discovered when the Skipper, good-naturedly but unwisely giving a trifle too much room to a passing motorist, got our right wheel into a rut which easily threw every other we had ever been in into the shade. Never was such tenacious stuff seen or heard of as the clay into which that poor wheel sank, and as for the angle at which the waggon leant towards the high bank, under which it was running when it came to grief, the sight was not encouraging. It looked pretty serious, in fact, for how were we to manœuvre without room, and how was our light team to tackle such a task, it being impossible, placed as we were, to avail ourselves of the combined weight of the four? An amiable old fellow, who didn't know the first thing about horses and their management, but thought that, being a man, he must be better informed than we women and would be well occupied in giving us advice, took on that duty with zeal, and considerably taxed our patience without giving the slightest assistance. Not so, however, the hearty farmer who presently came up with a magnificent team of heavy horses and stopped to investigate our plight. He knew what he was about to a nicety, as was shown by his presently—having first vainly tried his team in front—harnessing his fine draught horses to the back of the vehicle and by degrees coaxing it into a position where it could once more be dealt with in the ordinary way. It was a skilled performance, quite how skilled no one will know who has not had experience of the putty-like properties of Missouri mud. Our good Samaritan assured us that he had not long before seen a queue of no less than thirty cars bogged on the road hereabouts, and was not unaccustomed to coming to the rescue of his fellow-man in distress. He, like the Independence expressman, declined remunera-



"Missouri Mud."



tion, but accepted postcards of ourselves which we begged him to take as a souvenir—a form of recognition which we were often glad to have at hand for use on the road,—and when I promised to send him a copy of my travels, if published some day, he accepted with alacrity. It is a promise I am eagerly anticipating an opportunity of fulfilling.

An empty barn which we heard of at the roadside gave us the necessary conditions for the night, though I should have preferred a walk of a few yards to the trudge of a quarter of a mile to the nearest dwelling for water, with a load somewhat heavier than was exactly pleasant on the return journey. Still, that was a slight drawback, and the fact that one thinks little of such an addition to one's day's labours is sufficient evidence of the effect of caravanning on one's physique.

The owner of the place turned up in the course of the evening, somewhat to our surprise, the idea of such a person not having somehow associated itself in our minds with the premises which we had so airily been advised to occupy. He was very friendly, however, and made us entirely welcome.

Twenty-nine miles of constant ups and downs was our next day's record, and a camp in the rear of an old stable at Blackburn received us for the night. It was a pretty little place on the hillside. In the grocery store that I visited was a young man who had gone across in the war, and warmed to the opportunity of a chat about France, Germany, Switzerland, and England, all of which he had visited. An entertainment was going on that evening in the village, to which he pressed us to go, and inasmuch as these countrified affairs give an insight, rarely to be obtained, into the life of their participants, we had a struggle to refuse. But we dared not loiter when the weather was fine and the roads passable, lest rain hold us up later on and make havoc of our plans for progress, nor, if we stayed



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up at night, could we get up with the necessary vitality in the morning. The ordinary modicum of sleep left us quite tired enough with the day's duties.

We resisted his blandishments, therefore, and instead of gallivanting went early to bed and rose at 4.45 next morning, a piece of stoicism which did not get us very far, for the hills were frequent and bad, and when we got into Marshall at 3.15, a distance of nearly nineteen miles, it turned out to be too far to the next place for us to venture to proceed, shelter being necessary for the horses when the nights were cold. Here we could get all we needed, and though the feed-yard was crowded owing to the annual fair and round-up ending on this day, numbers of farmers and rough country folk having put up with their waggons and teams, we experienced no inconvenience whatever, the most uncouth among them treating us with civility, while one or two were intensely interested and hailed us with comradely warmth. We tramped about the crowded town on the needed errands, and managed to forget to call at the Western Union and so miss a telegram of some importance which reached us days later at some other point of our wanderings.

The worst trouble of Marshall, however, was the one involved in finding our way out of it and back on to the Santa Fé trail, and this conjuring trick we accomplished by means of much making of inquiries and taxing our united brains in the understanding of the resulting directions. Hills many and steep further hindered our progress, at least the speed of it, though not the pleasantness, for the four horses could do the work without being overtaxed when the roads, as here, were passably good, and the landscape gained greatly in attractiveness by the change from dale to hill and hill to dale. For a few days now the deep green of summer had been giving way to brilliant autumn tints, which kept on delighting our eyes by their variety and

splendour, and carrying our thoughts back to scenes they reminded us of in the haunts of former years across the ocean.

We stopped for lunch along the roadside bordered by the grassy bank of a farmhouse lawn. The custom here is to build these dwellings with a large frontage of green planted symmetrically with trees, and unbroken by a path, so that the grass grows right up to the porch. It has a fresh, pretty, countrified effect that I thought very charming, for the feeling that it must give of living, as it were, on the very verge of the garden. The old farmer whose home it was chatted pleasantly, and cast eyes of envy upon our new acquisition "Oscar," who, cleared of burrs and decently brushed and combed, was beginning to look very handsome.

A little over fifteen miles of pleasurable ups and downs brought us to Arrow Rock, at which point information gathered along the way had decided us once more to make a deflection from the Santa Fé trail, crossing the Missouri here, instead of at Boonville farther on, and thus saving ourselves some ten miles or so of distance. Whether in the end we really saved any time, the sandy track upon which we later found ourselves in exchange for the hard trail of the Santa Fé, led us to doubt considerably.

Arrow Rock is no more than a straggling village perched high above the river, from which it is approached by a wooded road winding steeply to the water. Here, exactly as described by a kindly villager, lay, on a curve that spread into a convenient flat space encroaching on the wood, an ideal camp, the appropriateness of which had evidently attracted the party of workers whose traction engine and various platforms still found a place there. Greatly appreciated by the latest arrivals were these unusual facilities, to which we had been made entirely welcome, and which lightened

not a little the tasks incident to the ensuing day's "rest." Nothing could have been more happy than the choice of this spot, nor more fortunate than the season at which we arrived to benefit by it. A stream ran through the wood a few yards away, and a spring welled in the bank above it, so that we were supplied with all the essentials; while the position in the bend of the hill, added to the protection of the trees, gave all the shelter needed both for ourselves and the horses in weather so sunny and bright that it seemed like summer returned once more. To us, but not to those who knew the neighbourhood, and who told us that the heat was fierce in summer and both stream and river unapproachable owing to the mocassin snakes which swarm there, but had already retreated to the hills. For us, at this date, perfection. We spent the 24th in humble household occupations, letter-writing and sundry visits to the village for the purpose of laying in stores, there being none—so we were told—obtainable for a day or two along the line of route we had chosen. Pure romance, inspired by the needs of the trade of Arrow Rock, which was more than welcome to it, for we might as well buy in one place as another the extra load amounting to very little.

October 25th saw us up as early as five and off for the ferry before nine, eager to get this, to me, very undesirable bit of travelling behind us. The plain fact is that I dreaded that crossing, on account of the extreme steepness of the banks on both sides. It is not a soothing task to drop a heavy cumbersome waggon like ours down a precipitous bank on to a boat's deck, nor to drag it up an equally precipitous one on the other side, with nothing whatever to prevent its rolling backwards, if anything went wrong, straight into the river. Care and skill having combined to effect the loading part of the process without undue difficulty, the tendency of gnawing apprehension kindly left me

to enjoy in peace the variety offered by the transit. Seasoned travellers though we be, there was a touch of the adventurous and romantic about this passage of the river, added to which was the charm of the recollections it recalled of crossing, with horses and waggons, a wide stream in Holland on the occasion of our European trek. Not that there was much likeness between the two, except in the features common to the flow, in sunshine, of great volumes of running water, for European countries are not in the habit of allowing the usefulness of their navigable rivers to be wasted on the desert air. There all was bustle, animation, and vigorous life. While here—it was difficult to realise that a nation pre-eminent for wealth, commerce, enterprise, was the owner of these great deserted waters and desolate shores.

We were fortunate both in our pictures of the ferry-boat and in the final sprint by which we succeeded in quitting that temporary vehicle without misadventure, though as far as I was concerned with unpleasant prods of agitation. The light-hearted employees whose business it was to help us on and off, and who had probably never seen any such turn-out before in their lives, tried to dissuade us from putting in the four horses for the pull off the boat up that almost perpendicular pitch. Two could manage perfectly, and we could finish harnessing at the top! But the Skipper knew the value of "good advice" by this time and went about her business undisturbed, she and the Artist bringing their two teams with vociferous noises indescribable to the top at a gallop. It took every ounce of weight of the four to get safely over that pitch, and to say that I was relieved when the episode was over is to describe as an inadequate expression of my feelings.

The road was now level for several miles, but we gained little in speed by that, owing to the fact that most of the time it was deep sand, and extremely

heavy. Lunch at a farm, where we received a present of two quarts of skim milk, and the return through New Franklin back upon our beloved Santa Fé trail, brings our record up to the moment of the afternoon when we began to realise that the sky was clouding over and the weather threatening. The sooner we found shelter the better, and though the hour was early we lost no time in looking about for it, never doubting that our usual good luck would befriend us. For once we were out in our calculations, and that at a time when the prospect of a night out was anything but alluring. We tried one farm after another, and decided in the end that we had struck the most inhospitable section in the whole of Missouri, for nowhere could we get so much as a glimmer of comprehending kindness out of those poor, obtuse, befogged, female farming minds. I have remarked before now how deadening the life seems to be to the women, who, unfortunately, were the only ones to be interviewed—the men were all out, and not one wife dared so much as stir a finger without the approval of the absent lord and master.

At last, the roads getting worse every minute and fearing to be caught on them in the dark, we decided to stop on the first spot in any degree suitable, which proved to be one of those blessed school-houses. This one stood in a shady green plot, with trees to tie the horses to, and to shelter both the animals and the van as soon as the expected rain should begin to fall.

From an adjoining farm we obtained, not without difficulty, a grudging permission to draw water, and were watched by a lynx-eyed attendant during the performance lest haply we should allow our animals to drink out of the trough. A middle-aged vixen ran this establishment, and evidently rode rough-shod over the poor, gentle, timid girl who had the misfortune to be her son's wife, and who would

have extended the hand of hospitality to the strangers had she been allowed to do so. The spirit of the whole neighbourhood was well typified by this person, the sight of whose face and the sound of whose voice were a concentration of oppressive arrogance. Very curious is this tendency of mental characteristics to group itself in certain well-defined regions; we regard this as an interesting discovery, which I suppose we are not the first to make, but which, through repeated experience of it, impressed itself upon us all as a fact. Travel through one section, and you meet a succession of smiling faces and good-natured helpful dispositions. Pass through another, and you will find the gloomy looks and sullen aspect encountered in one repeated persistently, if with variations, in his associates, until by degrees you reach happier surroundings and the baleful influence has worn itself out.

Fortunate it was that we succeeded in getting settled in before darkness fell, and had made all preparations for possible rain, mackintosh rugs on the horses and all snug, so that when a veritable hurricane arose in the night, accompanied by buckets of rain and hail, we had done all we could and felt that the animals were as protected as was attainable under the circumstances. Whether the wind veered in the night, or whether we had overlooked the quarter in which the wind lay altogether, certain it is that the caravan door blew violently open, deluging the interior nearly as far as the bed, including the whole of the Skipper's person, which was reposing in a bed made up on the floor. Rapid and determined movements of those within, and indifference to the raging storm opposed to them, assisted by flash-lights which could not be blown out, and by handy lengths of strong twine, succeeded in shutting and securing the door, the poor drenched victim finishing her night as a third in the bed with the other two. As we found the space ample and the warmth com-

forting this plan continued to be pursued thenceforward, to the gratifying diminution of the daily labours.

Surprising to relate we ended up with some excellent rest, and rose cheerfully to a sunny morning which had effaced all traces of rain from the dear gees, though not from the roads. By no means! The sight of them was something new even to us who considered ourselves so experienced in their varieties of badness. But then we had not yet encountered Missouri mud, although we thought we had in the insignificant sample of it that our kind farmer had pulled us out of a few days before. The night's storm brought out its characteristics with a vengeance, and these in a district of abrupt hills and mountain road of the most primitive kind were not at all amusing. Progress was not only slow and difficult but positively dangerous, owing to the extreme slipperiness and stickiness of that unique type of mud, and the outrageous twists and turns of the winding track.

We were advised to make a detour by way of certain springs, which had been recommended to us by some one the afternoon previous as an excellent spot for a camp, and as it seemed we should by this means escape an extremely steep hill, we decided for that course, which it was lucky we had not attempted the day before. It must have been hours before our struggles with steep slippery grades, and wanderings in soggy lanes through which I tramped ankle-deep in a mixture of mud and water, brought us to the land of promise, which repaid us for our valiant efforts. As to the hill, we did probably avoid one, but there were so many bad ones left that we were, I fear, oblivious to that not very conspicuous advantage. But the bit of scenery in which we landed was worth all the toils of getting there. In its way it was as characteristic and as lovely as anything we saw on our travels, and will

mean to us conjuring up an ideal sylvan picture henceforward in connection with the name of Missouri. A fascinating, circular, sandy basin through which flowed a clear, shallow, purling stream was surrounded on all sides by beautifully shaped wooded knolls, rich in varied verdure, through which peeped here and there the red roof of a pretty cottage. As we advanced, feeling like part of a fancy picture placed in the year 1800, so unmodern and rustic and old-world did it all look, down a steep grassy path meandering from the top of the opposite height wound a herd of cows driven to pasture by two little girls. When I think of this scene I am reminded of two lovely oil-paintings of the English lakes, and to nothing else can I compare it because, I suppose, of some quality of perfection about its combined features that gave it the character associated with artistic imagination.

Passing beyond this entrancing corner, and reaching a parting of the ways by which we were very much puzzled, two of us climbed the hill in search of a cottage where information might be secured, and happened upon the very home of the pretty little dairymaids whom we had seen tripping down the hill. Charminglly situated it was on the crown of the hillock in the most delightful, rambling, grassy mixture of pasture and woodland I have ever seen, with a soothing peep on to the fairy scene of sand and stream below. A contented family they seemed, seven daughters and one son, with a mother who was intelligent and could talk brightly and happily about their home which they loved and where they had lived many years, their wonderful poultry—turkeys especially,—and the eggs and butter by which they made a living in the market. Surrounded by so much natural beauty, it was pleasant to think such benefits were bestowed on beings that appreciated them. Was the whole scene real, I wonder, or am I telling of a dream I had by the way ?



Put upon the right path, it was only by degrees we slipped back into twentieth century surroundings of the United States, for our next experience was following the stream up a kind of water-lane irresistibly reminiscent of a summer holiday in England when I was a girl at school, and how long ago that is I will leave my readers to surmise. This diversion brought us at the rate of about a mile an hour or thereabouts on to the high-road which we had quitted at the outset of the day's journey, and landed us at the top of a truly terrifying hill, completely knocking the dreaminess out of me. With our defective brake, and one brake-block gone, it was out of the question to attempt this, and we were not sufficiently skilled mechanics to be sure of safely locking the wheel. The Skipper, therefore, unharnessed "Gray" and rode off to the village—Rocheport—which lay round the corner at the foot of the hill for the purpose of bringing the blacksmith to the rescue. Excellent idea!—he came in a Ford, securely locked the wheel, greatly commending our caution since the hill was a very dangerous one, and saw us safely to the bottom, whence we proceeded to take up our quarters outside his smithy, where certain needed repairs could most easily be attended to.

In spite of the fact that we could not have covered more than six or eight miles since the start, it was now three in the afternoon. The next place was too far away for us to reach by daylight. We therefore decided to stop where we were, have the repairs done, which in any case would take a considerable time to do, and spend our spare hours in wandering by the banks of the Missouri, taking photographs. This pleasantly filled up the afternoon but did not add appreciably to our store of pictures, the results being decidedly disappointing. Perhaps the best-spent moments were those during which the Skipper put "Gray" through his tricks for the benefit of a little

crippled girl whom her father brought up to see us in her wheel-chair. The child, with a bevy of others attracted by the occasion, was delighted, and will probably look back upon the episode as an especially bright spot, while it is marked for us by the pathetic poverty of the family, who lived in an old barn by the river-bank. It belonged to them, they told us with perceptible pride, showing us their rooms in the shape of adapted horse-stalls. Not so bad for the summer, when doors could be left wide open, but a comfortless home I should imagine under the rigours of winter.

We were up at 4.30 on 27th October, but alas! in spite of this excellent beginning it was eight before we got off, owing to the irritating loss of the trace-chains, which had been detached on the way down the hill and could nowhere be found. This necessitated the search for and the purchase of a new pair, both vexing performances, especially as the chains were discovered subsequently securely buried in the deepest recesses of one of the outside cupboards, where the Skipper had evidently safely bestowed them, immediately forgetting all about them. The agitated kind of atmosphere in which we made our start may be gathered from the fact that we had been ready, wheelers harnessed and nothing left to do but put in the leaders about two hours earlier, when the loss was discovered, and were brought to an absolute standstill by the earliness of the hour, as there was not a shop in the place open. This is the sort of thing for which the caravaner has to be perennially prepared, and the frequency with which delays overtake him, if not of one kind then of another, must have ere this made it plain to my reader that unlimited time is one of the chief and most precious requisites of this engaging sport.

We passed on this day through Columbia, without at the time realising that this was the place of Uni-

versity fame of which we so constantly hear, which, had we known, we should perhaps have been less inclined than we were to grumble at its treatment of us. The fact is we had made up our minds to take in stores here, particularly bread and sweet buns to be had about here in a good bakery, such a stand-by to the camper, but unobtainable in the little places. We were therefore dissatisfied to find all the shops shut and no business doing, on account of the funeral of a local magnate who had a day or so previously died. Bread—of a very unattractive sort—we managed to secure at a wayside grocery, but we were left to lament the unpurchased buns of Columbia, which, I regret to say, supplied us with no other recollection.

A very lovely summer-like day induced us to reconsider our decision about nights in the open and to make our evening camp at the roadside, a suitable spot offering itself by the bank of a stream, with space for our van and nice soft grass for the horses' beds. Just above us on a pretty knoll was what we took to be a dwelling, but turned out to be a schoolhouse, the mistress of which lived in Columbia, and took several of her pupils to and fro by motor-car. She stopped to chat, and was immensely interested, asking all sorts of intelligent questions instead of the stereotyped "Why don't you take a Ford?" which we are so sick of hearing and can hardly reply to politely.

We were up again at 4.30 on 28th October, but getting inadvertently into a conversation about something interesting were so absorbed that we completely forgot to hurry. The consequence was our early rising was effectual only to the extent of getting us off at eight o'clock, making, however, no difference to the final result, as the pouring teeming rain varied by hail would have stopped us in any case at Fulton, with sixteen miles only laid behind us. This change in the weather overtook

us at a place called Millersburg, making an uncomfortable affair of our lunch taken outside the post-office while we read our letters and despatched correspondence. We had not got more than a couple of miles farther before "Gray" cast a shoe, causing a grave pow-wow to consider our course. Should we return to Millersburg, accepting the inevitable delay, or venture the nine miles or so to Fulton without a shoe? The roads being soft and muddy, we decided for the latter and got in without mishap, though all the more damp and draggled owing to the slow pace, which was all we dared under the circumstances. This, however, could not have had a deleterious effect upon the impression we produced, which must have been of an unusually arresting order, since on our way through the town we were accosted by the bank manager of one of the chief banks, who was greatly interested and placed his services at our disposal should we need them.

This eventually occurred on the following day, which we spent in the yard of a livery stable, the horses comfortably accommodated in excellent quarters, ourselves somewhat less luxuriously placed whenever we found occasion to issue from the roof that sheltered us into the downpour of rain that descended upon our heads and the muddy puddles that engulfed our rubber-clad feet. Missouri mud is practically impassable in wet weather, and there was nothing for it but to stay where we were until the rain chose to abate. Shopping had to be done notwithstanding, and as the money for that purpose was lying snugly awaiting our arrival farther on, our bank friend's offer came in very usefully in enabling me to cash a small cheque sufficient to tide us over the pinch. Much unpleasant paddling about the river-like streets, and interviews with two newspaper reporters, in addition to the diurnal duties connected with existence, kept us fully occupied during our stay in Fulton.

October 30th dawned with bright sunshine, encouraging us to begin preparations for another start, without at the same time making any effort to hurry, as every minute's delay meant more time for the roads to dry. We got off about 11.30 and went straight on till 4, taking our lunch as we went along, which is a practice we have kept up with most satisfactory results since its first inception. In spite, however, of making no halts and meeting no hindrances, we made in that time only seven miles, and gave our horses work as hard as we cared to inflict upon them. If the reader be curious as to the reason of this astounding rate of progress let him glance at the snaps taken about this time of "Missouri Mud" and "The best road to New York," and he will be sufficiently answered.

As we passed through our first scattered village of Calwood, looking right and left for the appearance of some dwelling offering camping room for ourselves and shelter for the horses, we perceived standing surveying us from the porch of one of the houses a man whose appearance suggested our calling him into consultation on the subject of our needs. An inspired idea, as was soon evident from the fact of his immediately directing us to his own farm, where he said we might drive into his field, and could find accommodation for the horses also. A charming episode, he and his wife combining by their friendliness and hospitality to impress upon our recollections a host and hostess who were "Pearls" both, not only by name but by nature. They with their little girl paid us a visit in our van that evening, engaged us in a pleasant chat and listened to selections on our Victor phonograph, which instrument accompanied us faithfully through all our wanderings.

October 31st.—Owing to the rain of the previous evening, which had come on heavily immediately after our arrival and made us doubly thankful for

the shelter and hospitality offered by our farmer friends, we did not hurry our departure. Neither could we in courtesy rush through the farewells which they were inclined to prolong and which included an inspection of our trek photographs, accorded an intelligent appreciation which we are not often privileged to chronicle. It was about eleven, therefore, before we launched ourselves once more upon the perilous seas of Missouri mud which formed our semi-liquid link with the beyond for which we were bound, and which maintained their character unremittingly throughout the day. The despair of the occasional motorists whom we met, struggling under worse conditions than ourselves through the kind of surface which our Kodak has very fairly pictured, and the woe-begone questions as to what awaited them farther on, to which our pitying hearts induced us to give encouraging if not strictly truthful replies, remains a uniquely humorous recollection.

How we got through the 15.5 miles to Williamsburg which my diary chronicles by 3.30 in the afternoon is a mystery which only knowledge of that volume's unvarying veracity enables me to accept as actual fact. We drew up in a side road, in close proximity to an abandoned barn, relic of pre-motor days, in which remained some good stalls that served our turn, and opposite the cosy country home of some kindly people who gave us the use of their water-supply, came to inspect our van, and invited us to pay them a return visit later, which we did with pleasure.

The explanation of our stopping at so early an hour with not a very brilliant record of achievement lies in the distance separating us from the next place shown upon our strip-map. No camping out in quagmires for us, thank you: "safety first" was our motto, to which mileage came in very much in the second place.

We loitered the next morning, to our lasting vexation and regret, for we missed by a few minutes another unusual trans-continental traveller, a girl riding across to San Francisco on horseback, and carrying her little fox-terrier on the saddle. This was her return journey, the first crossing having been successfully made in the same way a few months earlier, and made the subject of various newspaper paragraphs which we had seen. To have exchanged experiences with so seasoned a fellow-vagabond would have been a privilege and a pleasure indeed, and to think that she passed the head of the road where stood our caravan, within hail, only half an hour or less before we made our morning's start, added what seemed an unnecessarily malicious sting to the misadventure. However, we consoled ourselves as well as we might in the improved condition of the roads, which were drier than we had ventured to expect, and in the lovely sunshine and soft sweet air. Our ruffled feelings were further softened in the course of the morning by the complimentary remarks of a farmer whom we met along the road, and who, with astonished but beaming face, insisted upon our stopping for a chat. That he had never heard of anything so astounding as our enterprise was perfectly clear, also that his overwhelming surprise was accompanied by a warm and sincere admiration for the originality of the idea and the qualities to which its successful execution testified. We felt very much gratified and elated by the unexpected tribute cheerily delivered at so appropriate a moment, and felt that the loss of at least fifteen minutes taken up by the interview was not too great a price to pay for it. Delays, it will be noticed, of one sort or another, are for ever coming in to bring calculations to nought, and reduce averages, and inveterately hopeful though we be, a dispassionate review of the campaign inclines to the conviction that into the

jog of the gipsy enters some hidden principle of intermittence and irregularity against which it is vain to struggle. "If it isn't one thing it's the t'other" well comprises the tale of each day's unforeseeable march.

The country on this day was perfectly lovely, especially about a little place called, like one of our desert section-houses, Minneola. It lay among inviting hills of the moorland type, dotted with soft clumps of trees, a charming setting for the mountain road along which meandered a clear gurgling rill, tempting us to plunge hands and face in the little green pools or under the tiny refreshing miniature waterfalls that made so much of the modest stones in their way. I walked, or more truthfully loitered, leaving the horses to make the ascent at leisure, while I extracted every grain of enjoyment to be found in the delightful scenery, and the recollections which it evoked of English moorlands and hills.

Eighteen miles, a slight improvement over the previous day, landed us in good time at High Hill, which was fortunate, as we had unusual difficulty in finding quarters, and must have spent quite an hour in vain search up and down the village streets before getting into touch with the owner of a comfortable stable for three in a pretty sheltered side-road where we were able to draw up for the night. "Ted," for whom there was not room, had to make the best of the yard, with its shelter of trees and wall, reinforced by two warm blankets, for the nights were getting decidedly chilly.

Here "Oscar," who had been recently instructed to jump on to the bed to give us his morning greeting, and had been slow in assimilating his lessons, distinguished himself by suddenly leaping into the middle of my supper-tray, as I was reposing enjoyably in bed with immediate anticipations of supper. With the overturned articles about him, one paw



in my tea-cup, and floods of hot tea streaming round him, he turned to me such a ludicrously appealing countenance that we were all convulsed and forgave him for the fun of the thing. Poor fellow, he thought himself so accomplished!

The second day of November, and fairly cold but fine, offered no inducements for early rising, as the place, Warrenton, at which we were to find mail and money, was only thirteen miles away, and it was therefore useless to hurry. We made a leisurely day of it, I walking a good deal, as the roads were bad, and getting out table and typewriter at the mid-day halt on a grassy spot by the roadside. A stream ran through the meadow on the other side of the fence, where grazed several cows—very fine ones, and clever also, as was evidenced by the skill and persistence with which they reached across for bunches of our horses' hay. It was a pretty pastoral scene which many a typist, set down in a dingy office, might have envied me the enjoyment of. So I thought, as I clicked my busy typewriter, and congratulated myself upon the rapidly accumulating pages of diary.

Warrenton must have had features not unlike those of High Hill, for recollections of the two seem to coalesce as far as their appearance goes, the difference lying in the ease with which we found quarters this time, and got settled in alongside of the livery barn in which we put up our horses. We were in the main street, close to shops and bank, but a mile from the Western Union office, to which money had been wired, and which lay at the railway station, whence an obliging bank manager got it for me, advancing me meanwhile enough for immediate needs.

November 3rd rose fine but cold, a perfect day for travelling, which, however, in no wise affected the march of events as far as delays were concerned. First, voluminous shopping ending in a start at

eleven; second, a visit to a lady in the outskirts who kept us a long while in conversation on the subject of our adventures; third, a call at an elevator about a mile out of the town, indispensable in the interests of the horses. Finally, having succeeded by going straight on without a lunch stop in getting a mile or more beyond Wright City (it looked like a country village), bent on covering at least twenty miles before calling a halt, behold! we suddenly made the discovery that the hub of one of the wheels was split. What was to be done now was the question, the discussion of which in grave conclave led to the decision—annoying but apparently inevitable—to turn tail and trudge back to the blacksmith at Wright City, where we could get the wheel repaired. At which point along came an amiable, practically-minded negro, who, with the helpfulness which we have found characteristic of his race, made a most excellent suggestion. There was a farm, he said, at the bottom of the hill where we should be sure of accommodation, and instead of dragging our heavy vehicle all the way back, we could borrow a cart and take the wheel in to the blacksmith. No sooner said than done. His plan worked like a charm. The wise old lady who owned the farm was willing; the yard was an immense roomy one, half grass-grown, and beautifully situated among open fields; the barn was on the same scale; the cart proved available; the Skipper quickly got the wheel off and departed for Wright City; the Artist turned to her varied jobs, and I got out the typewriter and got through a big batch of letters. The smith did his work well and quickly; we got an early supper and turned in for a long night, determined to have something better than eight and a half miles to show next day.

The spacious barnyard with its airy vista of green fields, the comfortable farmhouse on the other side of the road with its outlook across the green curves

of a field to a copse bright with autumn tints, and the exquisite softness of the weather—all these make that day stand out as our happy farewell to summer. Discussions were rife at this period, owing to the necessity for settling whether we would halt definitely at St Louis or try to get farther along the road to Pittsburg. At least we thought we had to settle it, whereas, of course, we might have relied upon the weather to do that for us, which it eventually did, in spite of our resolutions, born of the warmth and brightness in which we were then revelling, to keep bravely along.

A pretty road, part of it through a lovely coppice which by its colouring forbade us to forget that it was autumn; then Foristell, whose houses straggle along the railway-line and at whose modest post-office we picked up letters, and finally our stopping place, Wentzville, ten miles only from our starting-point. An improvement of a mile and a half, at any rate, over yesterday, and what *are* you to do when delays are so inevitable? A visit to our kind hostess was *de rigueur* before starting, snaps had to be taken, in some of which her daughter figured, and in the end our departure had not been far short in lateness of that of the day before. However, we were unworried, and resigned to the slow rate of our progress, and prepared to be thankful for the good accommodation which we managed to secure in a little private stable (the nights too cold for risks with the horses), ourselves parking our waggon under a tree in the pretty road outside. Here we were visited later by kind neighbours, Dr and Mrs Vosburgh, whose house was on the other side of the road, and who had previously introduced themselves by the presentation of a delicious home-made cake for our supper.

It is to be chronicled that we actually got off on the next day, 5th November, before eight of the clock, and made a distance of no less than thirty

miles by 4.30, arriving at St Charles, only nineteen miles from the centre of St Louis, the goal of this section of our journey. Whilst the others got into quarters in a good livery barn near the Missouri River, upon which St Charles stands, I took the car on to a place called Pattonville, a few miles farther on, which we had given as an address for parcels of extremely necessary clothing, in view of winter and our arrival in a city where we could not comfortably walk about all the time in male apparel. These I successfully retrieved, by means of an expedition which did not at all suit my taste, but which seemed compulsory, as were my labours in lugging the same from the tram terminus to the stable on my return in the dark with the precious package, which the assembled party hailed with clamorous satisfaction. Considering that these had been picked out of my trunks with nothing but written directions and without the guidance of womanly understanding in following them out, the resultant assemblage of garments, though in some respects unexpected and astonishing, turned out remarkably useful and "apropos."

After many inquiries directed towards the almost hopeless task of obtaining information which would save us from the risk of aimless search and land us in a place where good quarters for such an unusual equipage were obtainable, we decided to proceed as far as Wellston, on the outskirts of St Louis, where it seemed probable that we should find accommodation. Our rest having as usual been taken on a week-day, we were prepared for the road again on the next day, Sunday, though hardly for the stream of joy-riders which we presently encountered on that favourite highway, not quite completed at the time of our journey, and lengthened considerably by necessary detours.

Our first adventure was a block with an apple-cart pulled by a horse which refused at the very

point half-way up a hill where the road was too narrow to allow of passing, and where we had arrived with a long line of motor-cars behind us. The stream in the other direction behind the apple-cart was quite as imposing and quite as exasperated, though through its position led to vent its vexation in the right quarter, whereas we, the apparent cause of the stoppage to those behind us, came in for a great deal of undeserved vituperation. The desire to get on, unanimously firing the motoring breast, furnished the solution to the difficulty—sturdy shoulders at the wheels of the apple-cart got it out of the way, enabling us to proceed and the chafing and chugging mechanisms in our rear to pass us, to their and to our own relief and satisfaction.

The next happening was the only one that might be properly called an accident during our whole trip, and reserved itself for the very last day. "Jim's" shoulder being a little sore, he was not working, and "Gray" was harnessed with the singletree as leader. For some reason unexplained the pin which attaches the singletree to the tongue had become loosened and dropped out, and down came the whole apparatus on "Gray's" heels, terrifying him into so sudden a leap that the reins (which were improvised ones of rope and difficult to hold) were wrenched out of the Skipper's hands. But for this a few words and her weight on the reins would quickly have quieted him; but he was off at a mad gallop, the heavy singletree with its sharp hooks banging mercilessly on his heels at every stride. After following the road for a stretch in unabated panic he swerved into the field on our left and came to a sudden stop by the side of a haystack. Here he seemed to reflect for a moment and then, turning, galloped full tilt directly back to the van, almost knocking over one of the team in the suddenness of his excited stop. Covered with a

lather of foam, sweating in every pore, and trembling in every limb, he looked as though he had been urged at his utmost pace for miles. In a state of sheer terror, cut and bleeding, the self-control of the animal in stopping to think, and his sense in realising that with us were help and safety, are surely something unusual in the records of brute intelligence.

There must have been thousands of cars out that day. We felt that we were involuntarily making the acquaintance of all St Louis, which stared its fill at the novel sight of a horsed vehicle, and such a one, amid the stream of its Sunday speeders. Novel I said, but perhaps antiquated would have been nearer the mark; have it whichever way you like, for, as James Montague puts it, "Anything as old as that assuredly is new." We were delayed by an interview with some sensible people who thoroughly approved of us, and found it in them to admire the interior of our van in spite of its diurnal state of hopeless muddle. This pleasant interlude disposed of, we began to think of the needs of the night, for it was four o'clock, which on 6th November means not far from darkness. Looking to right and left as we slowly proceeded we were accosted from the steps of "Colburn Inn" by a thoughtful woman who said she had been looking out for us, foreseeing the approach of the hour when a camp would be highly acceptable. There was a perfect one, she said, just behind the house where she stood—turn down this lane, and we should see a little open wood on our left with a shed for the horses and ample room for the caravan.

So near a great city like St Louis, it seemed almost a miracle to find ourselves in a spot so convenient and charming. Tall branching trees formed our roof, grass and ferns provided our carpet, the city's electric light in the lane that wound past illumined us, and not two minutes away ran the trolley-car

into Wellston on the outskirts of St Louis, enabling me to get a night letter despatched to the Inventor the same evening.

November 7th was our last day of the open-air features of the gipsy life, though not of its vagabond ones, which continued for some days in the yard to which the Skipper finally led us. We enjoyed every minute of it, for though the mornings and evenings were getting cold, sunshine made the day delicious, and we sat out under the trees all day discussing plans, sorting films, and generally getting things straight. The Skipper made various explorations of the neighbourhood, resulting in the friendly offer of Mr Ryan, of the American Pressed Brick Company in Wellston, to allow us to camp in his yard and put up our horses in his large stable which had vacancies. With winter coming on it would be unwise to trust the weather overlong, but I must confess to a disinclination to breaking up our pretty woodland camp and migrating citywards, which we did somewhat sadly on 8th November, not knowing the good luck that awaited us under the wing of so thoughtful and courteous a host as Mr Ryan proved himself to be.

With our waggon under the shelter of a shed we were able without unmeasured discomfort to accept the sudden descent upon us of winter in the shape of a biting and drenching downpour of rain, which quickly settled the vexed question as to our movements. It was hard enough to keep decently warm without *any* travelling at all; indeed the only possible occupation for the evenings was found to be snug retirement into bed. Hands and feet became quite as cold as we cared to have them under the compulsory course of the camper's day; no driving and shivering for hours did the Skipper and I crave for on the road to Pittsburg. Having perforce to part from the Artist before long in pursuance of her plans for Christmas, and be deprived both of her

society and her invaluable help, the Skipper and myself would do all that in us lay to diminish the discomforts and the fatigues. We would find winter quarters and resign ourselves to awaiting the spring, when we might triumphantly and enjoyably see the termination of our wonderful trans-continental trip.

All the preliminaries of which plan were in the course of a few days duly carried out: "Ted," our recent acquisition, was disposed of, a home found for "Betty," and the other two kept under our own immediate eye at the brickyard, while the good people with whom we found a temporary home made welcome not only ourselves but our two dear dogs. Thus encouraged, and having gone as smilingly as we knew how through the melancholy necessity of seeing the Artist off for Oberammergau *via* New York, we settled down with what patience we could command to a winter's work, coloured with the anticipation of a 1200-mile trek over good roads in the coming spring.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

## BACK TO THE WEST BY FREIGHT TRAIN.

Love's compass we may carry as we roam ;  
 Where'er we are  
 Steer by the heart's fixed Star ;  
 Across unending land or wastes of foam  
 Hold steadily our helm toward Home !

ALAS ! for our coast to coast trip. The way of the Inventor is hard and difficult to be understood of the outsider, or indeed of the bosom of the family, come to that. After chasing 2700 miles over the worst roads of the continent for the purpose of re-joining the Head of the Family in what were believed to be henceforward his unalterable headquarters—New York ; after spending a lonely winter keeping the outfit safe in St Louis with the hope of starting with the spring for the last lap of our adventurous journey ; after weeks of fresh labours and toils spent (whilst floods in Illinois made all movement towards our goal impossible) in preparations for the advance ; after all this a sudden change in the fortunes of business whisked off the men of the family to Seattle and transferred the centre of gravity once more definitely to the west coast, halting the two remaining wayfarers in their tracks, bringing all their painstaking arrangements to nought (since after all the reunion of the family and not the crossing of the continent was the main object of the journey), and raising the vital question, “ *What shall we do now ?* ” Abandon the equip-

ment with all the joyful independence it represents? Not to be thought of! Trek back? *Once* across those central roads is enough for any one, and it needed no explanations to make clear to us why we had never encountered any traveller who was making the transit for the second time. "Once bitten, twice shy!" We would not do it ourselves, no, not even to still the "Heimweh" (homesickness) which was gnawing at our vitals. We had too much regard for our admirable waggon, our indefatigable horses, and our unscathed though travel-worn forms, and we wished to preserve these for use upon nice, smooth, safe roads, such as those we had been promised on the rest of our trip eastwards. "Enough is as good as a feast," is a proverb that I remember from the early days of my childhood, and its application in daily life appears to be as apt as ever.

We decided between us that of execrable roads and hairbreadth escapes we had had our fill, and that adventure—if adventure it was to be—must take some novel form which would make its hardships bearable by flavouring them with the zest of the unknown, for we were still unprepared to step into the well-worn ruts travelled by the rest of mankind. Even if we condescended to avail ourselves like ordinary mortals of the blessings of transit by rail, there must surely be something left to do in that direction, something of new experience to be gained, of unusual to be ventured, of information worth having to be acquired. Why not?

Some such reasoning as this inspired our latest effort, and enabled me to head my last chapter proudly with the legend, "Back to the West by Freight Train."

Simple as this may sound, and eventually proved in its accomplishment, it was anything but simple to get to the point of obtaining what it appears has never in the history of the United States Railways been granted to a woman—namely, leave to accom-

pany stock in an emigrant car. True, we were told at the outset that the regulations required a *male* attendant, but when we put in what seemed to us such a very reasonable and innocuous request—the permission to travel, both of us, in charge of our own animals, who knew us and would travel with far less risk and discomfort under our own care—two experienced women accustomed to the handling of horses and to knocking about the little-frequented corners of the world—we little dreamt what a storm in a tea-cup we were to raise ! It was unprecedented, unheard of—*women* in charge of stock—certainly not ! Why, there would be seething discontent from one end of the line to the other, stated one of the big companies, if such a permit were granted. They were constantly getting applications from the wives of stockmen to be allowed to take charge, and could not think of making an exception in our favour.

Personally, I never knew much about railway companies, and do not now, but from this experience it is evident that they are woefully behind the times in the woman question, and it is fervently to be hoped that public opinion will shortly compel these high and mighty corporations to remove disabilities which place a hardship unfair and unwarranted upon the women of the country, who, if they interest themselves in and undertake duties of this kind, are quite as capable and trustworthy in their execution of them as the male portion of the community, and have a right to the same advantages. Indeed, to judge by the remarks repeatedly made to us by the employees of the railroad, our car was an exception to the ordinary emigrant car on their lines, its neatness and attractiveness appearing to be something quite out of the common, while one man at the stockyard outside Spokane went so far as to state with evident astonishment as he gazed at our temporary home that this was the “first time in five years he had seen a clean emigrant car.”

As to the discomforts of the conditions, they made more of those also than we were inclined to do, asking us frequently whether it was not "rough travelling," whether we were not tired of it, or remarking that we should be before we were through with it. But once we were on the train we heard no more of the terrible dangers to which it appeared passengers on freight trains must inevitably be subjected—dangers enlarged upon to such an extent both by the officials whom we interviewed in connection with our permit, and by the various friends who kindly interested themselves in pulling the strings which might prove the "Open Sesame" in that direction, that I must confess to having on several occasions been attacked by a fit of nothing less than plain fright at the mysterious perils into which it seemed we were determined upon plunging, and felt more than half-inclined to give it all up. Recollection of similar sensations in connection with the "band of bogeys" alluded to earlier in the tale of our adventures, combined with a certain tenacity of disposition which declined to be disappointed in the acquisition of new experiences (short of very good evidence making them inadvisable)—these came to our timely rescue, pinning our noses to the grindstone of effort and perseverance, which, after two months of negotiations, resulted at last in the following permit from the Wabash Railway:—

"Freight train conductors,  
Wabash Railway Company,  
St Louis to Albia, Iowa.

"This will be your authority to permit Mrs Gertrude E. Metcalfe-Shaw and Miss Gertrude E. Metcalfe-Shaw to ride on freight train handling H. & T. car 39385, loaded with three horses, waggon, &c., from St Louis to Albia, Iowa, over our line.

"These parties will hold proper transportations, which you will honour on our freight trains between the points indicated."

A similar document gave us the freedom of the line between Iowa and Minneapolis, while copy of a telegram addressed to the Agent of the Great Northern made all clear for us on that line, the only one by means of which we could make our connection with our point of destination. It was not by any means the shortest route, but "any port in a storm," and besides, the northern route, in addition to being the most scenic, was welcome for its coolness in the summer-time. We signed with relief and thankfulness the "Release" required by all three companies, having by this time conquered the uneasiness engendered by the evident nervousness of the railways in view of our undertaking (which one of the important heads of the traffic department assured me he would not at all like to have the prospect of for himself, though unable, like the rest, to give us any exact details as to the reasons for this repugnance).

The "Release" read as follows:—

"In consideration of the carriage of the undersigned accompanying car containing shipment three horses, two dogs, waggon, and other effects over the lines of the Wabash Railway, St Louis to Albia, M. & St. L. Railway Albia to Minneapolis, and the Great Northern Railway, Minneapolis to Seattle, at the instance and request of the undersigned, upon trains carrying freight between such points, and inasmuch as freight trains are not safe as passenger trains, and stop at points other than station platforms, and in riding upon and getting to or from such trains, and in passing through while in freight yards, we may be exposed to unusual risks and dangers, we hereby voluntarily assume all risk of injury while riding, or getting to, on or from such trains, or in such freight or passenger yards, and hereby release and discharge such carrier from every and all claims, liability, and demands of every kind, nature, and description for or on account of such injury, whether the same be caused by the negligence of said carrier or any of its employees or otherwise."

The perusal of such a document would give the ordinary reader sufficient reason to pause and reflect. What, then, is likely to be its effect upon minds steeped by the kindness of their neighbours in an atmosphere of foreboding? There was apparently *everything* to fear! If we managed, thanks to our long experience in "roughing it" and our activity of body and mind, to survive without injury the terrible shocks and jolts to which freight trains are subjected, and came alive out of the ordeal of "slip switching" (which we discovered in due course to be a method of time-saving which is never under any circumstances applied in the case of a car carrying live stock)—still, we must negotiate the perils of climbing in and out of our van (this was evidently the *bête noire* of the office men, every one of whom mentioned it when trying to frighten us off the enterprise) and be clever enough to escape the manifold death-traps of the freight yards. And, these miracles accomplished, we were still faced with the worst bugbear of it all—the human element! What of the *train crews*? Men rough and uncouth at the best, entirely unaccustomed to the presence of ladies, masters of the situation on many a mile of lonely railway, where we might stop for hours, far away from sight or sound of the rest of mankind. There we should be at their mercy! And what of the hobos, against whose attempted incursions a gun or weapon of some sort was vitally necessary? Not an instant's peace should we know, except when the train was in rapid motion, constant watch being imperative if we would escape the undesired companionship of some poor devil trying to travel free. *Why* exactly he should pitch upon our car instead of one of the numerous uninhabited ones was not explained. That was the state of affairs, and we had better be prepared for it, and *shoot* without compunction any man trying to board our waggon without giving a proper account of himself.

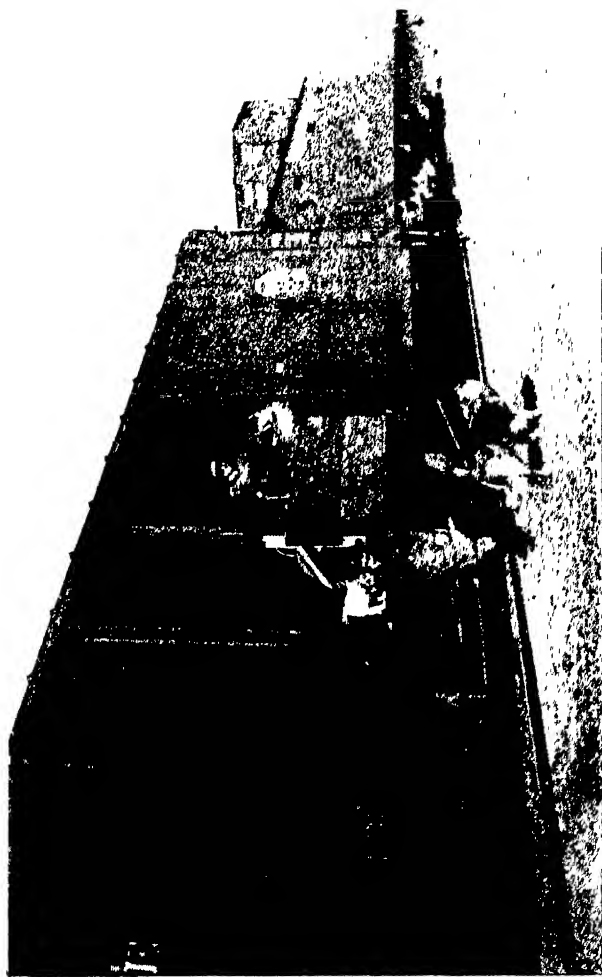
The Skipper and myself used to try to dissect and analyse all this varied information for the purpose of arriving at something likely to approximate the truth. It was a case in which we had no personal experience to go upon, and involved a set of conditions quite unfamiliar to us, and therefore we could not dismiss any of the statements unexamined or unweighed, nor make light of difficulties which to others appeared so insurmountable. We spent no end of time discussing the pros and cons—or rather, I should say, the “cons,” for no one had any “pros” to suggest, except the fact itself of the adventure, the appeal of which induced our good friends to lend us the weight of their influence with the powers that be in the railway world. We arrived at the decision to stick to our guns and risk it, on grounds that I may perhaps state most convincingly in the form of a question, that being the shape in which it presented itself to us: “How comes it that the railway companies make a point of entrusting their cars of valuable goods to the tender mercies of miscreants, and seem, from all accounts, to take particular pains to assemble for their train crews all the scoundrels and desperadoes they can find in the country?” The method of *reductio ad absurdum* solved our problem neatly and satisfactorily, as far as the personnel of the railway was concerned, and that anxiety off our minds we found that the pictures drawn of the ubiquitous hobo were decidedly losing in verisimilitude and effectiveness, becoming, in fact, unconvincing, and possibly amenable, we logically argued, to much the same process of reduction as that which had robbed the freight crew of their mysterious terrors. We were inclined to take our chance of the hobo, and for the rest we had a good deal more faith in our *savoir-faire* than any one else seemed to have, and counted upon the adaptability gained through many varied experiences for making the venture. Which decision resulted in our finding

ourselves early in June domiciled on an automobile car, length over 40 feet, width 10 feet, height 14 feet, our house-waggon erect on its wheels at one end packed in closely with a batch of luggage sent from New York, in addition to our various impedimenta. Our horses were comfortably stabled in stalls we had had erected, side by side, at the other end, backed by the iron end-door, across which was placed a heavy beam, padded, for them to back up against and steady themselves, while a similar beam closed their stall in front, their heads facing the centre of the car, which formed our living quarters, fastened on each side for security against sudden violent jerks. Hay and straw occupied the middle space, and could be conveniently banked up in any desired form, the bales being easy to move with a hay-hook, and forming cosy corners in which to lean back and read, or couches on which to lie at length, or *vis-à-vis* seats on which to enjoy our al fresco meals with as much seating comfort as the habitué of the dining-car, and far more luxury in the shape of view and fresh air. However, this is anticipating, and it would be more to the point to mention here the privilege accorded us by our good friend Mr Ryan of the American Pressed Brick Company, whose hospitality in sheltering our waggon and horses during the entire winter and placing at our disposal a hundred facilities had already made St Louis a place to be associated for ever with the very milk of human kindness. He, determined as ever to make life easy for us if such a thing were possible, offered us the use of his private switch for loading, so that we were able to get through that distinctly terrifying task right on the spot—no long drag into the centre six miles away, no tedious coping with the personalities of strange men, who would probably disregard or misunderstand our directions and our wishes, leisure and convenience, and the intelligent services of capable men whom



we had long been acquainted with, and who took an interest in helping us to carry out our plans, one of whom, his home being close to the premises, further lightened our labours by offering us at his house meals, an invitation he and his motherly wife made it a pleasure to accept and to enjoy. We slept on the car for two or three days prior to departure, and had acquired quite home-like sensations in regard to it by the time we were ready to pull out, which we did on a typical broiling St Louis summer's day at somewhere about 3 P.M., when we experienced our first not altogether unfamiliar jolt (inasmuch as passenger trains also indulge in far from mild jolts at times) as we were switched on to the engine which came to fetch us, the driver of which had for days past waved to us in a friendly way as he glided past to pick up the various cars that were to make up his train. Hats and handkerchiefs on either side of the line waved in kindly farewells as we moved slowly along, and we responded, crossing from side to side of the space which was to be our home for we knew not how long—possibly two whole weeks—protected by our breastwork in the shape of plank doors secured by cleats which made them removable, and enabled us to leave the heavy iron side-doors of the car wide open on either side, giving us an abundance of light, air, and view. The great journey was begun: for the first time in the history of railway companies women were travelling in charge of stock!

Dullness, of course, is impossible where everything is novel, and the long pauses, now here now there, before we finally were hitched on to the regular freight train which left St Louis at night somewhere about 8 P.M., were no trial to us. At one of these stops on the outskirts, a station named Luther, I was requested to get my "contract" from the yard-master, and found interesting reading while this was being prepared in the notices affixed to the



Waiting for a connection.



walls, warning the men against various careless practices which seem to result in a good many deaths in the year. Getting caught between the cars seems a favourite mishap, entirely avoidable, it would appear, by the exercise of caution and adherence to certain simple rules, such as keeping the body *outside* the surfaces which are about to collide, or which may unexpectedly collide. It is the same here, I suppose, as everywhere else, "Familiarity breeds contempt," and that human trait will continue to be the fruitful source of disasters as long as human nature remains what it is.

None of the officials understood the distinction drawn by the authorities between a *male* and *female* attendant, and one and all took pains to assure me that I needed only *one* ticket, an attendant being carried free. I, however, had been specifically requested in the permit issued by the Wabash to purchase *two* transportations, and had been much perturbed thereby, the costs having already mounted, after so long a delay, to alarming proportions; but being already loaded and ready to leave, I was unable to wait and argue the point, and had reluctantly complied, trusting to the justice of my cause and the fairness of the railway companies for recovering the amount at the other end. \$79.90 added on to a rate of \$384.00 is quite a respectable sum to have to pay for the privilege of taking the place and doing the work of a man. As it turns out, I need not have been so pliable; it would have needed a special announcement along the whole line of route to enable the staff to understand these nice distinctions insisted upon by headquarters, for not in a single case was I expected to produce more than *one* ticket, so that I should have run the gauntlet of the whole service without question. Eventually I laid my case before the authorities, but the Wabash Company being unsuccessful in inducing the other companies involved to take their view of the matter,

and join them in returning a sum to which I feel I am justly entitled, I retain the privilege of adding to the number of the living object-lessons, showing the discrimination exercised even in this land of liberty against the feminine sex.

By this time we had become entirely reassured as to the effect upon our horses; they evidenced very little fear, and we soon saw that in their case a "car fit" or wild panic, to which the highly bred animals are subject, was in the last degree unlikely. Travelling in company with their mistresses, soothed by our voices and encouraging pats, they soon got over the first nervousness, and in future the only question was how they would stand the strain of the constant vibration and the sudden jars and shocks, varying in intensity as we soon discovered, not so much owing to the particular work to be done as to the driver who had charge of the engine. Jars and shocks there must be, of course, at starting and stopping, during switching operations; and finally, on sections of the line where the surface is hilly, the immense length of the train resulting in slight difference of speed, giving rise to entirely unavoidable surprises in the shape of a forward concussion in the case of a car which, topping a rise, gains speed down the slight incline and bangs against its neighbour in front, or an aggravating jerk when one's own car happens to lag back at the foot of a slope, and gets a reminder of its duties from the swifter one preceding it. No engine-driver can be responsible for this third group of happenings, but the difference which that individual can produce in the case of the other two was a revelation to us, and we speedily found ourselves speculating at every change upon the qualities of the new crew (which takes charge roughly at every hundred miles), and from the first samples of handling of our train settling down resignedly to be knocked about, or delightedly to enjoy a period of comparative peace.

A great deal was made by representatives of the railway companies of the risks attendant upon the roughness of the journey, and it is indeed a fact that care must be exercised continually, so as to avoid such positions as would be perilous in the event of receiving a sudden impulse in one or other direction, which, unprepared for, might easily lead to injury. But bearing this state of affairs continually in mind and running no unnecessary risks, the danger need not be great—at least as far as our experience goes; and, in fact, the tendency to self-protection soon becomes automatic, and I doubt if we shall ever quite get over the acquired instinct of grabbing at any support within reach at the first distant “clink” far up the line, passing like a wave from car to car, taking us in its passage and swiftly dying out beyond, for, generally speaking, there was only the caboose behind us. The rear of the train, we were told, was the safest place, though the most jerky, for in case of accident there were no cars to pile up on the top of ours in the way characteristic of railway accidents. We were well able to realise this, having witnessed a spectacular freight train wreck near Albany, N.Y., where the cars were piled one on the other to a height which must have been over fifty feet, while an oil car beyond was blazing merrily, illuminating the night, and a river of oil was running at the side of the track.

It was an amusing sight to watch the horses bracing themselves for an expected impact, for they, like ourselves, learnt to recognise the symptoms, and grew so accustomed to it all that nothing disturbed their equanimity, and they would continue, if it happened to be meal-time, munching contentedly, with only so much modification of attitude as the occasion necessitated. It must be admitted, however, that the thing was on their minds, this being evidenced by the fact that, though their heads had been freed of the double halter ropes as soon as it appeared safe

to do so, and they had ample room to lie down, and must certainly have suffered from fatigue owing to the incessant strain upon their legs, they would never rest for more than a few minutes at a time, but invariably jumped up uneasily soon after being, as we hoped, settled for a comfortable sleep.

The dogs were *far* more concerned than the horses at the novel conditions; in fact, they were clearly terrified, and insisted the first night upon sharing our bed, which we made up comfortably on the floor between the open doors, our plank doors leaving us still a height of nine feet of air space, through which blew the most exquisite breeze. We made no attempt on the journey to utilise the van-bed, the vehicle being jarred unmercifully and swaying on its springs like a ship at sea. We had mattress, rugs, and pillows galore, and varied our position on the floor according to conditions. At first *air* was the great requisite, and everything which could obstruct it must be removed from the neighbourhood of our temporary couch. In two days' time the temperature had so changed that we were glad at night to avail ourselves of shelter from the bales of hay, which we placed at sides and head, making the snuggest and most sweetly scented enclosure, above which flowed the air from either side. We faced the horses, whom we could watch whenever we opened our eyes, and the dogs lay at our feet. There certainly is a great charm about living so close to one's animals, and for those who love them there is happiness in it; nor did we suffer the slightest inconvenience, unless the work involved may be so called. To us it was only an added interest, and I think I may truthfully say that the only thing I found a bore was the necessity of preparing meals for *ourselves* and washing up after them. That I always did and always shall regard as a hardship, a point of view shared by the rest of the family, fortunately, as I consider, for though a disadvantage

in one sense, it has the merit of enabling us to sympathise with one another, and gives to labours in that field the agreeable satisfying sense of a martyrdom endured for the sake of other dear members of the family. Thus we get *something* out of what always seems to me—at least as far as the cleaning part of it is concerned—the most irritating waste of valuable time. As to the cooking, that, I admit, is an art for which every one of us has greater aptitude than I; indeed, some of us are downright clever at it, whilst I am a veritable booby. When in camp I resign myself thankfully to this disability, and leave the talented ones in charge, preferring to do my share, though detestable, in the humble guise of scullery-maid.

Not that we did much cooking in the emigrant car. It did not lend itself to such performances. We were far too much afraid of fire with all that hay and straw about to run any risks, and ruled out the “Primus,” which is such a stand-by on trek, contenting ourselves for an occasional cup of tea with the use of a little alcohol stove safely buried in a bucket. For the rest we relied on tins, helped out as long as it lasted, by the fresh fruit, by the loaves we had brought, and which grew staler day by day, and by a bountiful supply of cracker biscuits. We *might*, indeed, have laid in a store of butter had we foreseen that the brakeman and freight conductors, against whose uncouthness we had been so gravely warned, would of their own initiative attentively keep our little ice-chest full, at the same time inquiring as to any needs of ours, making a step to facilitate our getting in and out, and always ready to block the doors afresh for us, or give us a helping hand with any little jobs that crop up as we go along. This was one of the unexpected pleasures of the trip, as was the ample supply of milk we obtained on the first evening through the kindness of one of these men, who told



us it was to be had, and went to purchase it for us. Later at Minneapolis, where we arrived on the fourth day, a farmer, travelling with Jersey cows and milking them in the freight yard where we spent the Sunday, presented us with a bucket of the most delicious creamy milk it has ever been my good fortune to drink.

That freight yard, a large, open, green space where we had our first view of the operation of slip-switching, and where we were able to get in and out and give the dogs plenty of exercise, is quite a pleasant recollection, but not so poetic as the spot on the outskirts which we had reached at 3 A.M., and from which we were moved later. A brakeman aroused us while it was still dark with the information that water was very handy, and it would be a good opportunity for filling up, which we did to the sweet song of the birds in the adjacent woodlands, giving their welcome to the breaking of the day. We were sorry when they moved us from this sylvan retreat, which lingers in memory as one of those enchanting hours for ever out of reach of the ticket-holder on a passenger train.

And how many such hours there are! How fascinating a thing it is to stand at the wide doorway, perfectly safe, yet free to the sky and swept by the cool breeze which blows through the car, laden with the sweet perfumes of the clover fields, or of the banks of wild flowers, the eye delighting in the varied scenes that glide past not so rapidly as to hinder enjoyment of them, or to fuse into one indistinguishable fog impressions which are to be caught only at the cost of hundreds of miles of travel, and are a source of imperishable wealth to the mind which retains them. Was it not worth while to face a little discomfort and hard work for the sake of the interest and freedom—novelty and *something that would last*? This modern craze for saving time seems to me wrong somewhere. True,

you, fortunate passenger, make the transit in five days, whereas we took eleven. But the point is, what were our respective gains, yours and mine? Have you any definite recollections of the States you passed through? At the mention of them henceforward will vivid pictures spring to your mind, giving a meaning to what used to be a mere name? If not, what compensating advantage have you to show for your saving of six days? You *got there* and so did we, but who shall say that your six days were better spent than ours? It all depends on what you did with them; and even the acquirement of dollars—if that was the purpose and fruition of them—may not in the end stand you in as good stead as our garnered memories of a vast and beautiful country, endeared to us by the inborn courtesy and kindness of the simple, honest, hard-working train men. Iowa seemed to us a lovely country, richly pastoral, green, fertile, abounding in beautifully wooded glades and wide clover-scented meadows, and bright with many kinds of wild flowers. Wild roses in every shade, from palest to deepest pink, adorned the banks, and scattered through the deep lush grass were all kinds of blossoms—a deep yellow flower something like a marguerite; another of the same family with petals of strawberry pink and deep-brown centres; great clumps of sweet-william of hue intense; and many other graceful denizens of the fields.

At Minneapolis we passed into Minnesota, and soon noted the changed character of the country, which now reminded us often of Europe, pretty lakes reflecting the luxuriant foliage on its banks, the excellent hard white roads winding towards the village, whose church spire could be glimpsed above the spreading trees—many a charming scene such as this to right and left made us for a moment feel as if we were back in one of the home countries. But the aspect of North Dakota spoiled the illusion

and brought us back to the realisation of the vastness of the great expanses which lay between us and our destination—mile after mile of flat country, marshy, uninteresting, but vividly green, which it took us a day and a half to get over. My chief recollection of it is the adventure of crawling under a succession of standing trains, guided by a railwayman who took me that way as a short-cut back to our car from the office, which I had visited in connection with my contract. It was in this State also that a watchman took upon himself to climb without announcing himself over our doorway—the only one who attempted such a thing, the general practice being to give us a call from the outside. It being the middle of the night, this led to a furious attack by “Minx,” who turned out an admirable watch-dog, and would let no one approach, and was followed up by a demand for explanations from myself, revolver in hand. His badge was promptly exhibited, and the doubt cleared up.

The train crews being changed, as I have previously stated, about every hundred miles or so, and these changes occurring as often by night as by day, and involving a visit from the new conductor to examine tickets and contract, disturbances at all hours of the night are not infrequent. Also shunting operations at these stopping places are apt to be rather noisy and shattering, though they did not prevent my getting many hours of excellent rest, while the Skipper got so accustomed to them that they never even woke her. The fact must be admitted that it was a healthy life, in spite of a few drawbacks, such as this, of interrupted sleep—a hundred times preferable in my view to the stuffiness of a Pullman sleeper, and the intolerable dullness of a day in an arm-chair! No cramping, no sameness, no inactivity, constant variety, and all the time the companionship of our dear dogs and delightful horses. The latter soon began to evidence decided traits of a

tyrannical disposition, inasmuch as they refused to allow us a minute's peace once they had perceived—and this they did instantly—that preparations were forward for a meal. Whinnyings and impatient stamps and little shrill yells from "Jim" forbade us to forget that horses are partial to sugar and bread and tit-bits of various kinds, and hinted at the wisdom of satisfying their expectations on the spot if we wished to be allowed to proceed to some degree undisturbed. It was a very novel set of conditions for the serious performance of eating—something after the Arab style probably; and it is certain that the funny ways of our steeds and their swift development in domesticity provided an unending source of variety and amusement. We pitied the people on passenger trains, poor things, as much as doubtless our friends were pitying us, and anxiously wondering how we were enduring our hardships.

North Dakota, in spite of its general lack of attractiveness, furnished a few miles of a beautiful grassy combe, carrying us back to the combes of England, with their pretty fern-clad slopes and clear streams. This was after a place called Minot. It also gave us a sample of stormy weather, for which we were very grateful; for though it got us up at daybreak to protect the hay and place our belongings under cover, the rain cleared the air, which was delightfully fresh by the time we reached Wilmot on the Missouri River, where we found ourselves on the borders of Montana. Great hedges of exquisite wild roses still lined the banks, mingled here with bluebells, which made a wonderful patch of colouring. Wolf Point, on the Missouri, was reached towards evening, and was of interest as a point of call in the old days when the river was utilised for navigation. My inquiries as to the reason for neglecting what I have always understood to be so valuable a possession—a navigable river—were met by the explanation that the railway com-

panies objected to rivals, and were strong enough to make any attempt at competition by boat impossible.

I had heard something of the same sort at Rochepoort when struck by the same state of desolation of the great wide river, and can only suppose there must be truth of some degree in what I am told, the river being extensively used in the past before railways came in. To-day, my informant added, goods could be carried far more cheaply by boat—a fact that is, I believe, general knowledge. How, then, does it come that any corporation, however powerful, is allowed to stand, for its own purposes, in the way of the benefit of the community? The subject raises a whole battalion of problems and possibilities which I should imagine would interest men of enterprise and power, who like to wield commanding influence in their country's business outlook. It is a kind of question I should myself find absorbing were I in their place.

We were knocked about a good deal in the yard at Havre, and found ourselves quite ready to rise about 5 A.M. on 22nd June. It was early on this day that we accepted at last one of the invitations so frequently extended to us to ride in the caboose, but declined hitherto on account of the difficulty of getting back to our stock, which we did not wish to leave for more than a short time. Here the opportunity was favourable, and we got about half an hour with our railway friends in the car which forms their home while on the road, and we were able to add considerably to the information which we had gathered along the line in our chats with conductors, brakemen, and engine-drivers, the latter often drawing up beside us in the freight yards as they steamed by, and heartily passing the time of day.

There was general agreement in what they told us as to the conditions of their work, which they

found trying one and all, because of the deprivations it entailed on men who had homes of their own, as all these men seemed to have, who spoke with warmth of wives and little ones whom they were able to be with so little. No complaint of the pay, nor the length of working hours (eight hours at a stretch for rest being compulsory); their trouble lay in the liability to be called away to duty alike week-days and Sundays, the impossibility of ever having a clear day with their families, the damage to home ties. Of course, in glorious summer weather such as we were experiencing it seemed a pleasant sort of life for a man, and it would be easy to think of a hundred less healthy and less varied employments. The very mention of factories and warehouses gives me a feeling of nausea when I compare it with the life here—the change, the movement, the fresh air, the scenery, which latter, monotonous though it may become through the repeated journeys to and fro, offers a very different kind of sameness to that which has to be endured within the depressing walls of thousands of dreary city buildings. Yet there is the winter to think of. That entails hardships, indeed! How the blizzards must rage over those vast endless plains! What endurance and grit must be called for in the men who face all that the seasons bring, sheltered, indeed, at times, but meeting their most responsible tasks under the open sky. It does seem hard that the workers whose labours are so invaluable to the community can never, from year's end to year's end, enjoy an unbroken day at home!

After all that we had heard with regard to the hobos, the fear of whom seemed to be in every mind in St Louis, from the select social group to which our best friends belonged down to a quondam brakeman in whose house we were lodging—a Western man with the inborn manners and good feeling of a gentleman, from whose intelligent conversation we

drew many a piece of useful information—after all this, the latest news on the subject was as astonishing as it was refreshing. Never, our good train men assured us, did they turn a hobo off. On the contrary, they frequently invited them into the caboose, and it was not many days ago since they had offered a young woman, on the way to the west looking for work with her husband, a comfortable rest on the very lounge from which arose as we entered the caretaker of a consignment of bananas which he was taking to Spokane. (It seems this fruit is the most difficult of all to transport, the temperature having to be kept exactly at the right point to avoid either rotting or freezing the product.)

There was plenty of room, they declared, on the cars which carry timber, and on a certain daily train there are frequently as many as thirty perched about on the ends of the logs. We ourselves subsequently saw several travelling in this way presumably on that very train.

Here is a change of attitude, indeed, on which surely the railway companies are to be warmly congratulated. The hobo, though he may be a rough-neck at times, is by no means necessarily so, and the misfortune of not being able at the moment to find the money for his fare is no proof that he is not an honest hard-working man. On the contrary, the fact that he is willing to take the risks of train-jumping for the purpose (the most common one) of reaching a place where work is to be had should tend to place him automatically in that category. There being plenty of respectable men seeking work and unable to pay fares, while there is ample unused space on the freight trains which it hurts no one but themselves for them to occupy, the view now apparently taken by the railways seems a humane and reasonable one. Utilising travelling accommodation, or, indeed, utilising *anything* which is at present going to waste and benefiting no

one, is a great idea, and worthy of the fullest development.

It was quite a memorable little episode, especially in conjunction with the snaps we were able to take both of our hosts and ourselves, under these, to us, unique circumstances. The brakeman boiling his coffee on the line over a fire of oily waste from the oil-boxes makes a particularly characteristic picture. In fact, it will be very clear to the reader that the dullness and tediousness anticipated for us in the long trip by freight train had by this time gone the way of the cut-throat criminal crew and the horrible haunting hobo. Little distractions of this sort kept on creating pleasant diversions in a life about equally divided between not unwelcome work and a peculiarly beneficial and gratifying form of loafing. Interspersed with the visits of brakemen and conductors, and the spasmodic greetings of engine-drivers, were sudden unexpected shopping expeditions (generally undertaken by the Skipper), when it so happened that there was a delay somewhere within reach of civilisation, and not about a mile away down the line. Having sometimes as many as ninety-nine cars in front of us and never less than eighty, it will be readily perceived that when the requirements of the engine were at the station itself, we were apt to be kicking our heels at some inaccessible point in the outskirts. There *were* one or two opportunities, however, snatched at unhesitatingly by the Skipper for replenishing our stores, and in addition to these benefactions we were several times after reaching the Rockies surprised by chances of meals in little wayside restaurants. Needless to say, most of these opportunities occurred a few minutes after a satisfying not to say stodgy picnic repast, which we had indulged in all unknowing what awaited us, and we were compelled regretfully to recognise that hot tea and ice-cream was all there remained room for. These we laid in with thankfulness.



The Rockies! It had a sublime sound in our ears, accustomed to associating the name with the marvellous scenes we had seen portrayed on the Canadian lines of railway. The Glacier National Park, which lay on our line of route, though a part of the Rockies and a fine sample of ordinary mountain scenery with pine woods, crags, and mountain torrents, displayed none of the characteristics of overpowering grandeur which have made of that chain of mountains a rival to the greatest natural glories of the Alps, and we feel that our real introduction to it has yet to be made. A hint of it reached us when we glimpsed its sea of towering peaks from the heights of the Raton Pass, on the borders of Colorado. But here the pass was a low one, and the kind of beauty indistinguishable from that which makes the charm of mountain passes wherever they may happen to be, and whether or not they have a right to an appellation of world-wide fame.

It was cold at these altitudes, and we gladly availed ourselves of rugs for ourselves and the horses. The river Kootnia rises here, increasing in volume and dignity as we descended on the following day, until towards evening flowed a broad, rapid, rather terrifying river, on the banks of which at about 10 P.M. we passed a big lumber camp in full blast, looking weird in the darkness which it illuminated, and from which we found it difficult to tear ourselves away to rest.

By the time we rose at 5.30 next morning we were through the mountains and nearing the outskirts of Spokane, where we had decided to stay over and give our horses a rest in the stockyards. It was the *only* day which may be said to have dragged somewhat. It was roastingly hot, and we were too far from town to make any use of the hours at our disposal. The horses wandered apparently contented round the yard, enjoying the unaccustomed freedom and the absence of jolts and

vibration, though to our regret making no efforts to lie down and really rest their weary legs. Meanwhile I prospected and secured some fresh milk and bread at an outlying house and a little wayside store respectively, and one of the employees (already mentioned as having given such high praise to our emigrant car) stopped to chat and assisted us in taking photos. By 4 P.M. we had reloaded, and were ready for the engine which had promised to fetch us at that hour. Soon we had started on the last lap of the trip for which we had so long struggled and waited. Thanks to our delaying in Spokane we found we should travel through the Cascades on the day following instead of by night, as would otherwise have been the case, and if the weather continued to favour us we should thus see one of the most beautiful stretches of scenery in the country.

We woke on 25th June to an exquisite morning, and just had time to clean our sooty faces and hands and put on a respectable appearance before arriving at Wenatchee, thenceforward finding our whole attention absorbed by the magnificent scenery of the Columbia River on our right, the whole character of which, and especially the islands of jagged rocks rising from time to time from amid the swirl of rushing waters, reminded us of the river Cozquin, in the Sierras de Cordoba, Argentine. A stop was made for breakfast at Leavenworth, after which came the start with two engines for the Cascades—a false one, as it turned out, for we had not proceeded very far before there was a halt, followed by a backing process, which returned us to our point of departure. We thought something had gone wrong with the running gear, or that there was engine trouble of some kind, but inquiry soon elicited the fact that our train was overloaded, and could not make the grade. An hour's delay saw us once more on our way, having dropped twenty cars.

The Cascades, as the name indicates, is a region

of hurrying torrents, tumbling waterfalls, and rushing streams, forming picture after picture of wild Alpine beauty. Now it reminded one of Scotland, where from pine-clad heights a sparkling rill danced gaily down amid banks of bracken and fern. Anon a broad stream, foam-flecked and carrying great brown logs in the embrace of its blue-green waters, took our thoughts back to the Isar in far Bavaria, on its way to join the mighty waters of the Danube. To left and right glen, valley, canyon, precipice, where gushed the fountain, or tripped the rivulet, or dashed the fall, wreathed in a cloud of spray, each singing its melodious song, drowned, alas! by the din of our prosaic passage.

Snow falls here to a depth of fifteen feet early in the winter, a fact testified to by the immense snowsheds which dot the line of the tortuous descent on the western side of the three-mile tunnel. It must require men of iron to work this part of the line in the cold season.

Amid happy thoughts of our successful journey, now so near its close, and of the long-deferred meeting which it would bring, we found ourselves early on the morning of 26th June on the brink of Puget Sound, drinking in delicious draughts of sea air and contemplating the soft inviting outlines of the Olympic Mountains on its farther shore. What might not lie in store for "the Wayfarers" on that beautiful highway, joining farther south the completed paved road which leads through eastern Washington and the little frequented beauties of Oregon to the smiling land where was born the thought of turning "back to the trail"? Who knows? "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."















